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COLUMBIA AND CANADA

NOTES ON THE GREAT REPUBLIC AND THE NEW DOMINION

A SUPPLEMENT TO

"WESTWARD BY RAIL"

BY

W. FRASER RAE

SECOND EDITION

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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1879

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Dedication.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, M.P.

DEAR SIR,—While dedicating this work to you with your permission, I wish to express my conviction that few living statesmen are more cordially in sympathy than yourself, alike with the great colonies of the British Empire, and the great country which, unhappily, has ceased to form one of its grandest members. For many years I have been engaged in preparing a history of that splendid off-shoot from the parent state. Partly with a view to acquire special information regarding the early and local annals of the country, and partly that I might be an eye-witness of a noteworthy spectacle, I revisited the United States in the year when the centenary of their independence was celebrated, and when the event was commemorated by an International Exhibition. This work is chiefly a record of what impressed me the most during that visit. It also contains the conclusions at which I have arrived concerning the relation of the Dominion of Canada to its powerful neighbour across the St. Lawrence and the Motherland across the Atlantic. I have shadowed forth in the course of it a new and simple plan for effecting that closer connexion between the English-speaking people of the earth which, in a memorable speech to the members of the Union League Club of New York, and as memorable an address to the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, you avowed to be one of the strongest desires of your heart. Believe me to be, faithfully yours,

W. FRASER RAE.

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I HAVE learned since the first chapter was in type that the feat recounted at page 24 of the Allan Steamer *Peruvian* has been surpassed by that of the White Star Steamer *Britannic*. The latter made the trip from the Mersey to the Hudson and back in 24 days and 7 hours in September, and in 24 days and 3 hours in November, 1876. I ought to have stated at page 27 that Mr. G. Hamilton Fletcher was joint founder and is joint manager of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, commonly called the White Star Line.

At page 18, the British and American Steam Navigation Company and the Great Western Company have been transposed; the former were the owners of the *President*, and the latter of the *Great Britain* named at page 19.

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COLUMBIA AND CANADA.

I.

BRIDGING THE ATLANTIC.

In 1776, it took ten days to go from Washington's camp before the town of Boston to the Hall in the city of Philadelphia where the Delegates from the thirteen United Colonies held their meetings; the same distance can be traversed now in as many hours. Less time is now required to cross the Atlantic than was expended a century ago in journeying between the capital of Massachusetts and the city of brotherly love. The shortest letter which our forefathers ever sent by post was written in a longer time than is now occupied in transmitting a message by telegraph between the continent of Europe and the continent of North America. Thus a peaceful revolution has been wrought which is without parallel or precedent. Had it been achieved at the middle of the eighteenth century, the revolution of 1776 might never have occurred, or might have been accomplished without deplorable shedding of blood. Certainly, the baleful slaughter at New Orleans, in 1815, would not have been a subject of unavailing regret.

On the 24th of December, 1814, a treaty of peace

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was signed at Ghent between the United States and the United Kingdom; on the 11th of February, 1815, the welcome tidings were communicated to the United States Government. While the news was crossing the Atlantic, Sir Edward Pakenham, who had planned the capture of New Orleans, led his force to be shot down by the skilled marksmen whom General Jackson had massed behind impregnable entrenchments; General Pakenham met his death at the head of the attacking column; Major-General Gibbs, the second in command, fell also; Major-General Keane, the third in command, was disabled; two thousand British soldiers, who had followed their chief with a stubbornness and fidelity meriting a better issue, were wounded or killed; the loss on the other side was six men killed and seven men wounded. This butchery, which has been misnamed the Battle of New Orleans, first yielded General Jackson fame as a hero and afterwards secured for him the reward of election as President. The lives of many brave men would have been prolonged and the subsequent history of the United States might have taken another direction had it been possible in 1814 to flash a message of peace through an electric cable under the sea, or to forward a despatch over it in a swift Cunarder.

Before the dispute between the American Colonies and the Home Government grew embittered and portentous, and when an amicable adjustment of differences seemed possible, it was proposed to allay the ferment by according to the Colonists representation in the Parliament of Great Britain. Such a proposal, when made in 1769, was ridiculed by Edmund Burke in his trenchant style. Reverting to it in his magnificent

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but ineffectual speech on conciliation with America, he told the House of Commons, in 1775, that—"the last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance, in weakening government. Seas roll and months pass between the order and the execution, and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system." He said in another part of the same speech: "But let us suppose all these moral difficulties got over. The ocean remains. You cannot pump this dry; and as long as it continues in its present bed, so long all the causes which weaken authority by distance will continue." Again: "You will doubtless imagine that I am on the point of proposing to you a scheme for a representation of the colonies in Parliament. Perhaps I might be inclined to entertain some such thought, but a great flood stops me in my course. *Opposuit natura*—I cannot remove the eternal barriers of the creation."

The ocean has not yet been drained dry; the eternal barriers of the creation remain fixed and intact; but the swelling deep and other obstacles which appeared formidable and invincible to Burke, do not affect us with like sensations of impotence and dismay. Though not removed, they have been overcome or counteracted. The electric cable in the ocean's bed is as well fitted for binding together the inhabitants of the two worlds, as was Jupiter's golden chain in joining the upper and lower spheres in harmonious union. While the winds still blow

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as they list and the billows rage as of old, the steamship carries goods and passengers across the ocean with such regularity that the time occupied can be calculated beforehand; doing this, too, at a rate of speed far in excess of the highest at which Burke ever drove between London and Beaconsfield. The great flood which stopped him in his course can now be crossed with ease and certainty. The natural force of water in vapour has been found to be a match for that of water in the wave.—*Natura invicta naturâ vincitur.*

Six years before Burke lamented in the House of Commons that the Atlantic Ocean formed an insuperable barrier to rapid intercommunication between the North American Continent and the British Isles, James Watt had obtained a patent for an engine with a double acting cylinder,—an invention which was the source of all the subsequent improvements which have rendered steam as obedient as the lamp of the magician was to Aladdin, and more useful to mankind than any power yet exercised by a necromancer. The discovery of Watt was not perfected till it was too late for Burke using it as an argument and for the statesmen of his day profiting by its results.

Two citizens of the United States, James Rumsey and John Fitch, were among the earliest experimenters in steam navigation. Foiled in an attempt to obtain a patent for his invention from the State of Pennsylvania, the former visited England, where he obtained one in 1788. His scheme is not the first which has succeeded better on paper than in practice. M. Brissot, who saw him in England in 1789, says that he had designed a steamboat which

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would cross the Atlantic in fifteen days; Rumsey went to his grave with his dream unfulfilled. Fitch, though more fortunate for a time, was the victim of as great a disappointment. In 1786, he propelled a vessel by means of steam power, against the current of the river Potomac, at the rate of five miles an hour. One of his steamboats plied for a time on the Delaware, where it was seen in the autumn of 1788 by M. Brissot, who doubted whether it would prove practically serviceable, as several men were constantly engaged in keeping the machinery in order.[1] A series of paddles actuated by an engine moved this boat through the water much in the same way that a canoe is impelled along by paddles worked by hand; the average speed was seven miles an hour. The inventor succeeded in propelling a vessel by steam power, but he signally failed in getting general credit for his ingenuity, or support from capitalists. Dr. Thornton, who aided him to the extent of his means, was jeered at as a dupe. Sensible men considered Fitch to be an over-sanguine projector: shaking their heads when they saw or talked about him, they said, "Poor fellow; what a pity he is crazy!" According to them, an indisputable proof of his insanity was that he should have said in writing, when requesting the loan of £50, wherewith to complete his second steamboat, "This, sir, whether I bring it to perfection or not, will be the mode for crossing the Atlantic in time for packets and armed vessels."[2]

[1] "Nouveau Voyage dans les États-Unis," par J. P. Brissot, vol. i. pp. 338, 339, 340.

[2] See "History of Merchant Shipping," by W. S. Lindsay,

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Fitch is said to have built a yawl in 1796, which he moved through the water by means of a screw propeller. All his inventions brought him, however, but labour and sorrow. Oppressed by penury and spurned with contumely by those who might have immortalized themselves if they had opened their purses to him, he committed suicide in 1798.

Forty-five years after Fitch had penned his prediction about crossing the Atlantic, Dr. Lardner delivered a lecture wherein, after admitting the possibility of a steamship making a trip from Valentia in Ireland, to St. Johns, in Newfoundland, he added, "As to the project, however, which was announced in the newspapers of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it was, he had no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, and they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon." Upwards of forty years have passed away since this dictum was uttered by a man of science, yet it still continues more correct to apply the term chimerical to voyages to the moon than to the trips of steamers between Liverpool and New York.

Priority as to the invention of the steamboat has been the subject of much aimless controversy and many unfounded claims, the real point at issue being forgotten and left unanswered in the heat of discussion. Steam-engines, or fire-engines, as they were originally termed, were designed, manufactured and employed long before Watt was born.

vol. iv. p. 43. Several facts in this chapter are taken from the fourth volume of Mr Lindsay's elaborate work. Those readers who desire further details will be amply repaid by turning to Mr. Lindsay's pregnant and pleasant pages.

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Though the steam-engine of the present day is a very different machine from the best engine which left the factory of Boulton and Watt, yet the fame and service of Watt are not lessened by the subsequent advances beyond his best achievements. Not the first projector, but the man who first renders an invention workable, is the man who ought to be thanked and praised. Now it is unquestionable that Mr. Symington perfected the earliest engine which transformed the steamboat from a theory into a reality. Fitch had previously caused vessels to be propelled by steam power, but no steamer on his plan has entered the water since he left the world. Symington's engine, on the other hand, is the model which has been followed by all succeeding designers of marine engines. In November, 1788, a boat propelled by paddle wheels actuated by Symington's engine moved across Dalswinton Loch at the rate of five miles an hour. In March, 1802, a vessel named the *Charlotte Dundas*, fitted with engines planned by him, towed two barges of seventy tons burden, the distance of nineteen and a half miles on the Forth and Clyde Canal, in six hours' time against a gale of wind. The Duke of Bridgewater, being pleased with the result, ordered eight vessels to be built and engined on the same model. Dying soon after, his successor rescinded the order. Deprived of this patron, Symington died a pauper.

The same year that Fitch went to his last home a broken-hearted and unappreciated inventor, Robert Fulton, a native of Pennsylvania, succeeded in moving a boat through the water by means of a screw propeller, which was actuated by a steam-

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engine. Trained as an engineer, Fulton aspired to become an artist: he proceeded to London, where he studied painting under West, living for a time by the scanty product of his pencil. Reverting to his original avocation, he went to France and proposed to the master of the French, who had resolved to become the conqueror of the English, a scheme for propelling the flotilla, collected at Boulogne for the invasion of England, across the channel by means of steam power. Returning to England in 1802, after this offer had been declined by Bonaparte, and when the second Armada was dispersed owing to the abandonment of the enterprise for which it had been pompously assembled, Fulton visited Scotland, saw the *Charlotte Dundas* steamer on the Clyde, took a trip in her along with Symington, her designer, and was permitted to make drawings of the vessel and her machinery; thereafter, he went to Birmingham, where he ordered Messrs. Boulton and Watt to make a set of engines for him on the same model. Crossing the Atlantic, he built a vessel at New York in concert with Mr. Chancellor Livingstone, whose acquaintance he had made at Paris, some years previously, when Mr. Livingstone was United States' Minister there. This vessel, which was named the *Clermont*, after Mr. Livingstone's country seat on the Hudson, was launched in 1807, and fitted with the steam machinery which had been manufactured at Birmingham and forwarded to the United States.

To the surprise of the public of New York, the *Clermont* moved through the waters of the Hudson at the rate of five miles an hour, and did so despite the resistance of an adverse wind and a

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strong current. Thus the journey between New York and the capital of the State could be performed by means of this steamer with a regularity which no sailing craft could equal. A trip, which used to occupy a space of time varying from a fortnight to forty-eight hours, could be made, in 1807, within the space of a single complete day, and can now be made in less than ten hours. The masters of the sailing packets tried to get rid of a dangerous rival by running her down. This extreme and hazardous form of competition was ended when an act of the Legislature of the State of New York made it punishable with fine and imprisonment.

Not believing that he had invented anything in building and fitting up this steamboat, Fulton refrained from applying for a patent; but he successfully petitioned the Legislature for an exclusive privilege to navigate the rivers of the State of New York with steam-vessels, during a term of years. A like concession had been made to Fitch in 1786: Fulton, however, was unaware of this, and the Legislators seem to have forgotten it. Harassing and wasteful litigation was the only fruit of the privilege which had been conferred on him, the result being the withdrawal of the concession. He designed other vessels; he invented the torpedo, which appears destined to revolutionize naval warfare; he was an honour to his country, and he died in 1815 a neglected, a heart-broken, and a ruined man. After death, his countrymen ascribed to him the sole merit of having invented the steamboat, a claim which he himself never thought of preferring. He performed an indisputable service of scarcely inferior value, the introduction of the steamboat into

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the United States. This achievement deserved a more tangible reward than the exaggerated praise which excites controversy, combined with the hollowest of all mockeries, posthumous fame.

Two years after the *Clermont* began to ply on the Hudson, the *Accommodation* steamer ran on the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec. The surface of three great rivers on the American continent, the Delaware, the Hudson, and the St. Lawrence, was furrowed by steam-vessels before the tenth year of the nineteenth century. Not till 1812 did the *Comet*, built by Henry Bell, ply on the Clyde. There, as on the Hudson, opposition rendered the speculation unremunerative. Henry Bell, like Symington, Fitch, and Fulton, died in poverty, the fate commonly reserved for the real benefactors of mankind.

After a beginning in steam navigation had been made, the progress was rapid. In 1815, a steamboat appeared on the Thames; the public rejoiced at the sight; the watermen denounced the innovation as hurtful to their interests. In 1819, the first steamboat crossed the Atlantic. She was called the *Savannah*, and started from the city of that name on the 25th of May, arriving at Liverpool on the 20th of June. Off the Land's End she was hailed by Lieutenant John Bowie, in command of a revenue cutter; wishing to board her, he was puzzled to see her go along with bare poles at a greater speed than his own craft under a press of canvas, and he had to fire a gun in order to make her lie to. The *Savannah* remained at Liverpool for a month, during which she was visited by sight-seers from all parts of the kingdom; thence she proceeded to St. Peters-

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burg, starting on her return voyage to the United States on the 10th of October, and reaching Savannah on the 30th of November. Soon after, she was shipwrecked on Long Island during a voyage from Savannah to New York.

On the 18th of August, 1833, the *Royal William*, which had been built at Three Rivers, Canada, sailed from Quebec, arriving at Gravesend on the 11th of September. Her voyage would have occupied a shorter time, had she not been detained for three days at Nova Scotia. This was the second steamship which crossed the Atlantic. Both had started from the North American continent, the one from the State of Georgia, at the extreme south, the other from the Province of Lower Canada, at the extreme north. Not till 1838, nineteen years after the first of these two ventures, and five years after the second, did a steamer start from Great Britain for the continent of North America. On the 4th of April in that year, the steamer *Sirius* left London, and was followed three days afterwards by the *Great Western* from Bristol, both being bound for New York, which the former reached after a passage of seventeen and the latter of fifteen days. The return voyages were made in sixteen and fourteen days respectively. The *Sirius* never crossed the Atlantic again; she afterwards plied between the Thames and the Neva, her place being taken by a second *Royal William*, the Canadian one having been sold to the Portuguese Government, which left Liverpool on the 6th of July, 1838, making the voyage out in nineteen and home in fourteen and a half days. This *Royal William* was the first of the steamships which have brought

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the dwellers on the Mersey and the Hudson into regular intercommunication.

The autumn of 1838 was an epoch in the history of transatlantic steam navigation. Determining to relinquish sending the mails across the Atlantic in ten-gun brigs, and to arrange for their conveyance in steamships, the Admiralty then invited tenders for the performance of the work. The partners in the Great Western Steam-shipping Company and owners of the *Great Western* and *Great Liverpool* steamers, were confident of having proved their title to be employed; however, to their surprise and mortification, a lower tender than theirs was sent in by Messrs. Cunard, Burns, and MacIver, and accepted. The latter firm undertook to carry the mails between Liverpool and Halifax, twice each way every month; twice in every month between Halifax and Boston, when the navigation of the St. Lawrence was unimpeded by ice, and also between Pictou, Nova Scotia, and Quebec, in return for an annual subsidy of £60,000. When this contract was renewed at the end of a year, the subsidy was raised to £80,000. Not till 1848 did the contractors arrange to run steamers between Liverpool and New York. From June, 1840, to December, 1868, the Cunard Company entered into thirteen postal contracts, the last, implying the payment of a subsidy, was terminated at the end of December, 1876. During the five years preceding the latter date the annual subsidy was £70,000, being less than half what had been paid at one period, and only £10,000 in excess of the first payment. Seldom, if ever, has the money of the nation been expended to better advantage. Mr. Samuel Cunard, who had contem-

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plated such a service as far back as the year 1830, was a native of Nova Scotia. To his foresight, coupled with the shrewdness and business aptitude of his two Scottish partners, Mr. Burns and Mr. MacIver, is due the most successful and praiseworthy of modern shipping enterprises. Sir Hugh Allan, another colonist of Scottish birth, has energetically followed in the steps of his great forerunner.

The four steamers, built on the Clyde to begin the Cunard mail service, were superior in all respects to those which the company had undertaken to supply; they were named the *Britannia*, the *Acadia*, the *Caledonia*, and the *Columbia*. On the 4th of July, 1840, the *Britannia* left Liverpool for Boston, calling at Halifax. She made the voyage out and home at a speed of eight-and-a-half knots an hour. Being frozen up in Boston harbour during the winter of 1844, the public-spirited merchants of that city caused a channel, seven miles long and 100 feet wide, to be cut in the ice at their own expense in order that the *Britannia* might reach the open sea.[3] Sir Charles Lyell was a passenger in this vessel when he crossed the Atlantic in 1845. Encountering a hurricane, she weathered it in a way which excited general satisfaction. Among the passengers "were some experienced American sea captains, who had

[3] Mr. Lindsay, in his "History of Merchant Shipping," vol. iv. p. 183, is in error in stating that this incident occurred during the first voyage of the *Britannia*. I am indebted to Mr. John Burns for being able to correct this mistake, and to supply other details of general interest about the renowned company of which he is the accomplished head.

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commanded vessels of their own round Cape Horn; and, being now for the first time in a steamer at sea, were watching with professional interest the *Britannia's* behaviour in the storm. They came to the conclusion that one of those vessels, well appointed, with a full crew, skilled officers, and good engineers, was safer than any sailing packet."[4] Charles Dickens made his first and memorable voyage to the United States in the *Britannia*.

Between this Cunarder and one of recent build the contrast is marvellous. The *Britannia* was built of wood; the *Bothnia* is constructed of iron. The former was 1,139 tons burden; the latter is 4,535. The former was 207 feet in length, 34 feet 2 inches in breadth, and 22 feet 4 inches in depth; the latter is 445 feet in length, 42 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 36 feet in depth. The former carried 225 tons of cargo; the latter carries 3,000. The former had accommodation for 90 first-class passengers; the latter can accommodate 340 in the saloon, and 800 in the steerage. The nominal horse power of the former was 425, that of the latter is 507; yet the *Bothnia*, which is propelled by a screw, can steam at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, whereas the *Britannia* which was a paddle steamer, could not attain the speed of nine knots. More noteworthy still is the fact that the furnaces of the vessel, which is propelled through the water at the higher rate of speed, require less than half the quantity of fuel which was consumed in those of the slower ship. It is even more extraordinary that, from the year 1840, down to the present day, not a single passenger's life has been

[4] "Travels in North America," vol. i. p. 2.

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lost, and not a single letter has gone astray on board a Cunard steamer, owing to the perils of the sea. By transporting upwards of 2,000,000 passengers in safety across the stormy and dangerous Atlantic, the Cunard Company have performed the most marvellous feat in the annals of steam navigation.

The immunity from preventible accidents enjoyed by this company is susceptible of easy explanation. All their vessels have been built on the most approved models, and of the very best materials. Not an inferior sheet of iron, inefficient bolt, or imperfect plank can be found in one of them from stem to stern. None is ever sent to sea with a known defect, even though the defect should be trivial in appearance, and might not hinder the vessel making the voyage in perfect safety, provided the weather was moderately good. It is the inflexible rule of the company to be prepared to face the worst at any moment, never trusting to chance, or hoping for good-luck. Thus, when the worst comes, it can be met without apprehension. Discipline is enforced with a stringency which is not surpassed, possibly is not equalled, on board a crack frigate. That fatal yet common form of false economy which consists in reducing the number of the crew to the minimum necessary for navigating the ship, is rightly eschewed by this company. An accident costs more than the wages of a few extra seamen; the presence of the extra seamen may tend to avert a serious accident. The officers are all well acquainted with their duties, and are expected to perform them with uniform and unremitting precision. Zeal never goes unrewarded, nor is neglect ever pardoned.

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When an accident happens, skill and discipline tell. An accident which might have become a catastrophe was dealt with in the following manner on board the *Britannia* when she was under the command of Captain Harrison. The account is from the pen of Mr. J. T. Fields:—"A happier company never sailed upon an autumn sea. The story-tellers are busy with their yarns to audiences of delighted listeners. The ladies are lying about on couches or shawls, reading or singing; children are taking hands, and racing up and down the decks—when with a quick cry from the look-out, and a rush of officers and men, we are grinding on a ledge of rocks off Cape Race. One of those strong currents, always mysterious, and sometimes impossible to foresee, had set us into shore out of our course, and the ship was blindly beating on a dreary coast of sharp and craggy rocks. . . . Suddenly we heard a voice, up in the fog that surrounded us, ringing like a clarion above the roar of the waves, and the clashing sounds on shipboard, and it had in it an assuring, not a fearful sound. As the orders came distinctly and deliberately through the captain's trumpet to "shift the cargo," to "back her," and to "keep her steady," we felt somehow that the commander up there in the thick mist knew what he was about, and that through his skill and courage, by the blessing of Heaven, we should all be rescued. The man who saved us, so far as human aid ever saved drowning mortals, was one fully competent to command a ship."

Another story, which has not yet appeared in print, is even more instructive; it was told to me by a gentleman who was a passenger on board the steamship *Atlas* from Boston to Liverpool. My

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informant sailed for Liverpool in the winter months. The voyage was devoid of incident till the vessel reached mid-ocean, when one evening the monotony of the trip was unexpectedly varied. The weather was tempestuous, so that the first-class passengers, preferring the warmth and shelter of the saloon at nightfall to the discomfort of the gloomy sky and spray-washed deck, were there engaged either in reading, or in playing at cards, draughts, or chess. The captain, who had entered the saloon for a few minutes only, suddenly hurried on deck, after the boatswain appeared and whispered a few words in his ear. A passenger, whose sense of hearing was very acute, overheard the ominous phrase, "The ship is on fire, sir." He went on deck, being followed by others to whom he had communicated what was said. There they saw a thick column of dense smoke rising from the forward hatch. One of them returned to the saloon and told the horrible news. Anxiety was manifested as to how soon the fire would be extinguished; but there was little excitement, and no sign of panic, most of the players resuming their games, and the readers returning to their books. Confidence was evidently felt that everything which mortals could do to avert a dread calamity would be performed. In the steerage, on the contrary, there was ignorance without self-possession; women shrieked, men rushed about in aimless despair. The first-class passengers, who wished to make themselves useful, and offered to aid the crew, were asked to help in carrying the terror-stricken men, women, and children from the steerage, where they were in the way, to the poop, where they would give less trouble. These passengers refused to be comforted, or to be

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quiet; their groans and lamentations alone disturbed the apparent harmony of the hour. The crew and the officers were as cool and reticent as if nothing unusual had happened. The officer on duty walked the bridge, giving his entire attention to navigating the ship; the men on the look-out were at their posts; the engineers were in their places in the engine-room; the stewards were at their usual work; indeed, the business of the ship went on like clock-work, while a fire was raging in the hold, and all on board were in jeopardy. At the end of half an hour from the alarm being given, the boatswain said the ladies might be informed that the danger was nearly over; in truth, the fire had been thoroughly mastered, and all danger was at an end. It was ascertained that the cause of the fire was the ignition of some combustibles which had been shipped against the rules of the company, and without the knowledge of the company's servants at Boston. The manner in which this accident was faced and foiled had the natural result of making every sensible passenger feel increased confidence in the discipline and direction which prevail on board a Cunarder.

For some time after the Cunard Company had carried the mails between this country and the continent of North America, the British and American Steam Navigation Company maintained a keen but futile rivalry with them. A parliamentary inquiry proved that no exception could justly be taken to the manner in which the Cunard Company executed what they had undertaken. With a view to outstrip all competitors, the Great Western Company had become the owners of the *President*, a steamer which was expected to surpass every rival. Launched

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on the 7th of December, 1839, she made a few voyages between Great Britain and the United States; she ought to have returned to this country in April, 1841, but was never heard of again. Determined not to be baffled, the company resolved upon making a still bolder bid for supremacy on the Atlantic by arranging for the construction of a vessel which should outvie any one afloat in novelty of design, in size and in speed. This was the *Great Britain:* she was constructed of iron, this was one novelty; she was propelled by a screw, this was another; her dimensions were then regarded as huge beyond comparison: she was 321 feet long, 51 feet broad, and 2,984 tons burden; she was launched at Bristol on the 19th of July, 1843. After arriving in the Thames, she was visited by the Queen and Prince Albert, and thousands of eager sight-seers. In December, 1843, she started for the United States, but did not get farther on her voyage than Dundrum Bay, on the coast of Ireland, where she was stranded, and lay at the mercy of the wind and the waves for a whole winter. This unusual test, which caused no irreparable damage, demonstrated the solidity of her build. When floated off in the spring and refitted, she was employed as a passenger ship between this country and Australia, and continued for nearly a quarter of a century to be the favourite ship in that service. Her fame as a giant among vessels was not eclipsed till the *Great Eastern* was launched on the 31st of January, 1858. It was intended that she should be employed as a passenger ship in the Australian trade, but just as the *Great Britain* never made a voyage to the United States, so the *Great Eastern* never made a voyage to Australia. Though

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both disappointed the expectations of their designers, yet the *Great Britain* has done good service by bringing the continent of Australasia into closer union with the motherland, while the *Great Eastern*, by her adaptability for laying telegraph cables in the Atlantic, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, has made for herself a proud name among ships.

The success of the English Steamship Companies provoked jealousy, and consequent rivalry on the part of companies in the United States. An attempt at international competition was made in 1847, when the merchants of New York established a line of steamships to run between that city and Bremen, Southampton being a port of call. The *Washington*, the first steamer of the new line, left New York for Southampton the same day in June, 1847, that the *Britannia* started for Liverpool. The former was the more powerful vessel of the two. The *New York Herald*, with its wonted and exuberant patriotism, wrote to the effect that, if the *Britannia* means to beat the *Washington*, she "will have to run by the deep mines and put in more coal." Without visiting these mysterious coaling stations, the *Britannia* won the race by two days.

This failure to out-do the Cunard line did not hinder the United States Congress from encouraging another attempt of the same character. Mr. E. K. Collins, the owner of a swift line of sailing ships between New York and Liverpool, having offered to run a line of steamers between these two ports, Congress granted him a subsidy of £175,750 in consideration of four steamers being provided for the service. This was more than double the sum paid to the Cunard Company at the outset. The steamers

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of the Collins line were well built, were comfortable to the verge of luxury, and they were the fastest that had ever traversed the ocean. Their speed was attained at a great cost. It was necessary to expend upwards of £200,000 yearly, in order to shorten the trips across the Atlantic by a day and a half. From January, 1852, to November in that year inclusive, the Collins steamers transported 2,420 passengers from New York to Liverpool, and 1,886 from Liverpool to New York, whereas the Cunarders transported 1,186 the one way, and 1,783 the other. The citizens of the United States were naturally exultant, believing that they had at length succeeded, to employ the words of a Report to the Senate, in hindering the "Queen of the Ocean levying her imposts upon the industry and intelligence of all the nations that frequent the highway of the world." Commerce profited by the competition. Two years after the establishment of the Collins line, the rate of freight had fallen from £7 10*s*. a ton to £4.

During a dense fog on the 1st of September, 1854, the Collins steamer *Arctic* came into collision with the French steamer *Vesta*, sixty miles to the south-east of Cape Race. The *Arctic* had on board 233 passengers, a crew numbering 135, and a valuable cargo. The *Vesta* had on board 147 passengers, and a crew numbering fifty. Thinking that the *Vesta* was about to founder, several of the passengers and crew sought safety by getting on board the *Arctic;* a boat, containing thirteen persons who tried to do so, was swamped, and all in it were drowned. The Captain of the *Vesta* succeeded in bringing his ship, with the persons

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who had remained on board, into St. Johns, Newfoundland. The *Arctic* never touched land again; only fourteen passengers and thirty-one of her crew reached the shore alive. The wife, a son, and a daughter of Mr. Collins were among the missing.

On the 3rd of January, 1856, the Collins steamer *Pacific* left Liverpool, with forty-one passengers and a crew numbering 141; she had the mails on board and a full cargo, valued at half a million sterling. She was never afterwards heard of. Though the *Adriatic* was built to replace one of the vessels that had been lost, yet in 1858 the Company gave up the struggle in despair. The annual loss was greater than the shareholders could sustain, and the subsidy had been withdrawn. The enterprise deserved a happier fate. When the line was projected, Mr. Senator Bayard said in Congress: "We must have speed, extraordinary speed, a speed with which the Collins steamers can overtake any vessel which they pursue, and escape from any vessel they wish to avoid; they must be fit for the purpose of a cruiser, with armaments to attack your enemy—if that enemy were Great Britain—in her most vital part, her commerce." A nobler feeling than enmity to Great Britain might have inspired the advocates of this undertaking. The ocean is wide enough for the vessels of all nations. Great Britain, which has never yet feared or succumbed to rivalry on that element, expressed no unseemly pleasure when the failure of the Collins Line left the Cunard Company without formidable competitors on the Atlantic.

It was on the 17th of December, 1850, the year when Mr. Senator Bayard looked forward

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with patriotic selfishness and complacency to the Collins steamers "sweeping the seas," that the iron screw steamer the *City of Glasgow* left Liverpool for Philadelphia. She was the property of the Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company, of which Mr. William Inman was managing director, a company which now enjoys world-wide renown as the Inman Line. Mr. Inman had the foresight to perceive, when the majority of shipowners and shipbuilders held a contrary opinion, that iron was the best material wherewith to fashion Atlantic steamers, and that the screw was the best means for propelling them. Till the year 1857, the Inman steamers ran fortnightly between Liverpool and Philadelphia; in that year they ran to New York also; after the suspension of the Collins Line the Inman took its place, carrying the United States Mails. In 1860, this company despatched a steamer weekly; in 1863, thrice a fortnight; in 1866, twice weekly during the summer months. These vessels have maintained the reputation which they early gained for size, comfort, and speed. In one of them, the *City of Paris*, the Duke of Connaught was carried from Cork to Halifax in six days and twenty-one hours. Two of them, the *City of Chester* and the *City of Berlin*, are among the finest and fastest steamers afloat. The latter is 520 feet in length, and has accommodation for 1,702 passengers, in addition to a crew of upwards of 100. Unlike the Cunard Company, however, the Inman Line cannot boast of freedom from fatal casualties. One of the saddest occurred in 1870, when the *City of Boston* left Halifax for Liverpool and disappeared.

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In 1852, about the time that the Collins Line was founded in the United States and the Inman Line in England, and twelve years after the first Cunarder had crossed the ocean, the Government of Canada arranged for the carriage of the mails between Liverpool and Quebec. The contractors were Messrs. M'Clean, M'Clarty, and Lamont of Liverpool. They were succeeded by Messrs. Allan, who began in 1856 a steam service between Canada and Great Britain which deserves to be cited among striking illustrations of perseverance and pluck.

At the outset, the Allan Line met with many mishaps. The North Atlantic is as trying to the navigator as the Baltic at its worst. Dangers due to fog and ice are encountered during most months of the year; while perils from sunken rocks and treacherous currents have to be faced at all seasons. Yet the steamers of the Allan Line, which in size, speed and luxury are equal to the best, run with regularity across the ocean between the ports of Quebec and Halifax in Canada, Portland and Baltimore in the United States, and those of Liverpool and Glasgow in the United Kingdom. One of these steamers is famed for having made the shortest recorded voyage out and home. On the 16th of December, 1864, the *Peruvian* left Moville for Portland at 6.24 P.M.; after having discharged her cargo and taken fresh cargo on board, she arrived at Moville on her return voyage at 9.15 A.M., on the 10th of January, 1865; the time occupied in the double voyage being only twenty-four days, fifteen hours.

When Dr. Lardner pronounced the scheme of

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running steamers directly between Liverpool and New York to be perfectly chimerical, he said that it was quite feasible to run steamers between Valentia in Ireland, and St. Johns in Newfoundland. His plan comprised a journey by rail from London to Liverpool, by water from Liverpool to Dublin, by rail from Dublin to Valentia, and by sea from Valentia to St. Johns, thence by sea to Halifax and finally to New York. The absence of a railway between Dublin and Valentia rendered this scheme as chimerical as that which had been condemned. Nearly a quarter of a century later, Dr. Lardner's proposition was revived, with the difference that the port of Galway was to be the place of departure in Ireland, and New York or Boston the port of arrival on the North American Continent. A company was formed to carry out the undertaking; it was styled the Royal Atlantic Steam Navigation Company, and was generally known as the Galway Line. In Ireland it was hailed as a national enterprise, one fraught with promise and pride to the country, and certain to prove a source of vast pecuniary profit. A subsidy of £3,000 for each voyage out and home was accorded by the Government.

This service began on the 27th of June, 1860, and ended in May, 1861. Its story, which needs not be told in detail, was one of miscarriage and disaster. One vessel, the *Connaught*, was lost; a second, the *Hibernia*, was so much damaged during her preliminary trip as to be unfitted for employment; a third, the *Columbia*, was so greatly injured by coming in contact with ice off Newfoundland, as to take upwards of twenty days in reaching Boston. The company had contracted

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to carry the mails from shore to shore in six days; but failed in doing so till they purchased the Collins Steamer *Adriatic*, which made the passage from Ireland to Newfoundland in six days, returning in five days, nineteen hours, and forty-five minutes; being the fastest trip which, till then, had been made from shore to shore. The failures of the Collins and the Galway Lines cannot be chronicled without regret that so much capital and so much laudable energy and skill should have been expended in vain.

In 1863, the National Steam Navigation Company was formed in Liverpool. Its promoters purposed trading with the southern ports of the United States, as soon as the civil war came to an end. The war lasting longer than was expected, they resolved to run their steamers between Liverpool and New York. No larger vessels than those of the National line had then crossed the Atlantic; the size ranged from 3,000 to 3,500 tons burden. In 1864, three more of still larger tonnage were built for the company, other three in the succeeding two years, the result being that the National line possesses a fleet of steamers as fine as any which traverse the sea. A vessel starts weekly between Liverpool and New York, and fortnightly between London and New York. This company has been managed with marked ability; not a single passenger has lost his life through accident to one of their steamers. The excellent plan has been adopted of giving the captains and the chief officers of a National steamer a handsome sum by way of bonus every six months, in the event of the vessels under their care going from port to port free from preventible injury. The company's orders are to carry the

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vessels and all on board in safety, and to aim at safety rather than speed. Other companies have the like desire and give the same injunctions; but none of them, the Cunard always excepted, is more rigid in insisting on their observance than the National Company.

Messrs. Handyside and Henderson began to run steamers, in 1865, every fortnight between Glasgow and New York; their steamers now run weekly from Glasgow and fortnightly from London. This is known as the Anchor line. The Anchor vessels enjoy a reputation in Scotland which is thoroughly merited. In 1866 the Liverpool and Great Western Steamship Company began business in Liverpool; this is the well-known Guion Line. Neither the Anchor nor the Guion Line can take credit for having escaped serious accidents.

The most notable event in the recent history of Atlantic navigation is the establishment of the White Star line of steamers in the year 1870. Messrs. Ismay, Imrie, and Co., the principal proprietors of this line, then made a step in advance of all competitors. They employed Messrs. Harland and Wolff of Belfast to build steamers for them, and such steamers had never been launched before. Their speed is very great. To style them floating palaces is to use the language of sober truth, and not to indulge in hyperbole. Indeed, the shipbuilders of Belfast have taught some useful lessons to their brethren on the Thames and the Tyne, the Mersey and the Clyde.

A sketch of the establishment and progress of Atlantic steam-shipping companies would be incomplete without a mention of the endeavours made

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by citizens of the United States to succeed in the attempt wherein Mr. Collins failed. Mr. Vanderbilt vainly expended a considerable sum of money in such a venture. A Boston company made a similar and an equally fruitless effort; two handsome screw steamers, the *Erie* and the *Ontario*, belonging to them, made several trips between their city and Liverpool; the outlay being far in excess of the receipts, the enterprise had to be abandoned. The capitalists of New York and Boston having proved unable to command success, those of Philadelphia determined to see whether they could not do better. The latter established what they style the American Line, in concert with the wealthy and powerful Pennsylvania Railway. If this line of passenger steamships, which crosses the ocean under the flag of the United States, can maintain a successful competition with its German, French and English rivals, the travelling public will be the gainer.

The other lines of steamships which help to bridge the Atlantic are the State, which starts from Glasgow; the Dominion and the Beaver, the Warren and the Leyland, which start from Liverpool; the Wilson, which starts from Hull, the Great Western from Bristol, and the Temperley from London; the Transatlantic and the Hamburg, which touch at Plymouth; and the North German Lloyd, which touches at Southampton.

The record of Atlantic steam navigation, from the year 1840 down to the present day, has been one of extraordinary and unceasing progress. It was thought to be a great feat, at one time, for a steamer to start every week from either side of the ocean; several now start, as a matter of

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course, from both sides weekly. Before the era of steam, it was a subject of congratulation when the voyage was completed in a month; ten days is now the average length of the voyage by one of the fast lines, so that, as has been already remarked, it takes no longer time to go from the British Isles to the North American continent than was consumed in 1776 during the journey between the town of Boston and the city of Philadelphia. The trade with the United States from Liverpool alone is greater at the present day than the trade of Liverpool with all the world before the advent of the steamship. Seneca's prediction in his *Medea* has been fulfilled: the ultima Thule of the ancient Romans has ceased to be the farthest point of the habitable globe; the Atlantic ocean, instead of being a wide barrier to intercommunication, has become a convenient highway for commercial intercourse. It was the wish of Silas Deane, in which Jefferson concurred, that there should be an ocean of fire between the Old World and the New. No sane man, now living, would cherish or countenance so diabolical a desire.

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II.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE HUDSON.

THE port of London, which was a favourite place of arrival and departure for transatlantic travellers, in the days when sailing packets had no competitors, is now comparatively neglected by them; the Thames having become less attractive in this respect than the Mersey and the Clyde. Recently, however, vigorous efforts have been made to regain for the capital of England some of its lost credit, as a port for Atlantic traffic. Two companies well known in Liverpool and Glasgow, have started lines of steamers between the Victoria Docks and the wharfs on the North River, thereby bringing London into direct steam communication with New York. One is the National, the other the Anchor Company.

Having already had personal experience of the steamers of the Cunard and North German Lloyd Companies, and desiring to sail from the Thames, I took a passage for the United States in the *Canada*, belonging to the National line. The boats which this company despatch from London every fortnight are not quite so large as those which start from Liverpool, yet the *Canada* is of 4,275 tons burden, being three times larger than the famous *Britannia*, the pioneer steamer of the Cunard line.

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There is an inconvenience connected with embarking at the Victoria Docks, and at some other docks also, which could easily be remedied. This is the demand made for dock dues upon passengers' luggage. Such a toll, like the steward's fee, is perfectly justifiable, but it would save annoyance, at a time when passengers are in no humour to be troubled unnecessarily, if the payment for these dues, like that for the steward's fee, were included in the passage-money. The minor worries of life are due to a multiplicity of small payments. These docks are well fitted for prolonging the excitement of parting from friends; the steamer leaves the landing-place very slowly; about an hour elapses before she is in the river and fairly under way, and, by coming from the landing-place to the dock gates, relatives and friends have another chance to repeat their good wishes to the voyagers. Judging from observation, I should say that both parties weary of making these affectionate demonstrations long before the opportunity for doing so has passed. Whilst the vessel is in the quiet waters of the river the passengers, who are doubtful about the steadiness of their legs and the strength of their stomachs when sailing over the salt waves, can settle down in their berths with greater comfort than if they were at once called upon to prove their sea-going qualities, and they can attend the first dinner on board ship with reasonable confidence that they will enjoy it. By the time tea is over we have entered the English Channel, where a fresh breeze is blowing, and the surface is more undulating than that of the River Thames. Passengers who suffer in the short chopping seas of the English Channel are wont to think that, if the steamers

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which ply between Dover and Ostend or Calais, were as large as those which cross the Atlantic, the brief voyage would be much more pleasant. Now, I have seen vessels of the largest tonnage pitch and roll in a rough channel sea, to a greater extent than when the same steamers are on the open Atlantic during a gale. Certainly, many passengers in the *Canada* were soon in as miserable a state as if they had been crossing the channel in the smallest steamer that plies there.

The first-class cabin passengers numbered upwards of seventy. Conspicuous among them was a middle-aged lady, whose apparently hysterical condition upon coming on board drew forth general sympathy. She was on the way to a city in the State of Tennessee, where her son and brother lived, her husband having his abode in Australia. Neither grief at parting from acquaintances in England, nor terror at the prospect of a sea voyage had produced the hysterics under which she laboured; inordinate fondness for bottled stout, or any other beverage of an alcoholic kind when her favourite one could not be procured, made her a fitting subject for a temperance lecture and the doctor's anxious care. Her husband could not be blamed for living at some distance from her, and the brother whom she was going to visit was not to be envied. A young gentleman from Glasgow, who was on his way to join a brother in the State of New Jersey, and who had a firm belief in making a rapid fortune in the United States, showed almost as great partiality for bottled stout as did this unfortunate woman; but he kept within reasonable bounds on the whole, and was not uniformly offensive to his fellow-passen-

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gers. He was careful to explain with much emphasis that water was the beverage which he preferred, before leaving home, and that he had resolved to drink nothing else after landing. When I last saw him, before leaving the steamer, he was earnestly engaged in trying whether certain transatlantic decoctions, in which gin, or brandy, whisky, or rum, was present in considerable proportions, were to his taste. If he kept to his determination to drink nothing but water, I have little doubt about his success in the United States. An instance of his astuteness occurred on board. Having agreed with some others, on whom time hung heavily, to play at pitch and toss, he found that the pennies had a trick of rolling about the deck. Thereupon he sought the aid of the engineer, who roughened the edges of a penny with a file, and thus made it lie flat on the spot where it fell. This reminded me of the man who wrote from Dunkeld to the Mint for what he called tossing pennies—that is, coins with two heads on the one and two tails on the other, and led me to think that even the sharpest Yankee would meet with his match in this shrewd youth from Glasgow.

Several of the passengers were young Englishmen, who were going to be farmers in the United States. Those persons who had practical knowledge of farming looked upon them as predestined to gain experience at the cost of their purses. There were three pairs who had each chosen a different part of the American continent as best adapted for a venture. Two of these men were on their way to California, two were bound for an Eden in the State of Iowa, and two had resolved upon trying to breed cattle in the State of Texas. The gentlemen who had heard

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that California was a splendid land for growing grain and making money, were unacquainted with agriculture. They looked forward to enjoying shooting and fishing, and one of them had a hammock, in which he meant to take his ease when the weather was too hot to work, or when he was exhausted with the toil of sporting. They had no notion of the hardships of farming, even in such a highly-favoured land as California; indeed, had they been aware of the difficulties in their path they would never have gone on the expedition. At home, a gentleman farmer is not generally successful. In the United States, a gentleman farmer is almost certain to lose his capital, and to find, when it is too late, that he has mistaken his vocation. Of course, if a gentleman who goes to farm land in the United States has some practical knowledge, as well as sufficient capital, and if he work much harder than the hardest-worked labourer does at home, he may expend his energies and turn his investment to profitable account. The two who imagined the State of Iowa to be the paradise they were in quest of had some capital, a belief that farming could be done by proxy, and that a fortune could be gained by breeding and selling setters, two pups of an excellent breed being among their personal effects. They had made arrangements for obtaining copies of the English sporting papers, so as to be enabled to learn what was going on in the racing world, and to vary their other occupations with betting on some of the principal races. No long time would elapse before they would be more immediately concerned about how to get a dinner than about the future winner of the Derby. The pair whose destination was

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Texas had many chances in their favour, having learned in Monte Video what cattle-rearing meant, and having also learned how to bear the ills of an emigrant's career. They had no apprehension about finding the roughest life in Texas worse than that which they had experienced in Monte Video, and they would probably find that the change from the turbulent South American State to the more tranquil State of Texas was one for the better.

A young Frenchman was another passenger elate with the expectation of meeting with something profitable in the New World. He had been engaged in the production of beetroot sugar in France, and he fancied that he would either gain useful information, or perhaps discover a new field for his industry, by visiting the Southern States. He spoke English very well, and, unlike many of his countrymen and a few of mine, he was an excellent sailor. I was surprised that he did not take a passage in one of the French Transatlantic steamers, which sail weekly from Havre, till he told me the reason why he preferred an English vessel. He had served as a volunteer in the late war, and was still liable to be called upon to serve in what is called the Territorial Army. Before he could take a passage in the French steamer, he would have to get written permission from the authorities, and to pay a considerable fee for the necessary documents. Moreover, on landing at New York he would have to go to the French Consul, inform him of his address, and keep him informed of his addresses during his journey throughout the country. Provided this were done to the Consul's satisfaction, a permit would be given him when he desired to return home, and for this he

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would also have to pay a fee. The fees would amount to several pounds, and the formalities would occupy much time. All that had to be done to avoid the payment and the trouble was to take a ticket for London, and either embark there, or at any other port in a steamer sailing under the British flag. These regulations, though not so designed, have the practical effect of hindering many Frenchmen from proceeding to the United States in a French steamer. Among the other passengers was a retired publican, who had made enough money to live upon, and who was now carrying out a long-cherished wish by visiting the United States with his wife and son. He was a quiet, sensible, well-conducted man: his conversation was in good taste, and his manners were unobjectionable. His son, who had probably been reared in the public-house, was a living specimen of *Mr. Punch's* "'Arry."

The citizens of the United States had plenty of representatives on board. A cattle-breeder of Pennsylvania and his wife were types of what are known as Pennsylvanian Dutch. They had a varied assortment of prize animals in the hold, from pigs down to collie dogs. They were the first specimens of Pennsylvanian Dutch I had met, and the impression they made on me was singularly favourable to their prize animals. In striking contrast was a family from the State of Massachusetts. The parents had spent three years in Germany and Belgium in order that their children might learn German and French. They were all marked by that good breeding and refinement which is the distinctive characteristic of the educated classes in Massachusetts, and which is never more conspicuous than

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when contrasted with the manners and tastes of those who inhabit some other parts of the Union. A family from New York supplied this contrast in a lesser degree than the Pennsylvanian couple. They boasted of their possessions, and were confident that nowhere but in New York could all the elegancies of life be seen and enjoyed. After having spoken of the luxury in which they lived at home, they would recount how cheaply they had contrived to live in some French towns; an uncharitable person might have entertained a suspicion whether the home luxury was not a figment of their imaginations. Another New Yorker, who had left London after many years' residence there as a stockbroker, was returning to try his fortune in his native city. He was a very pious man, at least in conversation, and he spent much time in giving good advice to the steerage passengers, and bewailing the wickedness of the human race. He had three children, one of whom, a boy of about eight, was the most mischievous child I ever saw; he had not profited by parental training. A theological student from New York, who had finished his studies in Germany, was well primed with comments on men and things: but frequent attacks of sea-sickness hindered him from giving his fellow-passengers the full benefit of his acquirements. Two gentlemen were very communicative about each other and very mysterious about their own affairs. They had met before in an ocean steamer, and on that occasion one of them went by another name. One volunteered the information that the other was a private detective. It is not unusual for an Atlantic steamer to carry a passenger or two who journeys under compulsion

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rather than for pleasure, and these passengers may be classed in that category. An ex-lieutenant in the navy was another puzzling passenger. He had seen a good deal of service in the Pacific, and had a fund of interesting pieces of information. Why he left the navy at an early age, when his prospect of further promotion was very favourable, he could not clearly explain. The severe attacks of rheumatism from which he had suffered did not account for his resignation so completely as he seemed to think. Rheumatism is an insidious and debilitating malady, but its symptoms are not, so far as I am aware, similar to those which may be caused by an extreme liking for alcohol. Several ladies were going to join their husbands, taking their children with them. One was bound for the far distant city of Winnipeg, the capital of the new Canadian Province of Manitoba. Another was going to St. Louis. A Southern lady, who had the distinction of being a poet of note in her own land, was returning home with the plan of a new poem in her head. A Boston lady looked upon the poet with no friendly eye, while the poet was painfully candid in expressing her opinion of the Northerners who had beggared her in the war.

A Dutch Protestant clergyman supplied another element of novelty, while four French Canadians, one of whom was a Roman Catholic priest, contributed still further to diversify the gathering. These Canadians had been absent from home for ten months. They had visited England, France, Italy, and the Holy Land, and seen much that was new and strange; they were all the more impressed with the spectacle because it was the first time they had left their native country. A bitter disappoint-

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ment awaited them in France. They had looked forward to feeling themselves perfectly at home there, and they found that they were much more at home in England. Though French was their native language, yet they had little in common with Frenchmen. They were struck with the backwardness of the French peasantry as cultivators of the soil, and pitied the way in which the latter lived. They told me that the cattle of a Quebec farmer were better housed than many peasant proprietors in France. With farming in England, and more particularly in Scotland, they were much impressed. Probably they returned home feeling far more satisfied to live under the British flag than they were when Europe was unknown to them by personal observation.

When Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of the *Screw*, they were as thoroughly separated from the cabin passengers as they would have been at the bottom of the sea. Indeed, nowhere is the distinction between classes more clearly marked and more rigorously maintained than on board an ocean-going vessel. Were this not the rule, the horrors depicted in Mr. Maguire's "Irish in America" would embitter the life of many a poor and forlorn female emigrant. It is with good reason, then, that communication between male cabin passengers, the crew, and female steerage passengers is the subject of strict regulation. Desiring to inspect the steerage accommodation on board the *Canada*, and receiving the requisite permission, I went over that part of the steamer along with one of the officers. As many as 600 passengers could be housed there. They receive treatment of which they could not well

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complain in return for the small sum paid as passage money. The food is abundant and well cooked; indeed, the cooking galley is a pattern of cleanliness, being as carefully adapted for its purpose as that in which the meals of the cabin passengers are prepared. Many a steerage passenger fares better on board such a steamer than he ever did on shore. A hospital is provided for the ailing of either sex; in the female hospital special provision is made for the arrival of sea-born passengers. Unmarried women are under the care of a stewardess, and are carefully separated from the men. Married couples have a place set apart for them; a great improvement might easily be made in their case. Eight couples occupy as many berths; there is not even such a conventional separation between these couples as was effected, after a formal treaty, between Sterne and the lady traveller with whom he had to occupy the same room during his "Sentimental Journey" through Savoy.

To effect a separation would cost any Steamship Company little, while it would contribute largely towards the comfort of the poorer married passengers. Another change, easily effected, would benefit married and single alike. They have as much fresh water served out to them as they can desire, either for drinking or washing purposes; but they cannot wash either themselves or their clothes, except in the tin pannikins in which they obtain the water. An enclosed place, furnished with a basin and a supply of water, might be provided in which they could perform their ablutions or cleanse their clothes in comparative comfort. Though the lot of a steerage passenger on board such a steamer

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as the *Canada* is more enviable than that of a cabin passenger on board the sailing ships in which all passengers used to cross the ocean, yet the changes I have indicated would be decided improvements.

After three-fourths of the distance which separates the Old World from the New have been traversed, the passengers are requested to fill up a paper, for the information of the United States' Government, with particulars of their names, ages, places of birth, places of abode, their objects in visiting the Republic, and with declarations whether they have been there before. I have already noted and commented on this requirement.[1] It is one which still seems to me extraordinary. In Russia, a foreigner is not surprised to be called upon to inform the police whence he comes, whither he is directing his steps, for what purpose he is journeying to and fro, how long he has lived in the world, in what place he first saw the light, in what county he has a home, what is the colour of his hair and eyes, how his nose is shaped and his mouth is formed, and what is the exact distance between the crown of his head and the soles of his feet. The visitor to the United States may be pardoned for thinking that he ought to be permitted to land there without being treated as if he entered Russia. The absurdity of the demand is paralleled by the inadequacy of the information supplied. Ladies generally delegate to the Purser the duty of filling up the papers which concern them; the Purser is guided in his task by the flattering fiction that the

[1] "Westward by Rail: a Journey to San Francisco and Back." Third Edition, pp. 42, 43.

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maximum age of a lady passenger is twenty-five. Till recently the owners or masters of vessels were required to pay two dollars for every passenger whom they landed for the first time within the territory of the State of New York, and to give bonds that they would not land any one who, being poor, as well as friendless and homeless, might seek an asylum there, and become a charge upon the public. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that it is unconstitutional for any State to exact the payment for passengers who set their feet on American soil for the first time, and to enforce a rule against the conveyance of destitute persons. The decision is a creditable one. I am unable to reconcile it, however, with one delivered by the same august Tribunal in 1845 when, after an argument from Webster in support of the practice, it decided that the City of New York had a right to impose a tax upon immigrants.[2] In the absence of an explanation it must be held that the Supreme Court has given contradictory decisions on the same point of constitutional law.

The incidents of the voyage were of the usual kind. Imaginative passengers saw spouting whales where other people could discover nothing but the crests of waves. It blew a gale for a couple of days, and nervous passengers were apprehensive lest the vessel should go to the bottom at any moment. One passenger made the discovery that the screw, having got loose, was kept affixed to the shaft by a rope, and that, as the *Canada* had no bulwarks and was lightly laden, the risk of destruction was very great. The only screw really loose was in this

[2] Sir Charles Lyell's "Travels in North America." Second Series, vol. i. p. 263.

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passenger's head. Worse than strong contrary winds, which merely delayed our progress, were the days of dense fog and of rain. But at last the pilot comes on board; the holder of the number considered unlucky being the winner of the sweep-stake based on the number of the pilot's boat; old newspapers are received and read with eagerness by passengers who have been several days at sea, and who, for lack of the morning and evening newspapers, have little to talk about. Sandy Hook is passed, and the steamer drops her anchor off Staten Island. The green trees and pleasant-looking villas on shore are most attractive to spectators who are tired of the sight of the waste of waters, and who know nothing of the ague which is the scourge of this pretty island. The health officer next appears, and finds every-thing in good order. A steward who cut his hand when drawing a cork out of a bottle, and a sailor who injured his face by falling down the hold, are the only invalids on board, even the lady who suf-fered from bottled stout having been pronounced convalescent by the doctor. Then the wharf on the Hudson River is reached; acquaintanceships are broken, never, perhaps, to be renewed; hearty fare-wells are said to Captain Sumner and the other excellent officers of a splendid and comfortable ship; warm thanks are specially given to Mr. Bell, the Purser, for much courtesy and attention, and the passengers nerve themselves for an interview with the Custom-House officers of New York.

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III.

THE EMPIRE CITY.

In the land of freedom, upwards of two thousand articles are liable to custom's duty. Before landing, the traveller has to make out a list of the contents of his luggage. After landing, he is taken before a magistrate in order to affirm upon oath that the declaration which he made in writing is trustworthy. Having sworn to the truth of the statement, an officer is then deputed to search the traveller's luggage for smuggled goods. Either the declaration or the search is unnecessary. The visitor to the Republic, as well as any citizen who returns to it, is treated as a probable perjurer.

Twice have I passed unscathed through the ordeal of the New York Custom House; on neither occasion could I have suffered harm, for nothing in my possession could be declared contraband. This time, the officer asked me to unlock a box containing my wife's wearing apparel; before searching it, he asked me whether I was an American Citizen; I replied that I had no claim to so honourable a title, that I was a harmless traveller bent upon journeying through the United States and Canada, and that I looked forward with pleasure to seeing at Philadelphia the finest International Exhibition which had ever

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been formed; thereupon he quietly remarked, "Guess that will do," closed the box, declining to search any other articles of luggage. The luggage belonging to fellow-passengers, who had the distinction of being citizens of the United States, was subjected to a more troublesome examination. One of them had to part with all his spare cash in order to pay duty upon a present which he had brought to his mother. Another, who had declared on board the *Canada* that he considered the tariff of his country iniquitous and smuggling a legitimate protest, had his luggage ransacked most conscientiously, whilst his wife and children stood by and groaned as payment of duty was demanded for one article after another. To be permitted to leave the Custom House with one's luggage intact is a triumph; to drive to a hotel without being overcharged is an impossibility. This is no new experience. Writing in the year 1828, Mr. James Stuart says, "The hackney coaches are only constructed for four persons, very nice-looking without and within, generally driven by Irishmen, or men of colour, who are, we found, as apt to overcharge strangers as in other places."[1] A curious fiction prevails to the effect that the fares are calculated according to a fixed and authorized tariff. The New York "hackmen" treat this with ridicule. The only tariff which I have been able to discover existed in their fertile imaginations, and baffled those persons who were accustomed to old-world rules of computation. Once I tried to make a bargain before starting, and pointed out to an intelligent citizen that the sum he asked was four times greater than that to which

[1] "Three Years in North America," vol. i. p. 24.

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he was legally entitled; his response was, "Guess you can leave it then." On the present occasion, I had to pay four dollars for being driven from the wharf of the National line to the Sturtevant House in Broadway. One-fourth of the sum would be considered dear in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or London, and not more than one-fourth would be asked by the well-regulated "hackmen" of the capital of Massachusetts. Many sympathizing citizens were good enough to "guess" that I had been shamefully overcharged, but they were unable to suggest what I ought to have done in order to pay less. Indeed, it appears to be the custom in New York to denounce the extortionate demands of "hackmen," and to submit to them. No one takes a "hack" unless compelled to do so. It is easy to get from one part of the city to another for a trifle in a street car or an omnibus. But the stranger who steps on shore encumbered with luggage is unable to dispense with the "hackman's" costly help, and, as strangers are the chief sufferers, New Yorkers can bear the infliction with tolerable equanimity.

Since I saw New York in 1869, a good many things have happened there, as well as in other places. Most important among them, in the opinion of the citizens, is the dislodgment of Mr. Tweed and his friends from public offices of trust and responsibility. This is regarded as a civic revolution brought about, at the instigation of the *New York Times*, by the united efforts of honest men. It was confidently anticipated that the era of lavish expenditure and of knavish appropriation of the public funds, of a system of government maintained by plundering the rich and corrupting the poor, had definitely closed, and

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that an era of efficient, economical and laudable administration was about to begin. A lesson had been taught to the wrong-doers. Mr. Tweed having been convicted of malversation, was ordered to refund the enormous sum of $6,000,000. He managed to escape from prison, but has been recaptured, and will have to make restitution in order to regain his liberty. A stranger does not see much improvement in the external condition of the city. The streets are as badly paved now as they were in the days when much of the money charged for doing public work remained in the pockets of the contractors.

How profitable it must once have been, and may yet be to undertake to pave the streets of New York is shown by the disclosures made during a suit in the Supreme Court against the Nicholson Pavement Company. A particular piece of work was executed by the Company for the sum of $1,500,000; the nett profit amounted to $775,000. When the return is so large, it is not wonderful that the pavement should be rather uneven, and in constant need of repair. The Court House, upon which $12,000,000 were nominally expended, while Mr. Tweed was in power, is still unfinished.

The New York ratepayer has not profited by the substitution of a city government, which was to be a pattern of purity, for one which was infamous for roguery. In 1870, the debt was nearly $55,000,000; now, including the floating debt, it is upwards of $161,000,000. No other city in the world, except Paris, has so large a debt; that of London is but a trifle in comparison. It is clear that men who were to be model administrators have been able to spend money as lavishly as their peculating predecessors;

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it is doubtful whether the difference between the two sets of administrators is obvious to those who pay rates; certainly, it cannot be detected by the stranger who paces the badly paved streets.

The Central Park, which is not under the direct control of the Municipality, is a striking contrast to the other objects of public interest which are maintained out of the public purse. In the extent of wood and water, smooth turf and flower-beds, and in the roads kept in excellent repair, this Park has few equals. It is none the less attractive though the statue of Mr. Tweed, which some enthusiastic admirers desired to set up either there or in the city at the cost of the ratepayers, is still absent. Instead of this statue, the public are provided with a Menagerie gratis. The collection of wild beasts comprises a bison, a goat, a couple of parrots, several monkeys, a lion, tiger, and leopard, and many ordinary beasts and birds of prey. The lion, tiger, and leopard appear exceedingly unhappy. They are shown, not in dens where they may retire from public gaze, and take refuge from affectionate demonstrations conveyed by the points of umbrellas and sticks, but in cages barred all round, and placed so that they can be approached on all sides.

In the last half-yearly report of Mr. Conkling, the Director of the Menagerie, there are some interesting statistics about the cost of maintaining the animals. An Elephant is the most expensive, its keep causing an outlay of $250 a year. The grizzly Bear and the Camel come next; one of them can be kept for $150. A very fine Lion, with the special qualification of being a good roarer, can be kept for the small outlay of $125. A Jaguar costs $104, a Zebra $75 for

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yearly keep, while the trifling sum of $63 is sufficient to maintain a Hyena, Leopard, or Puma. The number of animals at the end of 1875 was 626; at the end of 1873, when I believe the Menagerie to have been established, the number was 455; thus the increase in the course of three years was 171.

The newspaper in which I read these statistics contained a letter penned by Macaulay, and predicting future woe for the Republic when the population grew dense, and thousands, who were unable to get dinners, were face to face in angry mood with fellow-citizens who were unable to digest the sumptuous dinners prepared for them. Then the institutions of the Republic would be subjected to a strain which might prove fatal to them. Allowing for the progressive increase of living things in this growing country, the wild animals in the Central Park Menagerie will number about half a million at the time when there are two hundred persons to the square mile, and it is difficult to procure food. This prospect is more appalling than any which has alarmed those persons who fear what the future will bring forth in a country governed by the democracy. Yet, though many have been led by the vaticinations of Macaulay to indulge in forebodings about what may occur, no one has paid heed to the more terrible state of things which would ensue if half a million of wild beasts were famishing. The danger in the one case is as real as in the other. Starving democrats may try and eat the wild beasts, or the ravening beasts may feast upon the poor democrats. I leave the result to those persons who possess a vivid imagination, and who are prepared to foretell what will happen a hundred or a thousand years hence:

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as I do not know what will occur then, I shall avoid being mistaken by declining to prophecy.

Complaints about the scarcity of work are common among artificers, yet there is no lack of new buildings, and of new churches in particular. In walking along Fifth Avenue I began to count the number of church spires, and found that they were too many to be kept in remembrance. Some of the new Presbyterian Churches are imposing structures; they are surpassed, however, by the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick, a marble edifice of vast proportions and an effective architectural design. The material used is white marble. The cost must be enormous. The money required is readily forthcoming, much of it being contributed by Irish servant-girls, who freely part with a portion of their wages for the honour of their faith. Internally, some of these churches are as remarkable as they are in external appearance. The Rev. Dr. McGibbon, who came from Australia to the United States, returned home amazed at what he had seen in New York. The following is the judgment which he passed upon Dr. Hall's Church there, a judgment which, if rather severe, cannot be said to be charged with the narrow prejudices that might predominate in the mind of a clergyman whose home and sphere of clerical duty had lain in the Mother Country: "I submit that the magnificence of the temple in which Dr. Hall ministers, its gorgeous exterior, its massive steeple, its elaborate windows, its luxurious pews, its richly-carpeted and upholstered stairs and seats, its skylight, its polished wood, and its unique everything, costing $2,000,000, ought to be condemned as a sinful waste, and a practical notice to the poor that 'here the

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Gospel and the ordinances of Christ are intended for the rich.'" While churches have risen for the propagation of established creeds, a new religion has been offered for the consideration of New Yorkers. In Paris and London, the believers in Comte have long held services such as he enjoined, and practised the religion which he devised. Only now has New York been favoured in the same way, for not till this year has the religion of Humanity been formally incorporated and classed among creeds recognized by law. In the articles of incorporation its objects are said to be "to develope and extend a knowledge of the synthetic and religious nature of science and humanity; second, to preserve them, instead of theology, as the basis and substance of religion; and third, to practise and promote such religion as the foundation of religious and social duties of human welfare and progress."

Till I heard of the death of Baron de Palm, and learned the nature of the funeral service performed over his remains before burning them at a more convenient season, I was unaware that a Theosophical Society existed in New York, and that its design was to revive some of the rites of the Pagan Egyptians. The High Priest is Colonel Olcott. The service was held on Sunday in the Grand Lodge Room of the Masonic Temple. At the head of the coffin was a bronze cross with a serpent twined round it; a censer containing incense was at the foot; seven coloured candles were burning upon it; the incense and the candles being supposed to symbolize the ancient Sun-worship. When the service began, seven men dressed in black robes, and with palms in their hands, ranged themselves behind

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the coffin; an Orphic hymn was then sung, one verse will suffice for a specimen of the whole:—

> "Oh Thou that givest light from high,
> Eternal Ether, Father's mind—
> Fire-sea that feed'st majestic suns,
> Let him immortal be."

The Theosophic Litany, bearing a resemblance to compositions of the kind which have been framed by the founders of new creeds, was then repeated by Colonel Olcott, who afterwards delivered an address. The following passage will convey a fair understanding of the views of this strange body:—"This Society is neither religious, nor charitable, nor scientific. Its objects are to inquire, not to teach, and its members consist of men of various creeds and beliefs. Theology means the revealed knowledge of God, and Theosophy the direct knowledge of God. The one asks us to believe what some one else had seen and heard, and the other tells us to see and hear what we can for ourselves. Theosophy teaches that by cultivation of his powers a man may be inwardly illumined, and get thereby a knowledge of his own God-like qualities. It believes in no death-bed repentance. It considers the ruffian who stands under the gallows a ruffian still, though twenty prayers may have been uttered over him."

Overlooking the Central Park is a plain but imposing structure just completed, and known as the Lenox Library. It is designed to contain the manuscripts, works of art, and books collected by its founder, and now made accessible to the public in this building. Mr. Lenox is a merchant who has devoted much of his fortune to collecting rare and

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useful works in art and literature, and who has decided to render what has been the amusement of his life a valuable possession for his fellow-citizens. He certainly has done better than the late Mr. Stewart, whose only memorial is a large store and a white marble palace in Broadway. Many years were spent in accumulating his wealth and building the palace in which he died; the memory of both will soon pass away and his own name be forgotten, because he failed to devote a share of his colossal fortune to some object of public interest. The bitterest disappointment which the New Yorkers have had for many a day was to learn that the Mr. Stewart of whom they were proud, and whom they were accustomed to cite as a product of their unrivalled institutions, should have omitted to assign any part of his fortune for the adornment or benefit of the city.

The office of the *New York Herald*, a conspicuous marble edifice, was one of the sights when I was last here. The office of the *New York Tribune* is now a counter-attraction. A splendid view can be had from the upper windows of the lofty tower which crowns the *Tribune* building. Seldom have I seen a more skilfully-planned and carefully-finished structure than this. The lower floors are let out as business offices; the upper ones are devoted to the editorial and printing departments of the newspaper. The persons who grudge the time and breath consumed in ascending the long flight of stairs can go in a twinkling from bottom to top in a steam lift, which is constantly ascending and descending.

The *Tribune* has undergone great changes during late years. The death of Mr. Horace Greeley, its

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founder and editor, was not followed by the deterioration in the character of the paper which was generally but erroneously expected. Its loss has been a gain. The crochets and personalities in which Mr. Greeley delighted have ceased to characterize it. Public topics are now discussed in its columns on purely public grounds. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a representative journalist of the modern school, who is the present editor, has extended the influence of the newspaper by his splendid supervising and critical faculty, and largely increased its weight as an organ of cultivated opinion. The letters of its well-known London Correspondent, Mr. G. W. Smalley, have contributed in a marked degree to elevate the power of the *Tribune*. During the Franco-German War no other journal in the United States was better supplied with intelligence; I have heard Mr. Smalley's services in this respect pronounced exceptional by a magnate of the London daily press, and Mr. Smalley himself hailed as "The Napoleon of journalism." The effectiveness of the letters of the London correspondent of the *Tribune* is enhanced by the fact that the minutest shortcomings of English public men, and the slightest failings in English social life, are unsparingly detailed and condemned by his pungent and lively pen.

The journals of New York are many in number and varied in excellence. I have already mentioned the *Tribune*, which is one of the most notable, I may name a few others which are equally conspicuous; to enumerate and discuss them all will require the compass of a volume. The *Herald*, which pants after a reputation for omnipresence, is foremost in circulation and popular favour; the

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organ of no party, its support is accounted a great gain; when, with some hesitation, it finally declared for the maintenance of the Union, President Lincoln declared that his hands were strengthened, and that the good cause had acquired an ally which was worth an army. The *World*, which represents the Democratic party, is written with great vigour; the late Charles Sumner, who detested its politics, told me that he admired the literary finish which frequently characterized its leading articles. The *Times* has recently been the uncompromising advocate of the extreme section of the Republican party; it distinguished itself by unearthing the misdeeds of Mr. Tweed and his accomplices, and acquired an amount of credit which is gradually diminishing; in the opinion of bitter patriots it did not deserve all the praise which it once received, seeing that it was then under the editorship of an Englishman. The *Sun* prints what people in general hesitate to utter; it is the terror of those persons who shun notoriety, and the delight of scandal-mongers. Quite as noteworthy as any of these daily journals and more influential over cultured opinion than all of them combined, is the weekly *Nation*, which combines the best qualities of the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, which treats political, social, and economic topics with a freshness of tone which is most gratifying, and an acerbity which does not always give pleasure; though indiscreet admirers may unreasonably contend that it is both infallible and omniscient, yet no judicious person can deny that it is exceptionally well informed and that, on momentous questions of public policy, it is generally in the right.

In the press of the United States less attention is

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paid to how a thing is said, than to the consideration whether the statement be worth printing. Picturesqueness of phrase is preferred to purity of style. Newspaper English in the Republic is often a compound of newly-coined words, which seems very fine to young writers, and which is not always intelligible to ordinary readers. One journal is distinguished among its contemporaries for striving to preserve the use of idiomatic and irreproachable English. This is the *New York Evening Post*, over which Mr. Bryant, one of the most notable among modern poets, exercised editorial authority for many years. He endeavoured to train his contributors to write well, and his example has been as salutary as his precept. I have obtained a copy of the list of words which he forbids his contributors to employ; as I think it more instructive than a chapter of dissertation, I reprint it in full. Some of the faults of expression which Mr. Bryant censures are committed by other journalists than those of the United States.

The objectionable word or phrase is printed in italics :—

MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S "INDEX EXPURGATORIUS."

Above and over, for more than.
Action, „ proceeding.
Afterwards, „ afterward.
Aggregate, „ altogether, or total.
Artiste, „ artist.
Assembly man, „ member of Assembly.
Aspirant.
Auditorium, „ auditory.
Authoress.
Average, „ ordinary.
Advocation, „ vocation.
Bagging, for capturing.
Balance, „ remainder.
Banquet, „ dinner, or supper.
Base, as a verb.
Beat, for defeat.
Bogus.
Brother Jonathan, for United States.
Call attention, for direct attention.
Casket, „ coffin.
Claimed, „ asserted.
Collided.
Collateral, „ collateral security.
Commence „ begin.

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Conclusion, for close, or end.
Congressman, „ member of Congress.
Cortége, „ procession.
Cotemporary, „ contemporary.
Couple, „ two.
Decade, „ ten years.
Depot, „ station.
Darkey, „ negro.
Day before yesterday, for the day before yesterday.
Debût.
Decease, as a verb.
Democracy, applied to a political party.
Develope, for expose.
Devouring element, for fire.
Donate.
Employé.
Endorse, for approve.
En route.
"*Esq.*"
Fall, for autumn.
Freshet, „ flood.
Gents, „ gentlemen.
Graduates, „ is graduated.
Greenbacks, „ Treasury notes.
Hardly, „ scarcely.
"*Hon.*"
House, for House of Representatives.
Humbug.
Inaugurate, for begin.
Indebtedness, „ debt.
In our midst.
Interment, „ burial.
Interred, „ buried.
Is being done, and all passives of this form.
Issue, for question or subject.
Item, for particle, extract, or paragraph.
Jeopardize.
John Bull, for Great Britain.
Jubilant, „ rejoicing.
Juvenile, „ boy.
Lady, „ wife.
Last, „ latest.
Lengthy, „ long.
Leniency, „ lenity.
Loafer.
Loan or *loaned*, „ lend or lent.
Located.
Majority, relating to places or circumstances, for most.
Materially, for largely or greatly.
Mrs. President, Mrs. Governor, Mrs. General, and all similar titles.
Mutual, for common.
Nominee, „ candidate.
Notice, „ observe, or mention.
Numerous, as applied to any noun, save a noun of multitude.
Official, for officer.
On yesterday.
Our first page, for first page of the *Evening Post*.
Oration.
Over his signature.
Pants, for pantaloons.
Parties, „ persons.
Partially, „ partly.
Past two weeks, for last two weeks, and all similar expressions relating to a definite time.
Poetess.
Portion, for part.
Posted, „ informed.
Primaries, „ primary meetings.
Prior to, „ before.
Progress, „ advance, or growth.
Proximity, „ nearness.
Quite, prefixed to good, large, &c.
Residence, for house.
Raid, „ attack.
Realized, „ obtained.
Record, „ character, or reputation.
Reliable, „ trustworthy.
Repudiate, „ reject, or disown.
Resident, „ inhabitant.
Retire, as an active verb.
Rev., for the Rev.
Rôle, „ the part.
Roughs.
Rowdies.
Seaboard, „ sea-coast.
Secesh.
Section, „ district, or region.
Sensation, „ noteworthy event.
Spending, „ passing.
Standpoint, „ point of view.

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Start, for begin, or establish.
State, „ say.
Stopping, „ staying, or sojourning.
Subsequently, „ afterward.
Taboo.
Take action, „ act, or do.
Talent, „ talents, or ability.
Talented.
Tapis.
Tariff, for rates of fare, or schedule of rates.
Telegrams, „ despatches.
The deceased.
The United States, as a singular noun.
Those wanting, for those who want.
Those who, „ those persons who.
Transpire, „ occur.
Try an experiment, for make an experiment.
Vid, for by the way of.
Vicinity, „ neighbourhood.
Wall Street slang generally: "bulls, bears, long, short, flat, corner, tight, moribund, comatose, &c.
We are mistaken in, for we mistake.
Wharves, for wharfs.
Which, with a noun, as "which man."
Would seem, for seems.

I turn from the grave topic of newspaper writing and editing to the more popular one of amusements. If the reader had been present at one of Gilmore's concerts, he or she would have enjoyed a great treat. When I was formerly in New York I went to one of Thomas's excellent concerts held close to the Central Park. The situation of the building in which they were held is out of the way; the hall in which Gilmore's concerts took place is very accessible, being close to Madison Square, in the heart of the city. Here it was that M. Offenbach gave the entertainments of which he chronicles the success, and which are understood to have afforded great pleasure to every one except the gentleman who was responsible for the necessary payments. This concert-room was formerly the terminus of the Harlem Railway. It had the look of Cremorne Gardens or the Jardin Mabille under a glass roof. Rows of coloured lights illumined the interior; fountains of water delighted the eye and cooled the air, while shrubs of all climes and kinds diversified the ground. Provision was made for visitors who

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desired to eat or drink. Half a dollar was charged for admission, the company being as select as the most fastidious could desire. A programme of the performance, handed to each person on entering, informed him or her not only what pieces were to be played, but also contained advertisements telling how to make money without trouble. I learned from them that the cost of a fortune in the Kentucky Lottery is only twelve dollars; on payment of this sum I shall receive $100,000 provided I draw the first prize. Should I consider the promises of Spain more seductive and trustworthy than those of the State of Kentucky, I have but to pay twenty dollars in order to receive the same sum, provided I were to win the first prize in the lottery at Havanna. If the reader's faith in lotteries be cold and unsympathetic, he will find other things to entertain him in this sheet. An account is given of Mr. Gilmore, who originated these concerts. With the modesty of genius, Mr. Gilmore frankly avows that nothing can equal the enthusiasm which he feels for his art, that he became a musician at the early age of eight, and that he "not only handles with skill, many of the instruments in his organization, but is also a master on the cornet." Be it noted that in quoting the last sentence, I confess my inability to understand it. Mr. Gilmore recently told Mr. R. M. Davey, "the brilliant and accomplished editor of the *Spirit of the Times*," that his "heart is ever and entirely in his work; in his mission, as he likes to look upon it, and that he is determined to do his duty to his ideal and his country." In fulfilling this task, neither his ideal nor his country has been properly grateful; an intimation to this effect is

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given in a becoming and resigned spirit: "Let the world say what it may about me, my pockets are light, but my heart is full of gratitude to Providence and to the people for the assistance I have received, and am constantly receiving in forwarding the object of my life—the propagation of good music in America." Certainly the concert which I attended was excellent in every respect, the selections being well chosen, and the execution being finished and effective. The singing of the "Young Apollo Club" deservedly aroused the enthusiasm of the audience; the youths who composed it had been carefully trained, and they rendered the several pieces with taste and accuracy. On the whole, Mr. Gilmore's concerts are worthy of high praise.

I had the pleasure of visiting the exhibition of paintings by native artists at the National Academy of Design and, at a later day, of seeing the Loan Collection of paintings shown in the same building. Both exhibitions were fraught with instruction, the lesson taught by the former being the less flattering of the two. Many of the paintings were worthy of praise; they displayed technical skill, much mental resource and elaborated cleverness. But the best had no national impress; all the artists appeared to have studied, or to have imitated the processes and peculiarities prevailing at Düsseldorf or Munich, Rome or Paris. From the highest point of view this is not a drawback, but a distinct merit; it is as meritorious to be a cosmopolitan artist as a cosmopolitan author. Yet, it is considered a demerit in a United States' citizen to show that no pent-up Utica contracts his powers, and that he is a citizen of the world. Hence, to pronounce the productions

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of United States artists deficient in national peculiarities is to pass what their countrymen regard as a fatal censure. Not by way of blame, but rather as a subject of congratulation, must I express the opinion that artists of the Republic have shown how they can adapt their powers to circumstances, and produce good pictures which are free from the stamp and mannerism of a single form of training, and the traditions of a single school.

The Loan Collection was formed out of the choicest works in the possession of private persons in New York. The works of 221 artists were exhibited. Of these, 110 were Frenchmen, 41 were citizens of the United States, 31 were Germans, 17 were Romans, 12 were Belgians, 5 were Englishmen, 2 were Austrians, 2 were Scotsmen, and 1 was a Russian. These figures prove that Modern French art is most to the taste of New York connoisseurs. The exhibition, which was a very good one, would doubtless serve to educate the public taste.

The question of getting rapidly and cheaply from one part of this city to another has long been the subject of desire and suggestion. The omnibuses and street cars do not suffice for the conveyance of impatient passengers. It has been proposed to construct an Underground Railway, as in London, but the opposition to this scheme has proved insurmountable. Other schemes have been advocated in the newspapers. What is styled an Elevated Railway seems to enjoy the greatest amount of support and approval. The rails are affixed to brackets extending laterally, at the height of about ten feet above the ground, from the sides of pillars placed, at short distances apart, along the outer

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edge of the foot pavement. The engines and carriages overhang the rails, so that running off them is impossible. Excepting the noise made by a passing train, the plan has no obvious drawback. Yet such railways have many opponents, and it may be some time before they are generally introduced.

The more conspicuous changes in New York since my last visit are that Mr. Tweed has been deposed and imprisoned, and Mr. James Fisk, Jr., shot; that other notorious citizens have carried their ill-gotten wealth to Europe, where they can live in splendour and display what they consider patriotism by scorning the effete and antiquated institutions of the country in which they have found an ásylum; that the city debt has been trebled while the city remains a specimen of mal-administration; that two new religions have been provided for the citizens whose piety had waxed cold, or who craved for novelty on Sundays; that a handsome and commodious post office, many beautiful churches, a central railway station, several new hotels, a public library and a newspaper office, both of which may be styled monumental, have been built; that wild beasts have been collected for exhibition in the Central Park; that an aquarium has been erected in Broadway, and that a railway carries passengers above the streets, instead of, as in London, underneath them.

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IV.

THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

If a stranger wished to increase the number of persons who considered him alike presumptuous and incompetent, he would undertake to assign the foremost place to a particular city of the United States. Rigid impartiality, or unanswerable reasons would avail him nothing against the accusation of prejudice and folly, nor would they shield him from the perfect hatred of the citizens of every other city than the one named, while the citizens of the chosen city would exhibit no special gratitude, for they would contend that their dwelling-place had only received its just due. I was not surprised, then, to find that the pre-eminence accorded to Philadelphia in the year of national jubilee had not been meekly acquiesced in throughout the Union. I read in many newspapers that other places considered their historic titles to be equal to those of Philadelphia, and, if this were disputed, that their arrangements for accommodating and entertaining visitors, were much more complete and extensive than those of the city of Brotherly Love; I also read articles in Philadelphian newspapers deprecating the comments in their contemporaries, more particularly those of New York, and rebutting the unfair charge that the

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visitors to Philadelphia would be the prey of extortionate hotel-keepers, whilst figuring as pilgrims at the shrine of Independence. Possibly some cities in the land of Islam envy the fame of Mecca, and think that they could most appropriately guard so precious a relic as the Caaba; and it may be that some Indian cities are convinced of their claims to be pronounced as holy and attractive to devotees as Benares. It is certain, however, than any visitor to the United States who desires to keep on good terms with his friends and acquaintances in New York, Boston, and every other place of note or notoriety, ought to be measured in his eulogies of Philadelphia. If anxious to make friends, or to retain friendship with the citizens of Philadelphia, he should not hesitate about praising their city. An American loyalist, writing in 1776, says that "in one point, not contented with being not agreeable, the Philadelphians are almost disagreeable; the almost universal topic of conversation among them is the superiority of Philadelphia over every other spot of the globe."[1]

A visit to the United States is not indispensable for discovering manifestations of the like spirit of municipal pride and jealousy. If the praises of Edinburgh were loudly sounded in Glasgow, or the pretensions of Glasgow vigorously urged in Edinburgh; if Belfast were lauded in Dublin, or Dublin held up in Belfast as a model; if Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham should be told that they were but rush-lights in comparison with London, or if a Londoner should be informed that other cities in the United Kingdom were more

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol 6, p. 81.

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attractive and praiseworthy, in some respects, than the cyclopean and fuliginous capital of England; in each of these cases the opinions expressed would prove unpalatable, and no thanks would be returned to those who uttered them. In France alone a striking exception can be found to a rule applying to the rest of the world. The claims of Paris to national pre-eminence are acknowledged by all the other cities in the land. Many inhabitants of these cities even seem to think that they owe an apology for having been born and for living in them; they look upon Paris as an earthly paradise; the French peasantry, on the contrary, regard the capital as a sort of witch's cauldron wherein revolutions are brewed.

Whether Philadelphia be or be not as greatly in advance of every rival as its citizens imagine, it certainly stands very high among the famous cities of the United States, having had a most interesting past, and been the theatre of some of the greatest events in the history of the country. Not so truly cosmopolitan as New York, it is much more composite than Boston. Long before William Penn formed an English settlement in Pennsylvania, the people of three nationalities—Finns, Swedes, and Hollanders —had made their homes there. For many years each nationality preserved its identity; the language of each was taught in the schools; books and newspapers were provided for each race in the mother tongue. Religious creeds exceeded in number the languages spoken, and were quite as diverse. In the "Account of the European Settlements in America," published in 1761, and attributed to Burke, it is said:—"Here you see Quakers, Churchmen, Calvinists, Methodists, Menists, Moravians, Indepen-

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dents, Anabaptists, and Dumplers, a sort of German sect that live in something like a religious society, wear long beards, and habit resembling that of friars. In short, the diversity of people, religions, nations, and languages here is prodigious." Till the year 1854, the city itself covered but a small area, being encompassed with districts, boroughs, and townships, numbering as many as twenty-eight municipal corporations. Now, the whole is under one government; the population numbers 700,000.

Philadelphia covers nearly 130 square miles, is twenty-two miles long from north to south, and from five to eight miles in breadth; there are upwards of 350 miles of paved streets within this area. Streets bearing the names of trees, such as cherry, chestnut, walnut, spruce, and others run east and west, being crossed at right angles by streets bearing numbers. Nothing is easier, then, than to find a given street; but the regularity has the drawback of monotony. Brick has been largely used both in building the houses and forming the foot-pavement; the white marble houses which adorn several of the streets are the more conspicuous and pleasing to the eye on account of the contrast they present to the red hue of the adjacent dwellings. Trees are much less common than in the avenues and streets of New York; the absence of green foliage is a decided defect. The main thoroughfares are clean and well kept; but the presence of the scavenger and the drain-maker is sadly wanted in the smaller streets. There are several squares in which the green turf and the branching trees produce a delicious impression upon those persons who have been wearied by pacing along the burning pavement on a hot summer's day.

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In Washington Square, which the fastidious Mrs. Trollope called "the nearest approach to a London Square that is to be found in Philadelphia," [2] are to be seen specimens of all the trees which will grow in this climate. Seats, provided in the pathways, at intervals of three or four yards, are of the form of a flat cheese supported by a rod, being large enough to accommodate one person only. The advantage of seating people in this isolated and uncomfortable way is not obvious. In order to increase the discomfort of the occupants of the solitary seats, smoking is forbidden in this square under a penalty of five dollars.

Though the streets of Philadelphia are filled with fine dwellings, spacious and handsome shops, and contain many modern public buildings of an imposing appearance, yet the relics of the past, in which the city is very rich, possess the chief attraction for an intelligent sight-seer. Even the laws by which the State is governed are notable for an antiquity almost exceptional throughout this continent. Laws made in 1704 are still in force. This proves the colonial legislators under the Monarchy to have been quite as capable as their successors under the Republic, and may be said to give fresh point to the well-known couplet in which Pope puts good administration as the criterion of the best form of government. I am indebted to an admirable address, which was delivered in 1872 by Mr. J. W. Wallace, president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, for some striking notices of certain things in which the Philadelphians take a just pride.

[2] "Domestic Manners of the Americans," vol. ii. p. 81.

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This Historical Society is an important institution. Its members number 600; it has a library of 12,000 volumes, a collection of 80,000 pamphlets, a small gallery of portraits and historical pictures, and numerous manuscripts of great value. Chief among the latter are the letters of William Penn and his descendants, which were recently acquired for a comparatively small sum, less than a thousand pounds, from their English owners, and which the members of this Society are about to include in their series of publications. From the examination which I was permitted to make of the contents of the manuscript volumes, I satisfied myself that they abounded in curious details of the olden time. A manuscript volume of the unpublished letters of John Adams, the second President of the United States, is equally noteworthy. These letters, which were addressed to a Dutch correspondent, Van der Kemp, contain many revelations of Adams' true feelings, and throw a new light upon his character. Writing six years after the death of Washington, he tells his Dutch friend that Washington and Franklin had been greatly overrated, that they did not merit the title of Fathers of their country, and he makes it plain that he considered himself more distinguished than either. Other curiosities than old manuscripts have a place in this collection. There is, for instance, the dress sword worn by Franklin and the sword presented by Lewis the Sixteenth to the Scotsman, Paul Jones, whom his countrymen regard as a pirate and the citizens of the United States as a hero. But none of these things possesses the interest attaching to a piece of wampum, on which is rudely depicted a stalwart

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man, with a broad-brimmed hat, standing beside a smaller man with uncovered head, being the original piece of wampum given to Penn by the Indians when he concluded his treaty with them, a treaty which they never violated and the Quakers never disregarded. I also saw Penn's instructions, in his own handwriting, as to the manner in which intercourse with the Indians was to be conducted. It was characteristic of the writer, and a proof of his observation, that he warned those persons who dealt with the Indians to demean themselves gravely, and to refrain from laughing, because this was a thing which they did not relish.

Turning to the address by Mr. Wallace, mentioned above, I find a passage quoted from the work attributed to Burke on the "European Settlements in America," in which the commerce of Philadelphia in 1761 is thus described:—"There are in this city a great number of very wealthy merchants, which is noways surprising when one considers the great trade which it carries on with the English, French, Spanish, and Dutch colonies in America; with the Azores, the Canaries, and the Madeira Islands; with Great Britain and Ireland; with Spain, Portugal, and Holland, and the great profits which are made in many branches of this commerce." Mr. Wallace congratulates his hearers on the circumstances that "from this region the light of letters first shone forth to all the Middle Colonies in the establishment of the printing-press; that from Philadelphia first, on this wide continent, came the proposition to print in English the Holy Scriptures, and to accompany them by the Book of Common Prayer; that here the rights of the Press

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against an arbitrary Government, and the right of a jury to judge both law and fact in cases of libel, were first successfully asserted." Provision for education in the higher branches of learning was among the earliest cares of the founders of Pennsylvania. As far back as the year 1688, application was made for a charter, with the view to set up a "bank for money." Christ Church, one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices in the city, dates from 1744; in concert with St. Peter's, it has maintained Christ Church Hospital, since 1722, as an asylum for destitute women. The library, originated by Franklin in 1731, and chartered in 1742, is still one of the most useful institutions in the city; it contains 100,000 volumes, and though designed for the special use of subscribers, contains the excellent by-law amongst its original rules that "any civil gentleman" may be allowed to read and study there. This library is rich in works which are now very rare. I owe hearty thanks to Mr. Lloyd Smith, its learned librarian, whose features bear a resemblance, of which he may well be proud, to those of the best authenticated likeness of Shakespeare, for great courtesy and much useful information. Mr. Wallace, in enumerating the glories of his city, includes among these the University of Pennsylvania, a splendid edifice in point of architecture, which was founded as an academy in 1749, chartered as a college in 1755, and created a university in 1779. He is able to note with particular satisfaction that "The Philadelphia Contributionship for Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire," which dates from the year 1752, was the first fire insurance established on this Continent, that it has never disputed a claim,

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and has remained solvent during vicissitudes which proved the ruin of many other insurance companies. Moreover, "The Corporation for the relief of poor and distressed Presbyterian Ministers, and of the poor and distressed widows and children of Presbyterian Ministers," was the first life assurance on the Continent, being chartered in 1759, and still enjoying a vigorous existence which, according to Mr. Wallace, it owes in common with the fire insurance just named, to "the idea of the Colonial times, that such institutions should rest on the 'mutual' principle."

The "American Philosophical Society," chartered by the Penns in 1769, made the name of Philadelphia known throughout Europe at a time when the very names of other cities in America were known to a few only. In the same year, the Legislature of the Province made a grant of £200 to observe the transit of Venus, thus proving that it was far in advance of similar bodies in that day, and possibly in our own.

Not less notable than any of these institutions is the Pennsylvania Hospital, a building so vast and well-arranged that for nearly a century after its foundation no other one was required in the city. When Mr. Weld visited Philadelphia in 1795, he was struck with this hospital, which, he says, "for its airiness, for its convenient accommodation for the sick and infirm, and for the neatness exhibited throughout every part of it, cannot be surpassed by any institution of the kind in the world . . . . From the year 1756, in which it was built, to the year 1793 inclusive, nearly 9000 patients were admitted into this hospital, upwards of 6000 of whom were re-

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lieved or cured."[1] The date and design are thus recorded on its corner-stone:—"In the year of Christ, 1755, George the Second happily reigning (for he sought the happiness of his people), Philadelphia flourishing (for its inhabitants were public-spirited), this building, by the bounty of the Government and of many private persons, was piously founded for the relief of the sick and miserable. May the God of Mercies bless the undertaking." Indeed, Mr. Wallace can find little that is "humane, good, great, or illustrious in Provincial times" with which the name of his city or State is not connected. In Pennsylvania was erected the first paper-mill in the province; in Philadelphia the first monthly magazine was printed; there West displayed his first picture in 1745; there Bartram established the Botanical Gardens which procured for him the title of American Botanist to George the Third; there lessons in anatomy were first given in America; there were founded some of the best medical schools in the country; there, it must be added, have flourished some of the greatest quack doctors, and there did George Keith, in 1693, issue his remonstrance against slaveholding, while other enemies of slavery continued the protest after him, and laboured for the education as well as the emancipation of the blacks. In short, the story of Philadelphia and the Province of Pennsylvania during the old Colonial times is a highly gratifying one; it cannot be read in the most cursory form now without leaving an impression that the days during which Pennsylvania was subject to

[1] Isaac Weld's "Travels in North America," vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

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monarchical rule were not days to be altogether regretted.

The Protective system to which Great Britain was in bondage a century ago, retarding her development for many centuries, and the main cause in bringing about the separation of the Colonies from the Mother country, a system of which Benjamin Franklin, almost contemporaneously with Adam Smith, showed the folly and mischief with incomparable effect, now finds its warmest supporters and loudest eulogists in the State of Pennsylvania. A line of steamers, which is the only line crossing the Atlantic under the flag of the United States, runs between Philadelphia and Liverpool. Mr. Lindsay, in his "History of Merchant Shipping," states that these steamers cost £20,000 each in excess of what they would have cost had they been built on the Clyde instead of on the Delaware. Such is the price which, in one case only, the Philadelphians cheerfully pay for a policy of protection to native industry. Pennsylvania cherishes the Protection system as her chief blessing; Navigation Laws, modelled upon those which England passed during a paroxysm of folly—laws prohibiting a citizen of the United States from purchasing a vessel in the cheapest market and sailing it under his country's flag, are considered by Pennsylvania as the inestimable gifts of a beneficent Congress. The trammels with which Protection environed trade and the obstacles to the spread of commerce which were artificially created by the Navigation Acts in the United Kingdom have been happily swept away by an enlightened Parliament; British manufacturers and merchants are now free to compete with the world, while the

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Kingdom at large reap the benefit of an emancipation from a pernicious system of international jealousy and selfishness. Unfortunately, the awakening came too late to produce all the good which might have accrued from the reversal of a policy which was founded upon delusions originating in the Middle Ages, and upon corresponding delusions which the Parliaments of Cromwell and Charles the Second regarded as the quintessence of wisdom. Not only was this policy fraught with domestic loss and mischief, but the operation of the Protective system and the enforcement of the Navigation Acts necessarily led the American colonists to consider themselves grossly aggrieved and intolerably oppressed; and it is to the fatal predominance of the fallacious idea that trade can ever be beneficially protected or commerce usefully fostered by mere legislative enactments, rather than to the personal blunders and arbitrary notions of George the Third, that the disruption of the British Empire is attributable, when the Thirteen Colonies were transformed into the independent United States.

Independence Hall, whence issued the famous Declaration, is prized by the Philadelphians above all their other glories. In Carpenter's Hall, not very far distant, the Congress of the United Colonies first met and deliberated; but it was here that the Congress sat which created, as well as represented the United States of America. The high-backed Elizabethan chair in which John Hancock presided is still in its place; in front is the identical table upon which the Declaration of Independence was laid, and where the President signed it "by order and in behalf of Congress." Many of the chairs

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occupied by the members are ranged in a semi-clock, on each side. On the walls hang the portraits of the signers of the Declaration; the original document was brought from Washington, in 1876, and placed in a fire-proof safe at one side of the chamber. I saw the document. The ink has faded so much that it is not easy to read the writing or decipher the signatures. When the safe was shut, it was easy enough to read the name of its maker, which, by way of advertisement, had been conspicuously painted on the door. Thus, in the Centenary of the Independence of the United States, the name of a manufacturer of iron safes was a more prominent object in Independence Hall than the original signatures of Hancock, Franklin, Jefferson, and their colleagues!

I have before me a *fac-simile* of the number of Dunlap's *Pennsylvania Packet or the General Advertiser*, for Monday, 8th July, 1776, the newspaper in which the Declaration of Independence was first published. Many persons who most heartily admit that the American colonists had many grievances and applaud the vigour with which they asserted their rights and combated for them, when the atrocious blunder had been committed of meeting their temperate remonstrances with the sword instead of with timely and reasonable concessions, cannot peruse their memorable Declaration without taking exception to much which is contained therein. It is not so obvious to the impartial and critical reader as it is to the ordinary citizen of the United States, who has been trained from childhood to regard the document as an immortal record of irrefragable truths, that "the history of the present

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King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States." Though George the Third entertained many foolish notions, yet, to make himself an absolute tyrant anywhere was not one of them. Nor does the charge of arbitrary treatment of Canada, cited in proof of this allegation, appear other than a strange one to be repeated on yearly anniversaries by citizens of the United States, when the actual course of Canadian history is remembered, and the prosperity and happiness of Canada are apparent. The subject is a tempting one for a critic. The errors of omission in the Declaration are quite as obvious and flagrant as those of commission. Its literary style is as open to comment as its contents are open to discussion. The rhetoric with which it is saturated not only pleased Jefferson's contemporaries, but is still admired by some citizens of the United States. Minute criticism is the last thing which such a document is likely to undergo at the hands of those persons who have been taught to venerate it as the paragon of human utterance; the stranger, who should venture to treat it as uninspired and fallible, would be denounced by indignant citizens, with singular unanimity, as a malignant foe of their Republic, and even more culpable than a blasphemer of Holy Writ.

Other interesting things in this old newspaper enable the reader to understand, better than any formal history, the state of feeling at the period when the United Colonies declared themselves independent. A notification, printed in the largest type, shows when the Declaration was officially made

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public:—"This day (8th July, 1776), at 12 o'clock, the Declaration of Independence will be proclaimed at the State House." In a volume published after the celebration of the Centenary of the Republic, there is the following account by an eye-witness of the proceedings on the day the Republic was established:—"Warm sunshine, morning. At eleven, went and met the Committee of Inspection at the Philosophical Hall; went from there in a body to the Lodge; joined the Committee of Safety (as called); went in a body to the State House Yard, where, in the presence of a great concourse of people, the Declaration of Independence was read by John Nixon. The company declared their approbation by three repeated huzzas. The King's arms were taken down in the Court Room, State House, at the same time. . . . Fine starlight, pleasant evening. There were bonfires, ringing bells, with other great demonstrations of joy upon the unanimity and agreement of the Declaration."[1] On the day that Congress assented to the document, two other resolutions were passed; the one empowering the Board of War to employ persons to manufacture gun-flints, to make application throughout the States for the names and addresses of those persons who were skilled in manufacturing them, and to find the places where the best flint stones were to be obtained; the other forming the delegates of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, into a committee to confer with other committees as to the "best means of defending the Colonies of New Jersey and Pennsylvania," and empowering them

[1] "Extracts from the Diary of Christopher Marshall, kept in Philadelphia and Lancaster during the American Revolution," p. 83.

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"to send expresses where necessary." Among the contents is the copy of an Act, passed three months previously by the Assembly of South Carolina, entitled, "To prevent sedition and punish insurgents and disturbers of the public peace," the opening sentence of which will suffice to show alike the language used, and the feelings common in those days: "Whereas a horrid and unnatural war is now carried on by the Ministry and Parliament of Great Britain, against the United Colonies of North America in general, and this colony in particular, with a cruel and oppressive design of robbing the colonies and good people of this colony of their dearest and most valuable rights as freemen, and reducing them to a state of the most abject slavery and oppression." This strong language is matched by the tenour of a piece of news from New York, dated the 4th of July:—"Last Saturday arrived at the Hook (like the swarm of locusts escaped from the bottomless pit) a fleet said to be 130 sail of ships and vessels from Halifax, having on board General Howe, &c., sent out by the tyrants of Great Britain, after destroying the English constitution there, on the pious design of enslaving the British Colonies and plundering their property at pleasure, or murdering them at once, and taking possession of all, as Ahab did of Naboth's vineyard."

I shall extract but two more sentences from the news with which the readers of the *Philadelphia Packet* were gratified in 1776. The incident hereafter related is not given in equal detail in the histories of the American Revolution. The tidings are sent from Williamsburg, in Virginia, under the date of July 4th. "This morning Captain James

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Barron came to town from Jamestown, with the agreeable news that he and his brother, in two small armed vessels, were safe arrived there, with the Oxford transport from Glasgow, having on board 217 Scotch Highlanders, with a number of women and children, which they took last Wednesday evening, on her way to Gwyn's Island to join Lord Dunmore. The people on board inform that they are part of a body of 3000 troops which sailed from Glasgow for Boston, but upon hearing that place was in our possession, they steered their course for Halifax; that they had been taken by the *Andrew Doria*, one of the Continental fleet, who, after disarming them and taking out all the principal officers, with such of the transport's crew as were acquainted with navigation, put eight of their own hands on board to bring her into port, but that the carpenter of the transport formed a party and rescued the vessel from them, and was conducting her into Hampton Road, when the two Captains Barrons very fortunately came across them, and moored them safe at Jamestown, where they are now disembarking, and are expected in town this day." It is to be hoped that the story of this capture, revolt, and recapture, had a happier ending for the prisoners than that of the capture of the transport which sailed into Massachusetts Bay after the town of Boston had been evacuated by the British troops. Colonel Campbell, who was in command of the Highland soldiers in the latter vessel, was thrown into the most loathsome dungeon of the common prison, and subjected to a maltreatment which excited the indignation of Washington, and caused him to remonstrate so emphatically that the unfortu-

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nate prisoner of war was afterwards treated with greater humanity.

Before laying the *Philadelphia Packet* aside, I may note that it contains an advertisement of Dr. Price's "Observations on the nature of Civil Liberty, the principles of Government, and the Justice and Policy of the War with America," to which the following remarks are appended:—"This learned, judicious, and liberal author had the thanks of the Common Council and the freedom of the City of London presented to him in a gold box for his much-admired and most excellent pamphlet on Civil Liberty, and for which he also deserves the united thanks of America." Two advertisements, which would now be headed in an English newspaper "To be sold by auction," and in a newspaper of the United States "To be sold at auction," are headed respectively, "To be sold by public vendue," and "To be sold by public sale." Two others bear the respective headings "Six dollars reward" and "Five pounds reward," showing that a twofold mode of reckoning money was then in vogue. Readers of local newspapers in the United States are familiar with appeals to subscribers to pay their debts. That Mr. John Dunlap, proprietor and printer of the *Philadelphia Packet*, was not free from the cares which vex the hearts of some of his successors is evinced by the following intimation which is printed on the same page as the immortal Declaration and in still larger type:—"The uncommon expense attending the publication of this newspaper at this day, obliges the printer to inform those gentlemen indebted for this paper longer than twelve months, that, without pay, it cannot be con-

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tinued to them more than four weeks from this date."

I have more to tell about Philadelphia as it appeared in the year when the anniversary of the Centenary of the Republic absorbed the thoughts of its citizens. But additional notes and comments may be postponed till I have characterized the International Exhibition, wherein all the countries of the globe were represented in friendly rivalry upon the soil of the United States of America.

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V.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

EVERY citizen of the United States with whom I talked about the International Exhibition at Philadelphia said to me:—"Well, sir, how does it compare with those of Europe?" I have always replied with perfect sincerity, that I considered it equal to the best of them. Having seen every Great Exhibition, save one, since the first was held in Hyde Park, I have had sufficient opportunities for forming an opinion based upon experience and comparison. Had my sphere of observation been more limited, it is possible that this International Exhibition would have produced the same impression upon me as it did upon those to whom such a spectacle was entirely novel. When dissatisfied readers of *Punch* or the *Saturday Review* say in their haste that these journals have greatly fallen off, that the former is not so lively and pointed as of old, that the latter is far heavier than it used to be, they omit to take into account the effect upon themselves of a long succession of bright jokes, clever sketches, and slashing articles, and never dream that the dryness and ponderosity of which they complain may be mere figments of their own minds instead of being attributes of the journals. Having been surfeited with good

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things, they have grown querulous and over-exacting. If the dullest number over which they profess to yawn were the opening one, in place of being the continuation of an admirable series, they would welcome it with the delight of persons avid for the enjoyment of something fresh and sparkling. In like manner, if sight-seers had not been cloyed with Exhibitions, if this were 1851 instead of 1876, if the Exhibition at Philadelphia were the first in date, all visitors to it might have been puzzled to find words wherewith to express their wonder and gratification.

This Exhibition in Fairmount Park, though on a larger scale and more ambitious in design than that which was held in Hyde Park a quarter of a century ago, did not eclipse the memory of its predecessor. The very edifice in which the first World's Fair was held recalled a vision of Fairyland, presenting to the eye in visible form the wondrous structures which, till then, had no existence out of the pages of the "Arabian Nights," and the "Faerie Queene." It is even doubtful whether any palace imagined and described by Sheherazade or Spenser was more marvellous in plan and appearance than the Crystal Palace, designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, constructed by Sir Charles Fox, decorated by Owen Jones, and filled with the treasures of all nations. In no other building erected for a like purpose has the view of the central transept been equalled, with the fine old trees, where birds hopped and twittered, and with the crystal fountain playing between them. In no other exhibition has such a gem been shown as the great Koh-i-noor diamond, which sparkled within an iron cage in the nave. Nor has any piece of sculp-

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ture attracted greater crowds of admirers in a subsequent Exhibition than the statue of the Greek Slave by Hiram Powers. The work of art excited the greater interest because it was from the chisel of a citizen of the United States. To other citizens of that country the British public owed thanks for some amusement and much instruction. Agriculturists were told that a machine had been brought across the Atlantic which enabled the farmer to harvest his crops of grain or grass at far greater speed and less cost than by the reaping-hook or the scythe. Mr. M'Cormick's reaping-machine was pronounced one of the most original products of an inventive nation till it was shown, to the gratification of many persons and the astonishment of the general public, that the model upon which the wonderful machine had been framed was still in existence; that, during twenty years, it had been annually used in reaping the harvest on the glebe of the Rev. Mr. Bell in the Carse of Gowrie, and that the merit of originality actually belonged to an obscure Scottish minister. Moreover, when the first reaper was pitted against the later and improved one it successfully held its own. Another citizen of the Republic made for himself a lasting name as a picker of locks. For years, a lock had hung in the window of Messrs. Bramah with a notice offering a reward of £100 to the person who should open the lock with any other than the right key. Mr. Hobbs came forward, opened the lock and claimed the reward, greatly to the astonishment and mortification of its makers, while he exhibited a lock of his own which he boldly challenged any one to open in like manner. Among the surprises of that memorable year was the advent

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of the yacht *America*. Its performances outvied those of any English yacht, just as the locks of Mr. Hobbs surpassed in security those of Messrs. Bramah and Messrs. Chubb. The owner capped his achievements by carrying the Queen's Cup across the Atlantic, where it has remained ever since, notwithstanding the attempt of Mr. Ashbury to regain possession of it on behalf of English yachtsmen, and the recent attempt of the owner of the *Countess of Dufferin*, a Canadian yachtsman, which was far more brilliant than that of the Englishman, and differed from it in this, that though the Canadian failed to win the race he did not lose his temper.

The Exhibition of 1851 was a great national undertaking and a great financial success. It was opened with all the pomp of royal state; when its doors were closed and all expenses paid, a very large surplus remained in hand. The Exhibition at Philadelphia has achieved a success only second to that of the first in London. But the lower the anticipations of future blessings the greater the chance of a prophetic triumph. The lofty expectations formed and expressed in 1851 have not been completely justified by events; it would be historically inaccurate to date the Millennium from the year in which the peaceful representatives of the nations of the world first met in amicable intercourse and competition under the same roof.

The Crimean Campaign began three years after that meeting of the nations in Hyde Park, where they were supposed to have entered into an eternal friendship; the Italian Campaign began four years after a like gathering in the Champs Elysées; the Franco-German War began three years after another and grander

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gathering in the Champs de Mars; bloody and deplorable hostilities between the Indians of Dakota and the troops of the United States were in progress while the exhibition in Fairmount Park was open; and a deadly struggle between the Russian and the Turk began six months after it was closed. Superstitious observers of bygone days would have regarded these coincidences as natural sequences, and they would have argued that a great Exhibition is necessarily succeeded by a great war. The modern blunder has been to infer that nations have made as great a progress in civilization as they profess to have done, to fancy that rivals in art and industry are no longer animated by the foulest passions which degrade human nature, and to conclude that a World's Fair mysteriously exorcises the demon which prompts to rivalry on the field of battle. Civilization is still in a much less advanced stage than most people like to admit, while the confraternity of nations is as yet little more than a fascinating phrase.

The buildings composing the International Exhibition in Fairmount Park covered seventy-five acres of ground, some of them were half a mile apart. There were 170 separate structures, yet the grounds did not seem crowded. The main building, though a very large one, being 1,880 feet long by 464 feet wide, had no look of vastness. This was owing to the roof being comparatively low. The Machinery Hall, 500 feet west of the main building, was not remarkable in appearance; the Memorial Hall, a permanent stone edifice, was the most ambitious structure from an architectural point of view. I learned that it is modern renaissance style; if this be a good speci-

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men, the less frequently that style is reproduced the better. A colossal dome surmounts the edifice; on the top of the ball, at the summit of the dome, there stands a figure which is understood to represent Columbia. At each of the four corners of the four pavilions at the base of the building, are other representatives of Columbia in the form of huge cast-iron eagles with outstretched wings, the wings being kept securely in their places by means of conspicuous metal rods. I should be guilty of gross flattery to the architect if I said that the general effect is pleasing; still, the impression made by the outside is most gratifying compared with that produced on me when I first entered the vestibule and looked at the glass chandelier, ludicrously out of keeping with the general design, and caught a glimpse of a plaster libel upon Washington contributed by an enthusiastic Italian artist. The Horticultural Hall, which is also to remain permanently in its place, resembles other buildings of its class. Not so the Agricultural Hall, however, nearly half a mile distant from the main building. This was unique of its kind. Never before did it enter into man's head to plan a building for the display of agricultural machinery which should resemble a Gothic cathedral.

Among the first things seen after entering the main building were several human skulls, exhibited by a defaulting South American State. A more extraordinary article of produce was never shown in an international exhibition. Possibly, they were meant to warn the despoiled bondholder that, despite grumbling because his coupons are unpaid and his principal is gone, to this complexion he, too, must come at last. Egypt next attracted attention

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with the following inscription over an archway:—"The oldest people of the world send their morning greeting to the youngest nation." A stuffed crocodile was one of the principal Egyptian exhibits. The morning greeting was a happy sentiment; the stuffed crocodile might have been intended as a sort of hieroglyphic for the benefit of the more cultured Egyptian bondholders. Yet neither the sentiment nor the dead reptile seemed sufficient to attract the crowd of ladies which assembled day after day in the Egyptian Court. One lady after another, who seemed bent upon whispering a few words to the attendant, turned away, after receiving a curt reply, in a state of evident dissatisfaction. A friendly journalist elucidated the mystery. It seems that an enterprising reporter, having little to say about the Egyptian exhibit, thought the readers of his paper would be gratified to be informed that the most curious article there was a lady's night-dress, of surpassing beauty, which had been bought by Miss Ordway of Reading, a rich young lady who was about to become a bride. These ladies desired to see this marvel of Egyptian handiwork; but the attendant could not gratify the curiosity which they displayed. He did not understand what they meant, and they did not believe his profession of ignorance. The night-dress of Miss Ordway was a myth. Close at hand was the Spanish Court, making a great external show, and containing little that repaid examination. Some Spanish soldiers and officers, in full-dress uniform, attracted as much notice as any of the things exhibited. If the number of orders upon the breasts of these young officers were a true criterion of their services, they must have performed

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as many deeds of valour as Don Quixote. Russia exhibited those malachite ornaments which always excite admiration, notwithstanding that visitors to great exhibitions have become familiar with them; but she did not show here anything equal to the large malachite doors, the most costly ever made, which were among the wonders of the Exhibition of 1851. The work for which Vienna is famous all over the world was well represented in the Austrian Court, while the porcelain from Berlin in the German Court was as noteworthy and admirable. The lace from Belgium, the carved wood-work and mosaics from Italy, watches and musical boxes from Switzerland, filigree jewellery from Norway, iron-work from Sweden, porcelain from China, and lacquer ware from Japan; bronzes, silks, tapestries, enamels, porcelain, perfumery, and a multitude of fancy articles from France; pottery, glass, silver-ware, carpets, clocks, watches, and furniture from Great Britain and Ireland; these are things of which the remembrance remains most vividly after a careful inspection of the foreign departments in the main building.

In the part of the building containing the display of the United States, the effect of novelty was far greater: never before had I seen that country adequately represented; hitherto it was impossible to form a just opinion of the diversity and completeness of its manufacturing industry.

Fruitless attempts were made to induce the citizens of the United States to contribute on a large scale to the display in the Great Exhibition of 1851. Writing to Sir Charles Lyell on the subject, Mr. Ticknor said: "There is no use in trying to stir up

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our people to make a decent show of themselves at the Crystal Palace; they won't do it." The reason assigned for the refusal was that "the French, the Russians, and the Germans send their goods to England as means of advertising them all over the world; we look for no sale out of our own country. Why then should we take the trouble and expense to advertise abroad?"[1] At the International Exhibition of 1862 the United States again failed to do justice to themselves. At the Exhibitions in Paris and Vienna they were far better represented than at those held in London. Yet none of these exhibitions afforded anything like an adequate notion of what could be done by the Republic when she chose to put forth her strength. Those persons only who have devoted themselves to giving a minute account of the several things exhibited can convey to the reader a proper notion of the extraordinary richness of this department. In my opinion, though very far behind some nations in particular things, the United States occupied the front rank when their performance was regarded as a whole.

After giving cordial praise to the United States, the impartial chronicler must emphatically state that the display made by the Mother-land and her attached Colonies and Dependencies was equally remarkable. Nothing like it had been seen in any Exhibition which I had visited. For the first time, the great British Colonies showed what they could do when put upon their mettle. Chief among the Dependencies is India, while Canada is chief among the Colonies. Both justified their station by

[1] Memoirs of George Ticknor, vol. ii. p. 271.

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the display which they made. The curiously carved furniture, the exquisite tissues, the beautiful shawls, the peculiar jewellery of India, ranked high among the attractions of this building. As for the Dominion of Canada, the effect of the display made by her proved extraordinary. Australians, who had been accustomed to import certain articles from the United States, have now learned that similar articles can be procured on more advantageous terms from their fellow-colonists in North America, and they have decided to give Canada the preference in the future. Ignorance of what the Dominion can produce is the rule in the United States; when citizens of that country saw what had actually been contributed by Canada their surprise was unbounded. The most depreciatory remark on the subject which I heard or read was that Canadian manufactures, though varied and excellent in their way, closely resembled those of the United States.

The mineral products of the Dominion were well set forth and suitably classified in a section apart. The plan of displaying samples of the mineral wealth of the whole country in a separate collection was a very good one, for it enabled the observer to form something like a fair idea alike of the great extent of the Dominion and of the multiplicity, as well as value of its resources. Specimens were given of the coal, not inferior to the best found elsewhere, which is won alike on the Atlantic and Pacific side of the Continent. The Nova Scotian granite could compare in hardness and capability of polish with that which is quarried at Aberdeen and Peterhead. Slate was shown equal to the best that comes from Wales. Specimens of ironstone, of lead, silver, and copper

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ores proved the abundance of the useful metals in the Dominion. A pyramid represented the quantity of gold found in the Province of British Columbia. Much has been written about the gold which comes from Australia and California, but the public are not familiar with the returns from this Province. I have before me some statistics compiled by Mr. Good, the Deputy-Minister of Mines there, from which I make the following extracts. From 1858, the year in which gold was first found, down to the year which is past, the total returns are estimated at upwards of $38,000,000. The average earnings per year of each miner during that period were $658. The largest return in any one year was made in 1864; the number of miners then employed was 4,400, and their average yearly earnings were $848 per man. In 1875, the yield was but $400,000 under that of 1864, while the number of miners had fallen to less than one-half, so that the average earnings per man were much higher, being $1,222. Seeing that in the most favourable circumstances a miner's income averages about £300 a year, it cannot be said that this form of gold-getting is the quickest way in which to grow rich. The Australian Colonies exhibited pyramids, like that of British Columbia, which they styled gold trophies, and which were conspicuous monuments of vast auriferous wealth. They also showed specimens of their coal, copper, iron, tin, antimony, nickel, lead, and other metals; of their grain, wool, silk, tobacco, fruits, and wines, and of the trees which are peculiar to their land. Most notable for the arrangement of [illegible]t was the Colony of Queensland. A series [illegible] loured photographs, hung along the walls,

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enabled the spectator to understand the appearance of the country, while the products were classified and arranged in order underneath. Not a Colony had forgotten to send something. The Cape of Good Hope displayed some of its ostrich feathers and wines, its minerals and coal, its fruits and diamonds. There were samples of the sugar and rum of British Guiana; the Island of Jamaica had a fine assortment of woods, spirits, and spices; some curious ornaments and vegetable products had come from the little known Seychelles Islands, beautiful artificial flowers, formed of delicate shells, from the Bahamas, and filigree work, as fine as any made in Genoa, had come from the Gold Coast. In short, a walk through the courts occupied by the British Empire gave a better notion of the vastness and wealth of that Empire than pages of statistics.

The Machinery Hall, as might have been expected, contained plenty of things to interest the simple spectator and to instruct the practical mechanician. Many machines, which were considered extraordinary novelties at the Great Exhibition of 1851, are now antiquated or commonplace. Then people gazed with wonder upon Applegarth's cylindrical printing press turning out printed sheets of the *Illustrated London News* in uninterrupted succession, upon the columns of water raised in continuous streams by Appleton's and Gwynne's rotary pumps, upon the conversion of sheets of paper into finished envelopes in Mr. De la Rue's ingenious machine. Far more wonderful printing presses, far more powerful pumps, and still more perfect envelope-making machinery were to be seen in operation in the international exhibition of 1876. It was considered a great feat,

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in 1851, to produce a sheet of paper a mile long; now, rolls of paper, each four miles in length, are daily consumed by the score in newspaper offices where Walter, Hoe, or Bullock printing presses are employed. The Walter press was one of the sights of the Machinery Hall. Comparisons were made between this triumph of English ingenuity and journalistic enterprise and the competing presses of Hoe and Bullock, which demonstrated what had been done in the United States. Perhaps if the whole truth had been known, the impression made on the public mind would have been even greater. The Walter press used in printing the *Times* is, so to speak, the direct product of the *Times* as a newspaper. The design of its founder was not only to produce a newspaper second to none, but also to print it in the best possible way. After Mr. Emerson's visit to England in 1847, he wrote as follows concerning that great journal: "It has shown those qualities which are dear to Englishmen, unflinching adherence to its objects, prodigal intellectual ability, and a towering assurance, backed by the perfect organization in its printing-house, and its world-wide net-work of correspondence and reports." The Walter press is the last, but not the only illustration of the judicious and far-seeing policy with which the *Times* has been conducted. One of these presses was at work every day printing the *New York Times;* a large crowd was always present watching with simple curiosity or keenly critical eye the press which many practical men maintained to be superior as a whole to any of those which enjoyed a great reputation in the United States. I will not say that it is unrivalled. If I were to do so I should be

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called prejudiced. But I may record that a United States engineer who had never seen the Walter press before, who was prepared to find that it had been greatly overrated, and who carefully compared it with its rivals, expressed to me his surprise at the excellence of its design, of its workmanship and of its performance.

No lesson could have been more impressive than that learned by simply turning from these presses pouring forth perfectly printed newspapers at the rate of fifteen thousand copies an hour, to the rude press at which Benjamin Franklin once worked. Marvellous as are the strides made by the art of printing in the course of a century, progress in the future may be yet more astounding. A combined type-founding and composing machine shown in this hall proves that greater feats are contemplated than have yet been achieved. By simply striking a set of keys, in succession, the operator makes type from molten metal and arranges the type in words. After the impression has been worked off, the types are returned to the melting pot, and are again ready for the magical transformation from a molten state into a solid form, by means of which a printed page can be produced.

A novelty not so great as this, but still worthy of mention, is a machine called a type-writer. The purpose of this machine is to produce a fairly good resemblance to a printed page, as rapidly as the same number of letters can be written with a pen. The machine is said to be so simple that a little child can work it. This is the stereotyped recommendation of a sewing machine. Indeed, inventors seem to think that they have succeeded in their

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objects when they are able to boast that children can actuate their new machinery. A very little child can turn the handle or move the treadle of a sewing machine, or make a noise by striking the keys of a piano, yet the same child may fail to stitch a shirt even with the help of a sewing machine, or to play a tune upon a piano. Nothing can be easier than to form a word by striking the keys of the type-writer, yet as much practice is required to be able to use it effectively as is required to learn to play well upon a musical instrument. Mr. Alissoff sent a type-writer from St. Petersburg to compete with that made in the United States by Messrs. Remington. The Russian machine, though lacking in speed, had some very good points about it. A type-writer of Norwegian origin was exhibited in London several years ago; it was very expensive, an objection which applies to this one from Russia. The American machine costs twenty guineas in London, a price at which the profit must be ample, if it be true that the cost of production is less than half that sum.

Among the innumerable things worthy of notice in this hall, I am disposed to pronounce the Brayton Hydro-Carbon engine as best rewarding investigation. I think that the inventor of this engine has conclusively solved the problem how to employ petroleum to the best advantage for the purpose of producing motive power. Instead of using the petroleum to heat a steam-boiler, he uses it to produce a motive power directly, as in gas-engines. Thus, he dispenses with furnaces and boilers altogether, while he can work his engine on a large scale, which cannot be done in the case either

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of a caloric or a gas engine. I saw one of fifteen horse power which worked well; one of double that power had been tested and found to work as satisfactorily as those of a smaller power. If anticipations, which appear to me to be justified by the results already obtained, are fully realized after longer experience, this hydro-carbon engine will be a real addition to mechanical powers.

The display of weighing machinery was very extensive, arguing an enormous demand in the United States for such machines. The exhibitors were ready to let visitors test their machines by being weighed upon or in them; some of these were adapted to the metric as well as the old scale. I had the pleasure of learning not only what was my "Centennial weight" in pounds avoirdupois, but also that this represented, according to the metric scale, seventy-seven kilograms and seven hectograms. An exhibitor of lithographic presses offered visitors a memorial of their visit in exchange for fifty cents. This consisted of a highly ornamented sheet, certifying that the person whose name was inserted in the blank space had been present at the International Exhibition of 1876, this memorable fact being attested by the *fac-simile* signatures of General Grant, President of the United States; Mr. Hartranft, Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Stokley, Mayor of Philadelphia. The certificate, I was assured, would not only be an ornament to a room when framed and hung up therein, but would be an heir-loom greatly prized by my descendants. I refrained from obtaining this precious heir-loom at the small cost of fifty cents; but citizens of the United States thought the notion a good one, and

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were as ready to buy these certificates as Parisians were to buy certificates that they had heroically remained in Paris during the siege.

Another form of personal commemoration was provided in a corridor of the Memorial Hall. A large fireproof iron safe shown there was intended to preserve two huge volumes during a century, one volume containing the photographs, the other the signatures of citizens of the United States. Thus a future generation of Republicans will learn in 1976, from signatures in faded ink and from pictures in faded outline, how their deceased progenitors wrote and looked. The collection of pictures in this Hall was very fine and instructive. Never before had so many works of the best modern English artists been brought together. The Royal Academy contributed the diploma pictures of its members; these pictures being then shown in public for the first time. Among them were the diploma pictures of West, Constable, Turner, Wilkie, and other artists whose names are household words. Mr. Frith's picture of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, contributed by the Queen, attracted the most notice. It was one of the few which the ordinary sight-seer could thoroughly appreciate, its artistic shortcomings being no demerits in his eyes. The "Railway Station," by the same artist, was included in this collection; but its interest for American spectators was very slight. Pointing it out to some friends, I remarked that the sum of £20,000 had been realized by the sale and exhibition of the picture; some bystanders overheard the remark, and one of them said to me, "Is that really so, Sir?" Replying that I believed the fact to be as I had

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stated, he communicated the information to others, the result being that, in a few minutes, the picture attracted a dense crowd of gazers, lost in admiration at its value in pounds sterling. Two portraits in the British collection were fraught with soul-stirring memories and painful reflections; those of Washington and Wellington. That of the great Duke represented him as he was in old age, and, as I can testify from personal remembrance, did so with perfect fidelity; that of the great commoner depicted him as he appeared at a time when he had achieved immortal fame by his unsurpassed patriotism and statesmanship, and when his earthly course had been nearly run. Both are excellent pictures, that of Washington being the best portrait of him which is extant; it is known as the Lansdowne portrait, was painted by Gilbert Stuart, and is now the property of Mr. J. Delaware Lewis. Some objections were raised to the portrait being shown in a conspicuous place among the works of art contributed by the Motherland, and an attempt was made to have it transferred to the United States department. The attempt failed. The persons who made it must have forgotten or been unaware that, with the exception of Cromwell, no British worthy receives more unstinted honour than Washington, and must never have heard that, in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington, where are hung the portraits of the great men in whom the United Kingdom glories, the portrait of Washington has an honoured place. Among the thousands who looked upon the portrait of Wellington there were very few who did so with intelligent interest. To the citizens of the United States he is a mere

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name and nothing more. Some acquaintances from New England, whose knowledge of European history was far more extensive than that of the ordinary sight-seer, candidly told me that their knowledge of what the Duke had accomplished was but shadowy, and that their interest in him was of the slightest possible kind. The admission has been made so often and unreservedly in the journals of the United States, that the British collection excelled the others in completeness and attraction, that I shall not be chargeable with prejudice in calling the others commonplace and meagre. The *New York Tribune*, writing about the show of pictures in the United States department, used the phrase "acres of mediocrity," to characterize the collection as a whole. There were, indeed, some excellent pictures; but too many, like Rothermel's "Battle of Gettysburg," excited wonder as to why they should have obtained a prominent place in the collection.

An inspection of the United States show of pictures confirmed me in the opinion expressed in the third chapter, that their artists, though not lacking in imaginative powers or in technical skill, have not yet succeeded in forming themselves into a national school. British painters may be chargeable with many deficiencies or insular peculiarities; but they cannot be accused of imitating the manner of any foreign school. The finest works in art and literature are produced for the gratification of the world and not of a single nation only; they delight mankind because they appeal to a universal sentiment. United States artists may well forego the fame of founding a national school, if they succeed in making themselves at home everywhere.

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The number of paintings by the best foreign artists was very small. A Spanish and a French artist had produced works designed to gratify those persons who attended such a gathering as that at Philadelphia. The one represented the "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers;" the pilgrims being depicted kneeling in prayer, with their hands folded across their chests, just as worshippers do in Spanish Roman Catholic Churches, and as no Puritan ever did either in Old or New England. The French artist depicted the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence." The delegates were shown in attitudes familiar to those persons who have seen the French Assembly at Versailles when in a state of excitement, some raising their hands in token of assent, others eagerly pressing forward to append their names to the Declaration. This was as historically inaccurate as the notion of the Pilgrims formed by the Spanish artist. The Declaration was signed by John Hancock, the President of Congress, and countersigned by Charles Thompson, the Secretary. Three months elapsed before all the signatures had been attached to it. Spectators, ignorant of this fact, thought the picture a very fine representation of a historical scene.

The display of implements and produce in the Agricultural Hall was very extensive and striking. Canadian implement-makers distinguished themselves here; their ploughs were highly praised by experienced and practical farmers, who pronounced them to be superior in model to that which is generally preferred in the United States. The English agricultural implement-makers refused to contribute, basing their objection on the impossibility of being

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able to sell their articles in the United States through the operation of the protective system. A traction engine which had been used in the British Department for hauling purposes, was among the very few things of the kind in the Exhibition. Such an engine is almost indispensable for conducting agricultural operations on a large scale. The farmer who could use it in the prairies of the Middle States or the plains of California would gain enormously. The makers of this one had sold no less than 2000 of them elsewhere; they cannot find a market for them in the United States. The price in England is £615; delivered in New York it is upwards of £1000. These were the figures on a placard affixed to the engine; the difference between the two sums representing what is meant in the United States by a prohibitive tariff. One of the exhibits in the Agricultural Hall was a live American eagle; his keeper was in the uniform of a sergeant in the United States army. The bird's name is "Old Abe;" he had been attached to the 8th Wisconsin regiment, and had been present at thirty-five battles. The desire to possess this feathered hero was keen; Colonel Wood of Philadelphia offered $10,000 for him; Barnum twice that large sum. But the State of Wisconsin would not part with him. He is maintained by the State; eats once a day, and will not touch anything except fresh fish, fowl, or veal. Photographs of this dainty and belligerent eagle were on sale for the benefit of a charitable fund. Despite his personal merits and services, this bird seemed to me out of place in an International Exhibition. The only explanation of his appearance which I have met with is that he

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served to let visitors see "What a real live bird of freedom was like."[2] Unless Franklin had changed his mind, he, for one, would have taken no pleasure in the sight. He protested against the eagle being the symbol of his native land, on the ground that "he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly."

Though the ingenuity of the citizens of the United States in advertising is indisputable, yet it was not specially displayed within the International Exhibition. The most conspicuous advertisers were the persons who provided pills for every malady and coffins for the victims of the pills. Next in pertinacity were the proprietors of the Gettysburg Katalysine water. I tasted this fluid, which resembled ordinary water so closely that I should not have thought it was one of Nature's most wonderful products. A pamphlet informed me that the Gettysburg water, though "in no way distinguishable from that found in our domestic springs and wells, except by its effects on the diseased human system," possesses miraculous properties. It is said to be "pre-eminently the medicine for childhood and old age;" "the evidence on this subject would go far toward verifying one of the oldest traditions connected with this Continent, which is that there existed upon it a youth-restoring spring." Thus I had unconsciously taken a draught at the Fountain of Youth, for which Ponce de Leon and his followers vainly sought in the glades of Florida; unfortunately, I felt neither younger nor stronger after swallowing the precious beverage than I did before I had even read its name.

[2] Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper*, 9th September, 1876.

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The circulars given away by foreign exhibitors were not such extraordinary specimens of the English language as I have received in other Exhibitions. I reprint as a foot-note the most curious one that I met with.[3]

A form of advertising, very common in other Exhibitions, was less frequently practised here. This was the gratis distribution of samples. One enthusiast gave away specimens of honey which had the advantage, in his opinion, of having been produced without the intervention or aid of an insect; those persons who tasted it preferred the natural product of the busy bee. A firm had a small oven in the Agricultural Hall wherein they baked small cakes to show the excellence of their baking powder and flour; the demand for these cakes taxed the utmost energies of the makers. Another firm in the

[3] "Vegetable, animal, ydrofuga paper. Air water and grease light, transparent, strong and flexible, invented and manifactured by Professor N. Vallini, Chemist in the Royal University of Bologna (Italy), invention of the past year 1875. This paper for its worth, can doubtless be useful to many and different applications in industry and trade. For its strength, flexibility, and impermeability it supplies all common packing-cloth. For involving salted meats and victuals for land and sea troops, and all what is necessary in maratime transports. In medicine and surgery, protecting sores and wounds from the contact of air, such as antireumatic, and for maladies of the skin, &c. Its transparent qualities serve for transcribing drawings of every kind, and surrogating glass when it is necessary, against the direct action of the solar light. Also its impermeability from grease, can be used for parfumery in packing cosmetics, pommatum, covering vases of essences, &c. Finally, in the hat business for lining, either for hats or for bonnets, price 75f. 500 sheets, of centimeter 50 by 75." This paper may be really as remarkable as the circular which furnishes such a lucid description of it; yet it bears a close resemblance to the oiled paper which is no novelty in this country.

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same Hall gave away miniature pails made of tinned iron. These pails were as useless as the toy pots and pans which amuse very little children, yet a crowd besieged the place where they were distributed, each person struggling violently to procure one, and wearing it as a trophy. Grown-up children of the Republic delight in getting something without paying for it, as much as less enlightened people.

Visitors to Great Exhibitions have always appeared as intent upon dining sumptuously and drinking copiously as upon improving their minds, and the visitors to the International Exhibition in Fairmount Park were not exceptions to this rule. The arrangements for supplying the hungry and thirsty were on a very large scale, and in this respect the Exhibition was quite on a par with those held in London, Paris, and Vienna. There was a French restaurant, where the visitor could fancy himself in Paris, not only when eating his cutlets and drinking his claret, but also when paying the bill. A German restaurant supplied the delicacies of the Fatherland. An American restaurant provided every comestible for which there was a demand. Those persons who liked the homely pork and beans of New England could dine upon them in a New England kitchen ; a Frenchman who, being determined to try everything, made the experiment of tasting this national dish, assured me that he had never suffered so much since the time when he tasted haggis in Scotland. A Vienna bakery supplied the delicious rolls for which Vienna is famous, and coffee not less delightful, far better indeed than that which could be obtained in a Tunisian café not far off. The list of all the places at which people could quench their thirst and

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appease their hunger would occupy too much space; I shall name but one more, which was generally called the "Dairy," but of which the official name was The Dairy Association Building. It was a building in a rustic style, wherein milk, cream, butter-milk, fruit, cakes, bread, and butter were sold and consumed. On the bill of fare there was a new article of diet said to possess extraordinary merits. Its use by the ailing would cure them more certainly than the most successful medicine; its use by the robust would insure them against sickness; in short, when I read the recommendations of this new eatable I fancied that an incalculable boon had been conferred upon the human race. The name of this precious novelty is avena. For some years the food itself has been used in Scotland under the name of oatmeal. Whether those persons who are unable to appreciate porridge will eat avena pudding with pleasure I cannot tell, but if they shall do so then it will be clear that there is something in a name. Perhaps Dr. Johnson would have treated oats with less contempt had he known them by their Latin designation only. The lovers of statistics may be pleased to learn that, during the six months the Exhibition was open, five of the restaurants sold upwards of 400 tons of bread, 400 tons of beef, ham, and poultry; 20 tons of fresh fish, and upwards of 400,000 gallons of beer. If complete tables were compiled of the work of the refreshment department, it would appear that the International Exhibition at Philadelphia had been an unrivalled theatre for the exercise of one form of human industry.

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VI.

PHILADELPHIA DURING THE EXHIBITION.

One evening, whilst seated in the smoking-room of the Colonnade Hotel, I heard the strains of martial music. This was so common a pleasure that it did not excite in me any curiosity about the cause, the city of Brotherly Love having been the daily scene of semi-military processions headed by at least one brass band. On the present occasion, however, the procession marched into the Colonnade Hotel instead of passing along Chesnut Street; the band which preceded it came to a halt, without ceasing to play, in the entrance hall. For upwards of an hour this band made the whole building resound with melodies, which appeared to give extreme delight to the coloured waiters. Having exhausted their programme or their strength, the musicians marched off in single file through the bar-room to the street, pausing on their way to swallow the drinks which were freely offered to them. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed another band arrived; after having made as much discord as its predecessor, it departed in the same dignified and measured style through the bar-room. A third band next appeared and kept the occupants of the hotel thoroughly excited till the night was far spent.

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The members of the procession then strove, with perfect success, to render the remainder of the night hideous by yelling and shouting; they, too, paid frequent visits to the bar-room; but, unhappily, they returned into the hotel instead of disappearing, like the bands, into the street. Before their arrival, the 400 beds in the hotel had been occupied, yet make-shift accommodation for an additional 300 persons was provided by the proprietors, who were radiant with satisfaction at this influx of distinguished visitors. For three days and nights did the new-comers crowd the hotel; during that time, the peaceful occupants were regaled with military music till it was time to go to bed, and then kept awake, till an early hour in the morning, by sounds of revelry in the corridors. Other hotels were favoured in the same way. Nor was it easy to escape from the din by going into the open air. At least one procession and three bands imparted animation to the principal thoroughfares by day and night. The energy expended by all concerned must have been enormous. None seemed to care about taking rest or even taking food; whisky, music, and marching sufficed for their wants. Now and then, however, the human frame could not bear this strain upon it; those persons who had been overpowered by the whisky, the music, or the marching, were tenderly carried to their rooms by their comrades, and laid upon their beds. These visitors were members of Encampments of the United States Order of Knights Templar, and they had chosen Philadelphia as the place for their annual gathering in 1876. They numbered 8500.

The spectacle was alike novel and sensational; I

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had never before seen a Knight Templar, clothed and in his right mind, walking along a public street, nor had I ever before wittingly slept, or tried to sleep under the same roof with one. There are several Encampments in the United Kingdom, upwards of a hundred being registered under the Grand Conclave of the United Religious and Military Orders of the Temple, and of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta. The Prince of Wales is Grand Master of this body. It gives pleasure to many loyal and rational subjects of Queen Victoria to meet at stated times in private rooms, arrogate to themselves the titles of Knights, and clothe themselves in garments which they would be ashamed to wear, in the presence of their non-masonic friends, on any more serious occasion than a fancy dress ball. But they are careful to do these things in a corner; they would as soon think of holding an Encampment in a balloon as of amusing themselves by perambulating the streets in the full dress of their Order. Indeed, Freemasons in the United Kingdom eschew all superfluous display; their brethren in the United States appear to think it the most natural thing in the world that members of secret societies should parade in the light of day. As a Past-Master of one of the oldest lodges in the world, I ought to have some acquaintance with Freemasonry, and I certainly have a greater respect for its tenets and principles than is manifested by His Holiness the Pope, yet I cannot regard these public appearances as in accordance with the objects of the Craft. Many Masons, with whom I conversed in Philadelphia, were so irreverent as to characterize the Knight Templar degree as a piece of tomfoolery, designed

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to gratify those brethren who are weak enough to set store upon forms without meaning, and titles without sense. These are harsh sayings with which, of course, I have no sympathy. The innocent pastimes of men who are supposed to have attained the age of discretion ought to be respected, and a man might do worse than try to play the mediæval part of a Knight Templar. He might become a Carlist, a Communist, or a Fenian, and thereby prove a greater terror to law-respecting citizens than the most enthusiastic Sir Knight.

Though the Knights Templar who thronged the streets and hotels of Philadelphia had swords at their sides, as well as cocked hats on their heads, yet they had the reverse of a bellicose aspect, and they seemed much more addicted to the worship of Bacchus than disposed for the service of Mars. No one whose knowledge of the Order is gathered from the *Talisman* would suspect any of these hilarious Knights Templar of deserving the denunciation levelled against those who went to the Holy Land, "Their peace is war, and their faith is falsehood," nor is it probable that their Grand Master could even in imagination perpetrate the villainy for which Saladin cut off the head of Grand Master Sir Giles Amaury Yet it was difficult to believe that they were simple citizens of the Republic, so grand was their appearance, and so proud did they seem of their fine clothes. As a rule, there is no more soberly dressed person than a citizen of the United States. A paternal Congress has forbidden a civilian to indulge in the vanity known in Europe as court costume, and has enjoined that, when he attends a foreign Court, he shall wear ordinary evening dress. No

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restriction, however, is put upon the citizen donning any kind of military uniform he pleases, and this is said to be one of the reasons why the order of Knights Templar is attractive and popular in the United States. Its members have the further gratification of reading their names, with handles to them, in the newspapers; and when plain Brown, Jones, and Robinson see themselves in print as Sir John Brown, Sir Thomas Jones, Sir Joseph Robinson, they may experience the satisfaction of men who have made their mark.

Till I beheld these Knights Templar, I had never realized the effect produced by entire regiments clad in the uniforms of general officers of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. With cocked hats adorned with feathers upon their heads, embroidered trousers on their legs, tunics round their bodies, their breasts being as thickly covered with ribbons and medals as the breasts of officers in the service of the Prince of Monaco, and with swords in their hands resembling the toy swords of children, these Sir Knights appeared to the simple-minded a splendid spectacle, and to the critic a set of guys. Many of them had wives, and their wives wore ribbons and medals also. The citizens of Philadelphia derived much enjoyment from the pageant; not a complaint was made when traffic was suspended for several hours on the day of the grand procession. The proceedings at the meeting for the despatch of business were reported in the newspapers, the speeches being as full of self-laudation as space and time would permit. The Knights Templar appeared to be thoroughly pleased with themselves and the world at large; many of them assured me that they

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had experienced "a real good time." I saw them leave the city, without deeply regretting that their stay had been so short. In the bar-room of the Colonnade Hotel business was very dull after their departure, but peace reigned in the hall and corridors at night, and sweet sleep returned to many a pillow.

An invitation to attend the seventh annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac came to me shortly after the Knights Templar had evacuated Philadelphia. The place of meeting was the Academy of Music, or, we should call it, the Opera House. In the pit were the ordinary members of the society; on the stage were general officers, while spectators occupied the other parts of the house. The space in front of the galleries was decorated with flags and artificial flowers; a scene representing the headquarters of the army was presented on the stage; two tents appeared in the background; two field-pieces were conspicuous in the foreground, where arms were stacked and drums piled in the form of a pyramid. The headquarters' flag of this army, having a lilac ground and a golden eagle encircled with a laurel wreath in the centre, hung in front of the tents. Nothing was wanting to recall the memories of the camp and the battle-field. General Hancock presided. He was in undress uniform; with three exceptions the other general officers, as well as the officers of lower rank, were in plain clothes. Two Russian officers who were among the invited guests appeared in full uniform, as did a Lieutenant-General in the Japanese army. Indeed, the whole gathering was much less martial, from the tailor's point of view, than the

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gathering of Knights Templar. But this was an assemblage of veterans, and old soldiers do not require to appear in uniform in order to produce an impression.

Tall, portly, and soldier-like in every respect, General Hancock seemed well fitted for presiding over such a meeting; his military claims to respect perfectly tally with those which are but accidents of nature. The few words with which he opened the proceedings were in excellent taste, and they were uttered in a most effective manner. By reproducing them, I shall be spared adding anything in explanation of the Society's object:—"We are assembled here to-day, on the occasion of the annual re-union of our Society, to renew and cement friendships formed on the field of battle, to inquire as to the welfare of absent comrades, to determine the gaps made in our ranks by time, and to inaugurate such measures as may be possible or necessary to aid worthy comrades in distress, or the widows and orphans of deceased comrades, who may require our assistance. We have no other purpose in meeting here. Here politics enter not, either to distract or disturb. We meet simply as brothers, who are linked together in affection through memories of the past, by common dangers incurred, glories gained, privations suffered, and hardships endured; and I am thankful that I am permitted to be present with you, and that the privilege of calling to order this meeting of my old comrades devolves upon me. But before proceeding with the exercises of this occasion it is proper that we should return thanks to Almighty God for His goodness for permitting us to be here and in health to-day." Thereupon General Hancock requested

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the Rev. William M'Vicker, chaplain of the cavalry corps, to offer up prayer. It would be unseemly to criticize the prayer which followed, yet I may be pardoned for saying that in my opinion it was far too long, far too rhetorical, and sounded too much like a speech. One of the audience, to whom I made a remark to this effect, seemed surprised at my simplicity, informing me that, as this was the only opportunity the reverend gentleman would have of speaking, he did quite right in taking full advantage of it. I was answered, but not convinced. The Mayor of Philadelphia, the Hon. W. S. Stokley, being introduced to the audience by the Chairman, his Honour pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket, put à double-eyeglass on his nose, and began to read a speech. I had thought it impossible that any citizen could attain so exalted a position without being able to speak with perfect fluency, on any subject, at a moment's notice. An ex-Governor of the State of Illinois once told me that nothing had struck him more during a visit to England than the bad speaking of her public men; and he modestly hinted that, had he not been a better speaker than any of them, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright not excepted, he would never have achieved success among his fellow-citizens. But the example of Mr. Stokley, to say nothing of that set by General Grant, tells against the universal application of the rule that a ready tongue is indispensable to all ambitious citizens of the United States. As a specimen of municipal oratory in a Republican country, I shall add the speech. If rather too florid in diction, it had the merit of brevity, and on that account, probably, was very well received:—"Soldiers of the Army of the

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Potomac; as the Executive of the city of Philadelphia, it affords me pleasure to welcome you to our city, and extend to you its hospitalities upon the occasion of the seventh annual re-union of your society. When our land was devastated by war and the soldiers of the Republic were marching to the front, they were always kindly received by the citizens of Philadelphia, and their wants cared for while passing through the city; when sick and wounded and in our hospitals they were nursed with a mother's tenderness by our wives, sisters, and daughters. Now that all strife is ended, and the bright wings of peace are spread over the land, we extend to you, the survivors of those who fought so nobly and bravely to maintain the honour of their country, a right cordial welcome, and trust that your stay among us may be made pleasant. For those of your brave comrades who fill a hero's grave there is a spot in our memory which will ever remain fresh, and over their last resting-place we will pay the homage of a grateful country due to those who gave their lives in its defence." Hereupon the band struck up "Hold the Fort," an air which seems to have taken its place with "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail, Columbia" among the national airs of the country.

The event of the day was now at hand; the delivery of an oration by General Dix, who has a civic as well as a military reputation, having filled the posts, among others, of Governor of New York and Minister to France. In one of the two sentences with which he introduced General Dix, the Chairman remarked, "Alike distinguished for his eminent civil services, his scholarly attainments, and for his record as a soldier,

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he has a tongue to woo you, even if it be in Latin or Greek, and if you should prove recreant as listeners he has the nerve to shoot you on the spot." It is fortunate, perhaps, that General Dix did not attempt to enforce a Latin or Greek oration upon unwilling ears in the manner suggested, as he would possibly have had more shooting to do than he could well perform. Though advanced in years, having reached, if not passed four score, he yet spoke with the vigour of a comparatively young man. He began by saying that the pleasures of the day "would have been greatly enhanced by the presence of the heroic commander by whom you were led, and whose distinguished military services have been crowned by the highest civic honours of the Republic." Every one seemed to share in the regret thus expressed; the presence of General Grant on such an occasion appeared almost a matter of course; but no explanation was given of his absence. General Dix went on to say that he had undertaken, at very short notice, to deliver an address; that, though time had been wanting "to go forth into the field of oratory and gather its flowers to give colour and fragrance to the occasion, yet he hoped a familiar address would prove acceptable instead of the formal oration which the audience had a right to expect." Certainly the address, which occupied three-quarters of an hour in delivery, and which was spoken by him with scarcely a reference to his notes, was a proof that age had not impaired either the voice or memory of General Dix.

He reviewed the century during which the nation had existed, characterizing the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation as the chief and most pregnant achievements of the period.

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He was most emphatic in his admiration of President Lincoln's proclamation on the ground that "the emancipation of four millions of slaves, and their elevation to the rank of freemen, by a single act of Executive authority, stands alone in the annals of our race." I am glad that the act does stand alone, the worst part of it was its being as despotic in character as if it had been a Russian ukase or a decree signed with the vermilion pencil by the Emperor of China. It would have been more in keeping with the annals of the race, had emancipation been the result of legislation. Though General Dix held, and rightly held, that the proclamation was justified by the necessity of the moment, yet this ought to be a subject for regret rather than congratulation. In his copious references to the achievement of Independence he never said a word about the part played and the assistance rendered by France, though such a statement would not only have been in good taste but would have been historically appropriate. Few things are more certain in past history than the fact that France was the joint founder of the United States. To the evident delight of his hearers, he repeated a list of the improvements which had been effected during the first century of the Republic, ending the recital by saying:—"A hundred years ago it was the work of months to convey intelligence from ocean to ocean. Now a message by telegraph leaving here at the rising of the sun will outrun him in his course, and reach the Pacific before his rays have lighted up the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. At the beginning of the century we were a feeble community struggling for existence, and scarcely known

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to the Great Powers of the Eastern Hemisphere. We now stand before the world as their equal: and all the nations of the earth come as contributors to the innumerable products of industry, science, art, taste, and genius which have their exposition here. This is the priceless inheritance which as soldiers you helped to maintain against the open shock of war. It devolves on you now, by a conscientious and enlightened discharge of your duty as good citizens, to resist the insidious dangers of peace—the inroads of extravagance, faithlessness, and corruption in private and public life."

Having expressed his warm hopes alike for their future welfare and for the continued prosperity of the Union which they had helped to save, he sat down amidst that form of applause, peculiar to the United States, which is described as "three cheers and a tiger," and which may be rendered more intelligible to the reader, though not more agreeable to the listener, if called "three cheers and a growl."

General Dix sat on the right of the Chairman; the seat on the left was filled by a gentleman about whom there was much speculation among the audience in my neighbourhood. It was rumoured that he was a Southern General, and some said that he was General Beauregard. He appeared uneasy and out of place, and this tended to confirm the impression that he was a Southerner. When the Chairman rose and introduced him as Mr. Winter, it was clear that he was not General Beauregard. When he took a roll of manuscript from his pocket, it was evident that he was about to read something, and, before he began to read, the audience learned that he was a poet, the Claud Halcro of the day.

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To have been requested to write a poem for that occasion was, he said, the greatest honour ever conferred upon him. The poem he had composed was entitled "The Voice of the Silence;" it set forth the contrast between the quiet scenery of what had been the theatre of war and the thoughts which return to a soldier's mind of the part he had played in the tented field. The poem contains reminiscences of other poems as well as of battlefields. Some of the stanzas are well turned, yet too many are but versified rhetoric, and this wearies the reader as it did a few of the hearers, even though the versification is not devoid of harmony or the rhetoric of point. Having procured a copy of the poem, I shall give it entire; it is a favourable sample of the poems which are provided for the gratification of a United States audience on such an occasion as the present. The frequency and heartiness of the applause proved that the officers of the Army of the Potomac admired it:—

I.

"Bright on the sparkling sward, this day,
The youthful summer gleams;
The roses in the south wind play,
The slumberous woodland dreams.
In golden light, 'neath clouds of fleece,
Mid bird-songs wild and free,
The blue Potomac flows, in peace,
Down to the peaceful sea.

II.

"No echo from the stormy past
Alarms the placid vale,
No cannon roar, nor trumpet blast,
Nor shatter'd soldier's wail.
There's nothing left to mark the strife,
The triumph or the pain,
Where Nature to her general life
Takes back our lives again."

III.

Yet in your vision evermore,
Beneath affrighted skies,
With crash of sound, with reek of gore,
The martial pageants rise.
Audacious banners rend the air,
Dark steeds of battle neigh,
And frantic through the sulphurous glare,
Raves on the crimson fray.

IV.

Not time nor chance nor change can drown
Your memories proud and high,
Nor pluck your star of greatness down
From glory's deathless sky.
For evermore your fame shall bide—
Your valour tried and true!
And that which makes your country's pride
May well be pride to you!

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V.

For ever through the soldier's thought
The soldier's life returns—
Or where the trampled fields are fought,
Or where the camp-fire burns.
For him the pomp of morning brings
A thrill none else can know,
For him Night waves her sable wings
O'er many a nameless woe.

VI.

How often face to face with death
In stern suspense he stood,
While bird and insect held their breath
Within the ambush'd wood!
Again he sees the silent hills
With danger's menace grim;
And darkly all the shuddering rills
Run red with blood for him.

VII.

For him the cruel sun of noon
Glares on a bristling plain;
For him the cold, disdainful moon
Lights meadows rough with slain.
There's death in every sight he sees,
In every sound he hears;
And sunset hush and evening breeze
Are sad with prison'd tears.

VIII.

Again worn out in midnight march
He sinks beside the track;
Again beneath the pitying arch
His dreams of home come back;
In morning wind the roses shake
Around his cottage door,
And little feet of children make
Their music on the floor.

IX.

The tones that never more on earth
Can bid his pulses leap
Ring out again in careless mirth
Across the vales of sleep;
And where in horrent splendour roll
The waves of vict'ry's tide,
The cherish'd comrades of his soul
Are glorious at his side!

X.

Forget! the arm may lose its might,
The tired heart beat low,
The sun from heaven blot out his light,
The west wind cease to blow,
But while one spark of life is warm
Within this mould of clay,
His soul shall revel in the storm
Of that tremendous day!

XI.

On mountain slope, in lonely glen,
By Fate's supreme command,
The blood of those devoted men
Has sanctified this land.
The funeral moss—but not in grief—
Waves o'er their hallow'd rest,
And not in grief the laurel leaf
Drops on the hero's breast.

XII.

Tears for the living, when God's gift—
The friend of man to be—
Wastes, like the shatter'd spars that drift
Upon the unknown sea!
Tears for the wreck who sinks at last,
No deed of valour done;
But no tears for the soul that past
When honour's fight was won.

XIII.

He takes the hand of Heavenly Fate
Who lives and dies for truth!
For him the holy angels wait
In realms of endless youth!
The grass upon his grave is green
With everlasting bloom;
And love and blessings make the sheen
Of glory round his tomb.

XIV.

Mourn not for them, the loved and gone!
The cause they died to save
Plants an eternal corner-stone
Upon the martyr's grave:

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And, safe from all the ills we pass,
Their sleep is sweet and low,
'Neath requiems of the murmuring grass
And dirges of the snow.

XV.

That sunset wafts its holiest kiss
Through evening's gathering shades,
That beauty breaks the heart with bliss
The hour before it fades,
That music seems to merge with heaven
Just when its echo dies,
Is nature's sacred promise given
Of life beyond the skies.

XVI.

Mourn not! In life and death they teach
This thought, this truth, sublime:
There's no man free except he reach
Beyond the verge of time!
So, beckoning up the starry slope,
They bid our souls to live;
And, flooding all the world with hope,
Have taught us to forgive.

XVII.

No soldier spurns a fallen foe!
No hate of human kind
Can darken down the generous glow
That fires the patriot mind!
But love shall make the vanquish'd strong,
And mercy lift their ban,
Where right no more can bend to wrong,
Nor man be slave to man.

XVIII.

So from their quiet graves they speak
So speaks that quiet scene—
Where now the violets blossom, meek,
And all the fields are green.
There wood and stream and flower and bud
A pure content declare,
And where the voice of war was heard,
Is heard the voice of prayer.

XIX.

Once more in perfect love, O Lord,
Our alien'd hearts unite!
And clasp across the broken sword
The hands that used to smite!
And since beside Potomac's wave
There's nothing left but peace,
Be fill'd at last the open grave,
And let the sorrow cease!

XX.

Sweet from the pitying northern pines
Their loving whisper flows,
And sweetly where the orange shines
The palm-tree woos the rose!
Ah! let that tender music run
O'er all the years to be,
And Thy great blessing make us one—
And make us one with Thee.

Mr. Winter, who is the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, fully understands the value of histrionic display when reciting a number of verses; the clearness of his enunciation and the propriety of his gestures caused his composition to produce its full effect. He was congratulated by the Chairman and others on returning to his seat; he had the gratification of hearing General Sherman refer

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more than once to his beautiful "pome," while on the following day, he might have been pleased still more by reading in a leading article of the *Philadelphia Press*, "The flowers of the meeting were furnished by Mr. William Winter, whose poem was as tender and soul-stirring as the memories that bind the veterans together. Yesterday's effort advances him high in the ranks of American poets."

The formal proceedings of the day were over, but the officers in the pit had determined to have more speeches from the Generals on the stage; in response to their demands General Sherman reluctantly rose and advanced to the foot-lights. Upwards of six feet in height and spare of frame, he bears a considerable resemblance to Field Marshal von Moltke. The latter, however, is more prim in his attire, and, though a much older man, has a more youthful bearing. Thanking the audience for the compliment they had paid him, General Sherman said that he had no speech to make; then he went on to give some practical hints and to make a statement which was historically inaccurate. I will dispose of the latter before summarizing the former. Referring to what General Dix had said in his oration, to the effect that Great Britain was primarily responsible for slavery in the Southern States, he added that this was specially true of Georgia, where the Court of Great Britain introduced slavery, contrary to the declared wishes of the Colonists. If General Sherman had read the first volume of Mr. Force's *Tracts*, he would have learned that the Colonists in Georgia had two grievances, the first being that regulations had been made rendering it difficult for them to procure ardent spirits, the second being that they

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found it impossible to obtain the services of negro slaves. The truth is, General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, had resolved that slavery should not exist there with his consent. When he left the Colony, the inhabitants, in concert with the planters of South Carolina, determined that slavery should be introduced, and they succeeded in their ill-omened project. Great Britain had neither part nor lot in introducing slavery into Georgia.[1] The practical hints were in substance that it was a mere chance which made his hearers and himself officers in the Union army, and that, had they been born in the South, they would have worn the grey instead of the blue. For his own part, he had much sympathy with Georgia, having been largely repaid for what he had done in that State. He hoped that bygones would be forgotten, and a friendly feeling cultivated towards those who had once been enemies, provided that their former enemies would demean themselves so as to merit kindly treatment. Not a sentence uttered by General Sherman betrayed the practised speaker, yet at this point he produced an effect such as Burke aimed at when he threw a dagger on the floor of the House of Commons, and Brougham expected to achieve when he fell on his knees in the

[1] Generals Dix and Sherman ought to have been familiar with the writings, wherein many of the first emigrants from Georgia, setting forth their grievances, tell how they had left a land, which was uninhabitable, for South Carolina, which they designate "a land of liberty," because white men were permitted to keep slaves there, and wherein they say the grievance of the settlers in Georgia against the authorities in England, "is the denying the use of negroes, and persisting in such denial after, by repeated applications, we had humbly demonstrated the impossibility of making improvement to any advantage with white servants."

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House of Lords, and implored the Peers not to reject the Reform Bill. Referring to the possibility of brotherly love not being manifested by the Southerners in return for the forgiveness of the Northerners, he said, should they prove not only recalcitrant but rebellious, then "that's the thing," pausing for a moment, and pointing with his left hand to two field-pieces at the side of the stage. The words and the gesture were eloquent above anything I have ever witnesssed; the audience cheered for several minutes. Had General Sherman been the first of living orators, he could not have produced a greater oratorical hit. I was surprised not to find any mention of this incident in the newspaper reports; but I was quite prepared to learn it had been currently reported that General Sherman had made a very belligerent speech.

General Sheridan, who was next called for, said a few words. If General Sherman reminded me of Field Marshal von Moltke, General Sheridan reminded me still more strongly of ex-Marshal Bazaine. Had his hair been grey instead of black, and had he been rather more corpulent, he would have been the living image of the Frenchman. Wearing his uniform with a jauntiness which contrasted with the slovenliness of General Sherman, he seemed every inch a soldier. General Sheridan told the audience that, though a charitable man, he did not care to be precipitate in holding out the right hand of fellowship to his foes, preferring that they should make the first advance, and should be much more humble-minded than the Southerners appeared to be. It was easy to gather from his manner, as well as his words, that he was not only ready, but

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desirous, to take the field again with the Army of the Potomac.

Several other Generals had to come to the front in response to calls. Most of them made an apology for having nothing to say, and then said something which proved that they had spoken honestly. One who leisurely contented himself with making a bow, was applauded as warmly as if he had spoken a few commonplaces. The most coy was General Hartranft, the Governor of Pennsylvania. He was then one of the candidates for the Presidency, while General Hancock, the Chairman, was among those persons who might be nominated, the former being favoured by the Republican, the latter by the Democratic party. There were slight indications showing that this was not forgotten by the meeting. The calls for "Hartranft" continuing, and that General remaining seated, the Chairman rose, and, offering his arm conducted him to the foot-lights. General Hartranft said that once he had command of the front line of battle in the Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, and finding that the line was suffering from an enfilading fire, he informed his commander of this. General Meade replied, "The best way to get out of an enfilading fire is to go ahead." Applying this anecdote, which may not have occurred to him on the spur of the moment, to his present case, he proceeded to pour forth compliments to his old comrades, and gave them the satisfaction which they probably desired. This was the end of the proceedings, so far as they possessed general interest. Two things struck me in connexion with them. The one was, that, despite references of General Dix to the events of a century ago, the

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memories of the War of Independence seemed to have been altogether eclipsed by those of the war for the maintenance of the Union; the other was, that such a gathering seemed fitted to make the soldier regret that he had become a simple citizen, and to foster a desire to resume a career of military excitement.

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VII.

THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE *Daily Advertiser*, the first daily newspaper published in the United States, appeared in Philadelphia in 1784. In the year of the founding of the Republic four newspapers were published in the State of New York, seven in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and nine in the State of Pennsylvania. All but one of the thirty-seven which then instructed the citizens of the United States appeared once a week, the exception being the Pennsylvania *Evening Post*, which appeared thrice. In the year of the Centenary of the Republic the number published in New York was 1,088, in Massachusetts 346, and in Pennsylvania 738. At present, the principal Philadelphian newspapers are the *Times*, the *Press*, the *Public Ledger*, the *North American*, the *Star*, the *Evening Telegraph*, the *Sunday Mercury*. Only one of them merits special notice; this is the *Public Ledger*, which was founded on the 25th of March, 1836.

The *Public Ledger* was the third daily newspaper which had been sold in Philadelphia for one cent, that is a halfpenny. The first, entitled *The Cent*, which was founded in 1830, did not live long. The second, the *Daily Transcript*, was founded in September, 1835. The *Public Ledger* not only dis-

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tanced its competitors which cost six cents, but proved more than a match for most of its low-priced rivals. On the 26th of September, it contained the following exultant outpouring over the fate of less fortunate contemporaries, such as "*The Times*, that had no time to breathe, for it died almost as soon as born; the *Morning Post*, that posted to its grave as rapidly as if it were an express post; the *Transcript*, that did nothing but *transcribe*, for it could not teach originality, and transcribed nothing worth reading; the *Eagle*, that seemed more like a screech owl, and never got fledged enough to fly; the *Commercial Pilot*, that actually ran upon the rocks and got shipwrecked in putting to sea; . . . the *Plain Truth*, that told nothing but lies, as the *Commercial Herald* can testify; the *North American*, that did not live long enough to tell anything."[1]

The first number of the *Public Ledger*, which was more vigorously written than any other Philadelphian newspaper, attracted an amount of attention which betokened future success. Mr. Russell Jarvis, the editor, had that power of pleasing readers and making enemies which insures a crop of remunerative libel suits and a large circulation. In an address to the public he gave Great Britain the credit of having an engine of instruction in a Cheap Press which other countries might envy; unless he meant by this, such publications as the *Penny Magazine*, it is difficult to understand what he could have referred to. He too, however, had determined to diffuse useful knowledge, to aim at promoting the common good, to endeavour after "the moral and

[1] Historical Sketch of the ***Public Ledger*** in "Proof Sheet" for July, 1870.

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intellectual improvement of the labouring classes, the great sinew of civilized societies," intimating that, as a preliminary to attaining these laudable objects, he had "secured the services of a Police reporter and a Collector of news." Two columns of the first number were filled with the material supplied by the police reporter, who strove to combine the comic writer and the philosopher, to make his readers laugh at the ludicrous aspects of vice, and to improve their morals by suitable lessons and reflections. So earnest and exemplary was the "Police reporter" in his vocation that, before the newspaper was a week old, the office was attacked by persons who broke windows and did other damage by way of protest against his pointed remarks. Before the *Public Ledger* was a year old, it had acquired the appellation of a "little virulent sheet" from its high-priced contemporaries. An action for libel soon followed, which emboldened the editor to insert spirit-stirring articles in defence of the Liberty of the Press, and enabled a sympathetic jury to give the paper a good advertisement. Not long afterward, a well-timed denunciation of the intolerable behaviour of many medical students, raised the outspoken organ of public opinion high in the estimation of peaceful citizens. In 1838, the *Public Ledger* spoke out for the right of liberty of thought and speech with a boldness which did it honour and merited the applause of all true friends of freedom. A pro-slavery mob had burned down a hall in which an anti-slavery meeting was to have been held. An article headed, "Scandalous outrage against law as well as against decency," condemned this outburst of mob violence in fitting terms, say-

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ing it would be better that thousands of ruffians should perish, than "that the great principle of freedom of speech and the Press should be surrendered," and justly maintaining that "if the right of discussion upon *any* subject, a right made common to all by our constitution and laws, both State and Federal, may be invaded with impunity, all freedom among us is abolished, and we are the slaves of the very worst of tyrants, *the mob*." This tyrant, not relishing the course of a paper which added the virtue of impartiality to its other offences, proclaiming the right of both parties to a patient and an undisturbed hearing, tried to silence the paper by physical force. Preparations made in the office to resist the only arguments which a mob can use proved effectual; when this tyrant knows that violence will be encountered with armed resistance its courage oozes away; hence the *Public Ledger* office survived the demonstrations made with a view to its demolition.

Six years afterward, the *Public Ledger* had again to face an angry populace, and had to suffer for its independence in the most painful of all ways to the proprietors of a newspaper, a diminished circulation. In the year 1844, native-born citizens of the United States met in Philadelphia to demonstrate what they considered their claim to precedence, over those of foreign birth, in governing the country. Riots ensued in which blood was shed. Both parties were subjected to stinging and deserved censure, and neither party thought that justice had been done to it. Steering an even course in an envenomed quarrel, condemning mob rule as the worst of evils, the conductors of the *Public Ledger* suffered

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the penalty usually reserved for persons who keep cool heads during the tempest of popular passion, losing subscribers as well as, what is a still heavier misfortune to the proprietors of a newspaper, the favour of advertisers. After a time, however, the dissatisfied subscribers and advertisers found it more unpleasant to dispense with the paper, which continued to flourish, than it did to subsist without their aid.

In 1844, the *Public Ledger* was printed on one of Hoe's rotary presses, being the first paper so printed. Mr. Swain, the founder and proprietor, having been struck with Mr. Hoe's scheme for placing type on a cylinder, ordered a press before the invention had been tested by experience, and thus evinced his foresight at a time when printing in this manner was scouted by practical printers as an utter absurdity. Among the advertisements in the first number of the *Public Ledger* was one from Messrs. R. Hoe and Co., of New York, offering to supply "any article in the line of the printing business of the best quality, and upon the most reasonable terms."

Several changes, which took place in the proprietary and management in the course of succeeding years, need not be recorded in detail. During the civil war, it was found that to sell the paper at one cent a copy involved a sacrifice; owing to the great increase in the price of paper and labour, the annual loss amounted to upwards of $100,000. In a moment of morbid depression, the proprietor determined to part with the journal; on the 3rd of December, 1864, it passed into the hands of Mr. G. W. Childs.

Since Benjamin Franklin entered Philadelphia

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poor, friendless, and hungry, no youth more remarkable than Mr. Childs has risen to fortune and an enviable position there. Born at Baltimore in 1830, he entered the United States navy at the age of thirteen, thus gratifying the same desire of going to sea which Franklin entertained, but which his father would not countenance, and which would have made a sailor of Washington, had not the opposition of his widowed mother prevailed. Fifteen months' experience of seafaring life determined young Childs to embrace a career on land; going to Philadelphia, he obtained employment as shop-boy in a bookstore. Before five years passed away he had amassed a few hundred dollars, and begun business as a publisher; soon after he took a partner, the style of his firm being Childs and Peterson. This firm of publishers achieved a reputation for producing books of a high class, which were not only very popular, but which were most profitable to their authors. One of them was Dr. Kane's "Arctic Expedition," for which the author received $75,000. Another work was Mr. Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," which the compiler dedicated to Mr. Childs in token of the substantial encouragement received from him.

By becoming proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, Mr. Childs acquired a property which was erroneously supposed to be in a critical state. It is far more difficult to resuscitate the fallen fortunes of an established newspaper than to found a new one, and render it remunerative. If the price be reduced with a view to attract new subscribers, the result commonly is to make a present to the old ones; if the price be raised the old ones fall off, and their places are not easily

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filled. As it was impossible to make a profit on the selling price of six cents weekly, Mr. Childs advanced the price of the *Public Ledger* to ten cents, and he also charged more for advertisements than his predecessor had done. In addition to making advertisers pay higher rates, he subjected their advertisements to strict supervision. Before his time the custom had been to insert every advertisement which had been paid for, provided it was neither clearly libellous nor grossly indecent. There are many announcements which, though not indecent in words, cannot be made public without detriment to public morality, and these Mr. Childs refused to print on any terms. This self-denying ordinance diminished the annual receipts of the *Public Ledger*, for a time, to the extent of $15,000. He also resolved to deal with public questions in a temperate tone and serious spirit. Though partisanship had not been the failing of the paper, yet exaggeration had been one of its attractions. This change had a complete, but not an immediate success. At first the circulation of the paper fell far below what it was before he became its proprietor; gradually, however, his well-considered and praiseworthy policy won for it a popularity greater than it had ever known. The size had to be enlarged in order that space might be found for the advertisements, which continued to come in like a flood. Not many years after the new proprietor had given effect to his enlightened views, the quantity of printed matter, in each number, covered 1,573 square inches; the quantity in the first number covered 525. Since then the size and price have been still farther increased.

The building, one of the most imposing in Chesnut Street, in which the *Public Ledger* is now written

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and edited, printed and published, was finished on the 20th of June, 1867. Including the ground, the cost was half a million dollars.

Before I visited the office of the *Public Ledger* I was told that nothing like it could be seen in any part of the world. I am familiar with the interiors of newspaper offices in the United States, Canada, the United Kingdom, France, and Germany, so that I am able to form a comparison which is founded on a large experience. Such offices as those of the *New York Tribune*, the *New York Herald*, the *Chicago Tribune*, are admitted to be among the most notable in the United States, while that of the Toronto *Globe* is the finest in Canada. That of the *Public Ledger* is held to outstrip them all, and those in other countries besides. There is a little exaggeration in this. If any one must be selected for pre-eminence, that of the leading journal of the British Empire must be chosen. The elephant is considered a type of skill and sagacity, combined with gigantic strength, being able with its trunk to pick up a pin or rend an oak, to tend an infant or kill a tiger. What this huge and clever beast is among animals, the office of the *Times* is among the offices of newspapers. Except ink and paper, everything employed in the production of a newspaper is made there, from the printing-press down to the type. Not only are the mechanical details complete in every part, many of them being far in advance of those in common use elsewhere, but the comfort of the writers is considered as well as that of the compositors. The rule is to treat the producers of "copy" as persons who can do their work surrounded with every discomfort, and to reserve all the con-

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veniences for the men who convert the manuscript into the printed page; as in this respect, however, the completeness which characterizes the other departments of the *Times* office does not fail, I do not for a moment fear intelligent contradiction in assigning to it the first place among establishments of the kind.

Having made the foregoing reservation, I am ready to admit that the office of the *Public Ledger* is worthy of the highest praise. Those persons who are employed in it think themselves fortunate. They number upwards of three hundred. In an address presented to Mr. Childs on the 4th of July, 1867, they thanked him with patriotic exuberance "for having built a palace for them to work in; a printing-house which is unparalleled in the world; a printing-office which, in all its departments, is the most healthy, comfortable, and spacious on the American Continent." With a consideration unique, I believe, among employers of labour, Mr. Childs insures the lives of his workers, in order that, when they die, their families may not be left destitute; he has thought of the dead while providing for the living, for a Printers' Cemetery has been presented by him to the Philadelphia Typographical Society. It would be tedious to recount all the good deeds with which he is credited. Suffice it to say that he ranks among newspaper proprietors as at once a millionaire and a philanthropist, and that when he employs his wealth for the commemoration of a personal liking, he displays as much good taste as when he lavishes money in works of benevolence. An admirer of the exquisite poets George Herbert and William Cowper, he gracefully manifested his

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appreciation by presenting a stained glass window to Westminster Abbey as a homage to their memories.

The average daily circulation of the *Public Ledger* exceeds 90,000 copies. These copies are distributed throughout Philadelphia in a manner alike ingenious and novel. More than half of the sale is effected by carriers, an arrangement made by the founders of the paper. The city is portioned into divisions, called "routes," and carriers have the start in disposing of the *Public Ledger* within their respective boundaries. The carriers, who number 100, are supplied an hour in advance of the newsboys; some sell as many as 1,600 copies daily, others not more than sixty. The profit of the aggregate sales may be imagined when it is added that the cash value of their right to dispose of the paper is valued at $300,000. The newsboys dispose of about 4,000 copies; not more than 600 are sold at the office, between 4,000 and 5,000 copies are sent by post to subscribers throughout the Union and in foreign parts.

The independence which characterized the *Public Ledger* when it first became a candidate for public favour, has been preserved under the management of Mr. Childs. Party questions receive judicial treatment in its columns; the *New York Nation* excepted, no journal in the United States is more truly a national organ, benefiting mankind with what might have been wasted upon party. Yet it is not quite perfect; the fastidious reader who has been pampered with the large clear type in which the best European newspapers are printed, does not find this paper much more pleasant to the eye than the majority of its contemporaries in the Republic. Such a reader might wish that Mr. Childs shared

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some of the views of Mr. W. C. Bryant, and set as much store upon good writing as he does upon an independent and measured tone in the treatment of all subjects. If half the energy which is expended throughout the United States in filling journals with the latest news, were expended in maintaining the standard of style and diction, the Press of the United States would be the marvel of the world.

Philadelphians have undergone great, though insensible changes, since they were first judged by visitors to their city. Before the present century began, they had the character of being "extremely deficient in hospitality and politeness towards strangers." Such is the opinion which, according to Mr. Weld, prevailed not among foreigners only, but among the inhabitants of other parts of the Union also. He adds that "amongst the uppermost circles in Philadelphia, pride, haughtiness, and ostentation are conspicuous; and it seems as if nothing could make them happier than that an order of nobility should be established, by which they might be exalted above their fellow-citizens, as much as they are in their own conceit. In the manners of the people in general there is a coldness and reserve, as if they were suspicious of some design against them, which chills to the heart those who come to visit them."[2]

Whatever may have been the case formerly, it is no longer true that Philadelphians fall behind their fellow-countrymen in entertaining strangers. Even Mrs. Trollope and Captain Marryat could not

[2] Isaac Weld's "Travels in North America," vol. i. pp. 21, 22.

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complain of them on that score. The former, however, objected to their Puritanism, saying that "the religious sanctity of Philadelphian manners is in nothing more conspicuous than in the number of chains thrown across the streets on Sunday to prevent horses and carriages from passing." These chains no longer impede the traffic, nor indeed, though church-going is as much in favour here as in Boston, is religion made to wear a sterner aspect in the city of the Quakers than in the city of the Puritans. Captain Marryat was struck with the stillness of the streets, and the cleanliness of the inhabitants. According to him, "the first idea that strikes you when you arrive at Philadelphia, is that it is Sunday: everything is so quiet, and there are so few people stirring; but by the time you have paraded half a dozen streets, you come to a conclusion that it must be Saturday, as that is, generally speaking, a washing-day." Here, again, the change is marked. Those persons who arrived at Philadelphia in the summer or autumn of 1876, would have supposed that they had reached Pandemonium; nor can I believe that, at a less exciting time, a Sabbath stillness uniformly pervades the streets.

Before visiting Philadelphia, I was told that I should not enjoy the climate. Certainly, I have seldom suffered more from heat than I did whilst there. What tries the unacclimatized stranger most of all is the sudden variation in the temperature, the change within the space of twenty-four hours being sometimes from the tropical heat of a hot-house to the arctic cold of an ice-house. Dr. Benjamin Rush, a physician whose memory is deservedly cherished by Philadelphians, gave M. Brissot, in 1788, the fol-

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lowing account of the climate there: "We have the humidity of Great Britain in spring, the heat of Africa in summer, the temperature of Italy in June, the sky of Egypt in autumn, the cold and snow of Norway and the ice of Holland during winter, the hurricanes of the West Indies, to a certain extent, in each season, and the changeable winds of Great Britain in each month of the year." Notwithstanding this extraordinary variety, the Doctor maintained that "the climate of Philadelphia is one of the most salubrious in the world."[3] I am more surprised at the candour of the statement than at the optimism of the conclusion. Though medical men are not in the habit of advising persons to shun the localities in which they practise, yet the unprofessional persons who read Dr. Rush's account of the Philadelphian climate, may fancy they would live more comfortably in other places.

I do not mean to pronounce a dogmatic opinion concerning anything in Philadelphia. My own experience was so favourable that I may be biassed in my judgment. In common with many other visitors during the period of the Exhibition, I was the recipient of much kindness at the hands of Mr. Rosengarten, one of the leading members of the Bar. His house was a centre where all the most notable personages in the place met together. He introduced me to the Reform Club, which deserves a word of praise. In all parts of the civilized globe, Club-houses resemble each other so closely as to offer nothing which can be singled out for description. The Reform Club in Philadelphia is an exception. I have seen other

[3] "Nouveau Voyage dans les Etats-Unis," vol. ii. p. 119.

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buildings of the kind which exceed it in size and in luxury of accommodation, but I am unacquainted with any Club which is equally attractive, not only to members, but to their families. There is a large space in the rear where flowers grow and a fountain plays, and where, twice a week in the summer months, an excellent band performs choice pieces of music. The members sit here at small tables enjoying the sweet smells, the cool air, and cooling beverages. Nor do they sit alone, for on these evenings they are allowed to bring with them their wives, sisters, and daughters. I never met a Philadelphia lady who objected to her husband belonging to this Club, nor did I meet any stranger, to whom its doors had been thrown open, who failed to characterize it as one of the pleasantest places of the kind which he had ever entered. The highest praise which a sojourner in a strange city can accord to it is the expression of his desire to return thither. I would gladly revisit Philadelphia.

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VIII.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THE District of Columbia, wherein the city of Washington is situated, covers an area of 60 square miles, and originally belonged to the State of Maryland. Georgetown is the only other city in the district. The census of 1870 showed the population to be 131,700; the number in 1860 was 60,000. The area of the United States, as is well known, is divided into 38 States and 10 Territories. Each State sends two Senators to Congress, and Representatives in proportion to the number of its inhabitants; one Representative was apportioned to every 127,381 after the census of 1860. In making this calculation, the Indians are excluded on the ground that they are not taxed. The inhabitants of the District of Columbia, however, are taxed, but not represented; they are governed by Congress. It is true that the District is small when compared with the areas of the several States and Territories, yet there are States which send Senators and Representatives, and there are Territories which send Delegates to Congress, in which the population is much smaller. Take the State of Delaware. This was one of the Thirteen Colonies which contended for the principle that no man should be taxed by an Assembly in

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which he was not directly represented. The Constitution of the United States empowered Delaware to send two Senators and one Representative to Congress when the population of the State was much smaller than at present, and yet it now contains 6,685 fewer inhabitants than the District of Columbia. In three of the younger States, Nebraska, Nevada, and Colorado, the discrepancy is still more remarkable; the first has 8,707, the second 89,209, and the last 91,836 fewer inhabitants than the district over which Congress exercises supreme authority. Each of these States has three votes in the Electoral College which chooses the President: the District of Columbia has none. If the Territories are considered, the case is more remarkable still. The representative system does not exist in a complete form in them, yet there is at least a semblance of representation. There are Governors nominated by the President, and Legislative Assemblies elected by the people, while Delegates watch over their interests in Congress without, however, having votes on divisions. Out of nine Territories, Alaska not deserving to be considered as one for the purpose of comparison or the sake of argument, the total population in six of them amounts to 92,506, being 39,194 in the whole six Territories less than that of the single District of Columbia; yet this District has not even the rudiments of independent government possessed by the Territory of Wyoming, with its 9,118 inhabitants, which has been held up as a model, since female suffrage has been introduced there. Surely if representation and taxation should co-exist, then the inhabitants of the District of Columbia are either shorn of a right, or afflicted with unjustifiable

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imposts! Their grievances are as great in principle as those of the inhabitants of the Thirteen Colonies when they embarked in the struggle for independence. It may be that they prefer the paternal rule of Congress to the enjoyment of self-government. So long, however, as they are unrepresented in the Council of the nation, they occupy an anomalous place in a system which is said to be unrivalled alike for harmonious working and symmetrical plan. The absence of any complaint may be a proof that the inhabitants do not consider themselves aggrieved. Though they are without representation in Congress, they may deem taxation to be no tyranny. But the more contented they are with their state, the stronger is the argument in favour of Congress exercising a jurisdiction over citizens who are deprived of those safeguards against arbitrary power which are deemed an essential element in the Constitution of the North American Republic. When United States critics ridicule anomalies in the representative system of the United Kingdom, they may fairly be asked to look at the District of Columbia as an example of an anomaly in their own favoured land, which does not seem to be productive of injury in practice although it is indefensible in theory.

It was not till after much heartburning and controversy that the present site of the national capital was fixed upon. The Northern members were apprehensive lest the seat of Government should be placed so far south as to be subjected to southern influences, whilst the Southern members were strongly opposed to the capital being too remote from the place of their residence and power. The selection of the site was the result of a compromise in which

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Washington played an important part. He took special interest in laying out the city which he thought should be called the "Federal City," but which the people held ought to bear his name. The compliment was well meant, but its value is doubtful. There is a possibility of confusion in speaking of Washington. It might be said that Washington was pure and that Washington was corrupt without a contradiction in fact, though the contradiction would be complete if the explanation were not given that the one statement had reference to the patriot, the other to the city. Perhaps it is fortunate for the memory of the great Protector that no important city has been named Cromwell, and it may be equally a matter for satisfaction that the names of the principal cities of the civilized world are impersonal.

The Fathers of the Republic would have displayed greater wisdom had they determined upon making Philadelphia, New York, or Boston the capital of the Union. No great capital has been the product of legislation. Edinburgh, Dublin, London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, have become the capitals of Scotland, Ireland, England, France, Austria, Germany, Italy, by a process resembling that natural selection which Dr. Darwin, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Professor Huxley hold to be a natural law. A legislator might have thought that he could easily make a more suitable choice in each case, just as a rash dogmatist would aver that, had the creation of the world been left to him, the result would have given general satisfaction. He means by this that the arrangement would have pleased him much better, and it would doubtless have been in more complete accord with his personal notions and requirements.

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The legislators of the United States have acted on the supposition that a central site must always be the best one for a capital; the result has been curious rather than commendable. Beyond all question the chief city of the State of New York bears the name of the State, yet the far less notable city of Albany is the capital. Philadelphia has a much stronger historic claim to be the capital of Pennsylvania than Harrisburg. Everybody knows that Charleston is the principal city in South Carolina; the actual capital is Columbia; a minor Charlestown, unknown to fame, is the capital of West Virginia. In Ohio, there is no larger and more important city than Cincinnati; in Illinois, there is none that can compare with Chicago; in Missouri, the pre-eminence of St. Louis is undoubted; in California, the city of San Francisco has no rival; in Maryland, no place can match Baltimore; in Maine, there is no equal to Portland; yet Columbus is the capital of Ohio, Springfield of Illinois, Jefferson City of Missouri, Sacramento of California, Annapolis of Maryland, Augusta of Maine. Rhode Island, which has the smallest area of any state in the Union, has two capitals, Newport and Providence. Owing to its situation and importance New Orleans ought always to have been the capital of Louisiana; till the civil war that distinction was enjoyed by Baton Rouge. Richmond, the capital of Virginia, and Boston, the capital of the great commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay, have been allowed to retain their natural pre-eminence. The chances, however, are against the city of importance being permitted to occupy the rank of a capital, and it is a subject of wonder why New Orleans, Richmond, and

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Boston have not shared the fate of San Francisco, New York, and Philadelphia. If, by chance, a rising city should happen to be the capital of a new State it will soon cease to hold that place of honour. The State of Nebraska is among the later additions to the Union. Its principal town is Omaha, which at one time ranked as the capital. The citizens determined, however, upon a change which deprived Omaha of its titular importance without lessening its power of growth, and they made Lincoln, a much smaller and less notable town, the State capital.

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IX.

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNION.

In 1815, Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, visited the capital of his country for the first time. Not long before this date, the public buildings had been burned to the ground by order of General Ross, in command of a British force, an act for which the pretext was no justification, and one which it is impossible to excuse by urging that this barbarous warfare had been previously waged in Canada, by the forces of the Union, in obedience to direct and deliberate instructions from the United States Government. As the carriage in which Mr. Ticknor made the journey from Baltimore approached the city of Washington, his heart swelled with patriotic enthusiasm, and he eagerly prepared himself to enjoy the prospect. Having reached the midst of a desolate-looking plain, over which vehicles were passing in all directions, he said to the driver of his carriage, "Where are we now?" The reply was "'In the Maryland Avenue, Sir.' He had hardly spoken when the hill of the Capitol rose before us. I had been told that it was an imperfect, unfinished work, and that it was somewhat unwieldy in its best estate. I knew that it was now a ruin, but I had

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formed no conception of what I was to see—the desolate and forsaken greatness in which it stood, without a building near it, except a pile of bricks on its left more gloomy than itself, and the ruins of the house from which General Ross was fired at; no, not even a hill to soften the distant horizon behind it, or a fence or a smoke to give it the cheerful appearance of a human habitation." [1] Fifteen years before Mr. Ticknor's visit, Tom Moore had been at Washington, and had written the lines in an epistle to Dr. Hume which gave great offence in the United States:—

> "This famed metropolis where fancy sees
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
> Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
> With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn."

Mr. Weld, describing this city in 1796, says that, "excepting the streets and avenues, and a small part of the ground adjoining the public buildings, the whole place is covered with trees. To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbour and in the same city, is a curious, and I believe, a novel circumstance." [2] Forty years later, Captain Hamilton describing his journey from Baltimore to Washington, says: "I was looking from the windows of the coach, in a sort of brown study, at fields covered with snow, when one of my fellow-passengers inquired how I liked Washington. 'I will tell you when I see it,' was my reply. 'Why you have been in Washington for

[1] "Memoirs of George Ticknor," vol. i p. 24.
[2] Isaac Weld's "Travels," vol. i. p. 86.

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the last quarter of an hour,' rejoined my fellow-traveller. And so it was; yet nothing could I discern but a miserable cottage or two occasionally skirting the road at wide intervals."[3] Miss Martineau, who was there in 1835, depicts it in terms scarcely more attractive than those used by any preceding visitor. According to her, "the city itself is unlike any other that ever was seen—straggling out hither and thither, with a small house or two, a quarter of a mile from any other; so that in making calls 'in the city,' we had to cross ditches and stiles, and walk alternately on grass and pavements, and strike across a field to reach a street."[4] Among the changes wrought during a few years in the United States none has been more striking than that which concerns the exterior aspect of the city of Washington. Whoever reads what was written about it by the travellers whose remarks I have quoted, and looks on the city as it now exists, will have great difficulty in believing that the place before his eyes, and that about which he has read, are the same.

The foundation of the city of Washington dates from the year 1791; in the year 1793, the foundation-stone of the Capitol was laid by the first and greatest President of the Republic. The building of the city went on slowly for a time. In 1792, fruitless endeavours were made to induce workmen to come from Scotland. The President suggested that an application should be made to Holland and France; he thought that the intestine commotion in the latter country would induce many persons to desire to better their

[3] "Men and Manners in America," vol. ii. p. 23.

[4] "Retrospect of Western Travel," vol. i. p. 237.

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condition by crossing the Atlantic, and labour in erecting the capital; he was anxious that there should be no delay in prosecuting the necessary operations, in order that the declared enemies of the scheme might be checkmated.

In 1793, Washington wrote to the great English agriculturist, Arthur Young, telling him, among other things, that—"The Federal City in the year 1800 will become the seat of the General Government of the United States. It is fast increasing in buildings and rising in consequence, and will, I have no doubt, from the advantages given to it by nature, and its proximity to a rich interior country and the Western territory, become the emporium of the United States." Three years afterwards, he used almost identical terms about the Federal City in a letter to Sir John Sinclair, who then seems to have contemplated emigrating to the United States, and who applied to Washington for particulars about the land in the neighbourhood of his property. Jefferson proposed in 1795 that a University should be established here, in which the teaching staff should consistof the professors who had been obliged to leave Geneva owing to the revolution; but Washington did not favour the settlement of so many foreigners in a national institution. The last noteworthy mention of a city, which was often in his thoughts, and for which he did more than any other man, occurs in a letter written in 1798, eighteen months before his death. It was addressed to Mrs. Fairfax, who had formerly been one of his neighbours at Mount Vernon, but who was then living in England. After telling her of various changes which had occurred, he says—"A century hence, if this country keeps

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united (and it is surely its policy and interest to do it), will produce a city, though not as large as London, yet of a magnitude inferior to few others in Europe, on the banks of the Potomac, where one is now establishing for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States, between Alexandria and Georgetown, on the Maryland side of the river; a situation not excelled for commanding prospect, good water, salubrious air, safe harbours, by any in the world, and where elegant buildings are erecting and in forwardness for the reception of Congress in the year 1800." He died a fortnight before the beginning of the year in which his favourite city became the actual capital of his country.

By the time that the city of Washington shall be a century old, the dream of its founder may be as far from realization as it is at present. Two-thirds of the period have passed away; yet the city is still surpassed by many capitals in Europe, not in magnitude only, but also in all those attractions which make cities famous. The population chiefly consists of foreign Ministers and their suites, and of office-holders, office-seekers, and lobbyists. The harbour is safe enough, but there is no commerce; the situation is excellent, but there are few manufactures. If life and manners in New York are not typical of what prevails throughout the United States, still less typical are life and manners in Washington. It is the capital of the country; but in no sense is it a representative city. In Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and London, even when the Legislatures are not sitting, there is plenty to interest and instruct a stranger. In Washington, when Congress has adjourned, there is the stagnation

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of a watering-place when the summer visitors have departed and gloomy winter has arrived. A visitor to the United States could spend many months most profitably in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, in the older cities of the South, or the younger cities of the West; but he could learn little if he were to pass the same time in Washington. After he had visited the Capitol, the public offices, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the Smithsonian Institution, he would have beheld nearly everything worth seeing. As for society, no one maintains that those who are fastidious or cultured ought to choose Washington as their place of abode. People who go thither do so for business only; no one, from the Chief Justice to the humblest Government clerk, has ever professed to reside there for pleasure. A friend of mine, who is a citizen of the United States, once spent a winter in Washington for the purpose of studying in one of the libraries. His companions at the hotel displayed curiosity as to his doings, and they asked him how his Bill was getting on. They thought that he must be interested either in promoting or opposing a Bill in Congress. On being told that he had nothing to do with legislation, they first treated this as a transparent joke; on being assured again that they were mistaken, they treated him as a harmless lunatic.

Human interest centres here in two buildings, both of which are in Pennsylvania Avenue, and which are upwards of a mile distant from each other, the Capitol and the White House; the seat of Congress and the Supreme Court, and the abode of the President. The dome of the Capitol is as conspicuous an object from the surrounding country as

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the dome of St. Peter's is from the Campagna. It has long ceased to be the unsightly ruin which produced so painful an impression upon Mr. Ticknor. Regarded as a mere architectural pile it is grandiose; but it wants that symmetry of form and magic of design which make St. Peter's a thing of beauty. No architect will ever gaze upon it in order to gain inspiration and qualify himself to become a master of his profession. There is as little originality in its form as there is in that of the two Houses of Parliament upon the bank of the Thames. The sum expended upon it was not far short of four millions sterling. The result is a huge dome crowning a structure which might have been planned by an intelligent bricklayer. It would be strange, indeed, if the building possessed unity of design, seeing that its present appearance is very different from that of the original plan. Two wings were added in 1851 to the edifice of which Washington laid the foundation-stone in 1793. If any architect in our day were to design two wings for St. Peter's or St. Paul's, for Notre Dame or Westminster Abbey, he would probably fail in adding to the artistic effect of any of them. But the citizens of the United States are pleased with their Capitol, they say that it is one of the most magnificent public buildings in the world; other persons have not, perhaps, any right to complain. In the interior, there is more to excite surprise than admiration. The Rotunda is decorated with pictures, and provided with gigantic spittoons. Judging from the condition of the floor, I should infer that the latter are supposed to be intended for ornament rather than use. The pictures are large in size and brilliant in colour. They are eight in

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number, and represent—"The Discovery of the Mississippi," "The Baptism of Pocohontas," "The Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of General Burgoyne," "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis," "General Washington resigning his Commission," "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims." No more difficult task can be undertaken by a painter than the production of a historical picture in which the requirements of patriotism are reconciled to the exigencies of art. These works are the production of native artists who were doubtless excellent patriots. I shall refrain from criticism; any unfavourable observations by a stranger would assuredly be regarded as splenetic. The effect produced on me by these pictures was probably the reverse of that contemplated by their painters. The story of De Soto's discovering the Mississippi is one which ought to inspire an artist. That adventurer started off, at the head of a finely-equipped force, to conquer and colonize Florida, and discover gold-mines there. He succeeded in slaying Indians by the score, but never found the gold which he sought. His quest was prolonged for two years. Before that time had elapsed, he lost many of his comrades by disease and in battle. On one occasion, they were nearly overpowered by the Indians, who attacked them during the night, and they escaped with their lives only. They had to fashion garments to cover their nakedness, and rude weapons wherewith to fight. Several months afterwards, they discovered the Mississippi. They cannot have presented a holiday spectacle when they reached the bank of the Father of Waters, yet, in the picture here, their arms are as bright, and their attire is as spotless as if they had decked

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themselves out for a tournament, and were about to enter the lists under the eyes of the Queen of Beauty.

The Chamber in which the Representatives meet is arranged in a different way from that of our House of Commons. Each member has his own desk as well as his seat, and these are ranged in rows in a semicircle in front of the Speaker's chair. The seats are appropriated by lot, so that members of opposite parties may sit side by side, while members of the same party may be separated by the whole width of the chamber, round which there is a gallery that accommodates 1,200 spectators. The decorations are gaudy. The dimensions of the chamber are 139 feet in length, 93 feet in width, and 30 feet in height. The Senate Chamber, which is arranged in the same way, is rather smaller. It is decorated in a more subdued style, and in better taste. The other rooms are well arranged, and seem far more comfortable than those which correspond to them in our Houses of Parliament. The sittings of the Supreme Court are held in a room under this roof. The Justices wear gowns, a distinction which does not prevail in other Courts; the members of the Bar and Bench are undistinguishable from the audience in the ordinary Courts of the United States. I would not maintain that Justice cannot be administered by men in plain clothes as well as by men in official robes, any more than I would maintain that soldiers could not fight unless they were attired in uniform. Consequently, the absence of wigs and gowns in a United States Court of Justice did not seem to me of much importance; yet, just as I see no harm, but some advantage in a soldier wearing a uniform,

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so do I think that a distinctive costume for the Bench and the Bar is in keeping with the legal profession. The exception of the Justices of the Supreme Court in the United States wearing gowns, while the Judges in other Courts wear none, is the reverse of the rule which prevails at home. The two highest Courts in the United Kingdom are the House of Lords and the Privy Council. The former hears appeals from the principal Courts in the land, the latter from those in the Empire, yet the Judges in both wear their ordinary clothes, without the addition of the wigs and gowns, which are held to be indispensable in all other Courts, with the exception of those over which Police Magistrates preside. Thus extremes meet, and the Law Lords, or the members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, determine moot points of the highest moment in the simple attire of Police Magistrates. There is as little novelty, then, in the judges of all Courts but the Supreme Court of the United States dispensing justice without robes of office, as there is in those of the latter Court in wearing them.

The visitor to the Capitol soon tires of the interior, nor does a sight of the large Congressional library dispel his fatigue. The interest in seeing rows of shelves filled with books is not greater than that of seeing rows of shelves filled with bottles. Though the books may be priceless, and the wine in the bottles of the rarest vintage, yet this gives no solace to the mere spectator. During one of Southey's visits to London, he visited the British Museum Library and was astounded at its size. He expressed his thankfulness, however, that his abode was at Keswick

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instead of being in or near Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, because he felt that he should go mad to think that so many books were within his reach and that he could not possibly read them all. I do not know whether Members of Congress are ever afflicted with a like misgiving; certainly, they have access to a library which would daunt or satiate the most inveterate bookworm. Members of Congress are chargeable, not with reading, but with speaking to excess; their speeches seldom display a profouud acquaintance with what other people have devoted their lives to writing.

The part of the Capitol which pleased me the best was the gallery outside the dome. The dome is of iron, and there is an inner and an outer shell, between which a spiral stair leads to the top. On the way up the visitor gets a good view of the frescoes, by Constantine Brumidi, which are under the canopy, which cover 6,000 square feet, and were executed within ten months. Having taken a long look at the frescoes, and failed to perceive anything which could be spoken of in tones flattering to the artist and his admirers, I continued my ascent. The view from the outside is very different from any picture which the dome covers. The city itself, with its broad avenues, massy piles of building, its gardens and ornamental grounds, is a sight of which the eye does not weary. In the background are the wooded heights of Arlington, at the bottom of which the slow, broad waters of the Potomac flow along. The long bridge, a mile in length, spans the river, which in its course to the sea passes the old town of Alexandria, once a busy place of commerce when ships plied between it and Bristol, bringing goods

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for the Virginian planters, and carrying back their tobacco in exchange. The whole prospect is the more pleasing because the country has a more cultivated aspect than is common in this vast territory. The remembrance of another view recurred to my mind as I stood here. From the tower of the State House of Salt Lake City I had looked upon a scene like this one. There, too, were clusters of buildings along wide streets; the buildings were surrounded with gardens, and the streets were lined with trees. The scene, however, was grander than that I now gazed upon. The Jordan and the Salt Lake took the place of the Potomac, while the Wahsatch mountains rose skyward with bolder outlines than the wooded hills of Virginia. Alike in the capital of the Territory of Utah and the capital of the United States the greatest enjoyment is afforded by the view from the loftiest buildings. Both are pleasanter to look at than to live in.

The White House, which is said to have been designed by Mr. James Hoban after the mansion of the Duke of Leinster, attracts as many visitors as the Capitol; but, were it not the residence of the President, few would bestow a second glance upon it. The reception-rooms are spacious, yet they seem petty to those persons who have visited Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, the Palace of Versailles, the Palaces of Berlin, Potsdam, or Babelsberg. Even old Holyrood House, though not on the scale of many royal dwellings, has far finer rooms than the Executive Mansion; while the Prince of Monaco, who rules over 2,000 persons, is housed in a palace compared with which the official residence of the President of the United States sinks into insignifi-

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cance. The private rooms in the White House are few in number; indeed, a President with a large family would be sadly stinted for accommodation. Nevertheless the White House has a fascination which the most splendid mansion in the United States does not exercise; a tenant is never eager to leave it for another place of abode. No stranger has any difficulty in obtaining the satisfaction of shaking hands with the President, a pleasure hardly more substantial than that of being presented, and making a bow to a crowned head. Those persons who had any claim to more than a formal reception found it easy to obtain an interview with President Grant, and they were certain to be received by him with a courtesy which few crowned heads would display. Photographs do injustice to his appearance. A quiet smile, which frequently occurs in conversation, softens the features which seem stern in repose. His voice is soft, he speaks slowly, and, when interested in any topic, he is the reverse of taciturn. I can well believe that those with whom he is intimate consider him a genial companion.

If the Capitol and the White House are the two principal places in Washington, the Patent Office is the most remarkable, and, in many respects, the most attractive spot in this city of Public Offices. Here may be seen what is alike typical of the United States and highly creditable to them. The building is largely composed of white marble. The rooms are vast, one being a quarter of a mile in length, and they are well planned for the purpose which they subserve. This spacious edifice cannot be contrasted with the Patent Office in London without a feeling of humiliation.

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There are many other buildings of note in Washington; those which I have described alone possess general interest. There are several monuments; among others there is one which has become a ruin before completion; it was designed to surpass any monument in the world, and to commemorate the great deeds of George Washington. Congress recently passed an Act providing for its completion, but he must be a sanguine man who expects to live till it is finished.

The anticipations of the founders of this city have not yet been fulfilled; there is no likelihood that they will ever become realities. Washington was not singular in predicting a grand future for the capital which bears his name. Mr. Weld, who visited the United States in 1795, writes: "There is good foundation for thinking that the Federal City, as soon as the navigation is perfected, will increase most rapidly, and that at a future day, if the affairs of the United States go on as prosperously as they have done, it will become the Grand Emporium of the West, and rival in magnitude and splendour the cities of the old world." [5] Miss Martineau, who was at Washington in 1835, when time had been afforded for some indication of the result which had been foretold and hoped for, saw no token of it; hence her conclusion: "The city is a grand mistake. Its only attraction is its being the seat of Government; and it is thought that it will not long continue to be so. The Far Western States begin to demand a more central seat for Congress; and the Cincinnati people are already speculating upon which of their new hills or table-

[5] Isaac Weld's "Travels," vol. i. p. 80.

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lands is to be the site of the new Capital."[6] Though Washington stands where it did, and the hopes of the people of Cincinnati have been so long deferred as to appear vain as well as unsatisfying, yet the feeling in favour of removing the Capital has not died out. St. Louis thinks its title superior to that of Cincinnati, and Omaha urges that its situation has the undeniable merit of being the most central of all the places suggested. Happily, I have not to arbitrate between contending claims, or to point out the spot which seems best adapted for the purpose. These are matters about which there will be a prolonged and an envenomed controversy. It is quite possible, however, that before a second century shall have been added to the age of the Republic, the city of Washington will have ceased to be the Capital of the Union.

[6] "Retrospect of Western Travel," vol. i. p. 266.

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X.

THE CAPITAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Oriental potentate who fancied that Germany was near Leipzig would not have given serious offence to the inhabitants of Boston had he also arrived at the conclusion that the United States of America are somewhere in the neighbourhood of their city. The fellow-countrymen of the good folks of Massachusetts are wont to ridicule them for thinking that the universe revolves round the capital of their State. Bostonians certainly have a high opinion of themselves and take pride in their city, and they have sufficient reason for so thinking and feeling. No other capital in the United States dates from the year 1630. It is true that other cities are still older. St. Augustine, in Florida, was founded by the Spaniards nearly half a century before the first English settlement was established in Virginia and the city of Jamestown was built. The old capital of Virginia is now a shapeless ruin. Sixteen years before Governor Winthrop built the first house on the peninsula whereon Boston stands, the Dutch had founded New Amsterdam on the island of Manhattan, a city which is now better known as New York. The Pilgrim Fathers founded Plymouth ten years before the Puritans sailed for Massachu-

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setts, yet, though this place like Charlestown is older than Boston, both failed to make the same progress or to attain the commanding position which she did, for Plymouth, along with the settlement of New Plymouth whereof she was the capital, has been incorporated with Massachusetts, while Charlestown has become an integral part of the city of Boston. Thus the latter city can boast alike of an antiquity exceeding two centuries and a quarter, and of a never-ceasing growth in opulence and power.

If the project of celebrating the Centenary of the Republic by an International Exhibition had not originated in Philadelphia, many reasons might have been urged why a space in Boston should be the site of the Exhibition. While the former city contains the Hall where the Independence of the Colonies was declared, the latter contains the Hall where the cradle of Liberty was rocked. The whole history of Massachusetts is a declaration of independence. The original settlers were ready to acknowledge the duty of the Motherland to protect them, and they were confident as to their right to do what seemed best in their own eyes. It is quite possible, however, that their descendants might have been so humoured as to have acquiesced in remaining partners in the British Empire. Had they been permitted to trade with foreign powers and to carry on home manufactures as freely as those persons who are now proud of belonging to that Empire, it is not improbable that they would have set less store upon absolute separation, and would have turned deaf ears alike to the inflammatory sermons of the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew and the envenomed speeches of Mr. Samuel Adams. But the desire to be inde-

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pendent which led the early settlers to treat the land as their freehold, and to expel from it all who threatened to interfere with their claim to absolute possession and control, whether this took the form of protests from Roger Williams, of prophecies by Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, of witness borne by irrepressible Quakers, never ceased to be potential, even when it appeared to be merely a tradition, and was revived rather than created when the imposition of the Stamp Act gave an excuse for its manifestation in riots, when the demand to obey Writs of Assistance and to pay a duty on tea gave a warrant for Otis protesting in impassioned language against domestic interference, and the Mohawks an opportunity to exhibit the popular determination by casting the cargoes of the tea-ships into the water, and when it finally nerved the inhabitants to resist the Royal forces with the sword till they were forced to evacuate the city in dismay. No other city in the United States incarnates the principle of independent authority more completely than Boston. Few other cities in the world have shown more conclusively how to deal with traitors than she has done. When the struggle for the independence of the Thirteen Colonies had been crowned with the desired success, men whom we should now style Communists banded themselves together under Daniel Shays, fighting for an idea as others did in the capital of France under Dombrowski. But the citizens of Massachusetts made quick work with the enemies of all order, risking their lives to suppress a dangerous insurrection, and acting with a vigour which would have been followed by a similar and speedy triumph had the friends of order, who formed

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the majority in the ranks of the Parisian National Guard, been equally alert and brave. During the great civil war, which imperilled the unity of the country, an attempt was made to raise the standard of revolt in Boston; but a few whiffs of cannon-shot swept away alike the ringleaders and their cause. So long as the people of this city retain the virtues of their forefathers, it will be easy for the least-informed person to point to one place where the people can both govern themselves admirably, and serve as a model to those persons who are anxious to discover the maximum of liberty united with the maximum of good government.

A year before the Republic celebrated the centenary of its existence, the city of Boston celebrated the battle which, though a British victory, yet contributed in no small degree to convert colonial independence from a theory into a fact. That fight, to which the name of Bunker Hill is commonly but inaccurately given, was regarded on its hundredth anniversary less as a national struggle against a common foe than as a happy opportunity for testifying that the memories of a later and bloodier fratricidal contest had been purged of ill-will, and that the time had come for Northerners and Southerners again to join hands as brethren.

On the 17th of March, 1876, nearly two months before the opening of the Exhibition at Philadelphia, the forced evacuation of the city by the troops of Great Britain and Ireland a hundred years previously was celebrated in a hearty, yet most creditable manner. The historic spots were decorated with flags by day and lit up with lamps by night. A large gathering of the citizens assembled in the

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Music Hall to hear the story of the siege and evacuation told by the Rev. Dr. Ellis. The Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, the members of the Legislature and the City Council, the Mayor and the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court were among the audience. The Rev. Dr. Manning, who opened the proceedings with prayer, after thanking God for the great deliverance they had met to celebrate, added, "We thank Thee that the Mother country, that Old England whose oppressions provoked our fathers to take up arms against her, is to-day our firm friend and ally among the nations of the earth; and that the mother and daughter are united in efforts to maintain a spirit of peace and goodwill between themselves, and to extend the blessings of a Christian civilization throughout the world." The Mayor, who followed with a speech, after recalling how the Bunker Hill celebration had tended to cement amity, went on to say,—"In a like spirit we will celebrate this anniversary of the evacuation, hoping, amid the grateful and patriotic memories that cluster about the occasion, to strengthen still further the bonds of concord between the lately hostile sections of the country, and also the relations of cordial amity between the revolted colonies and the Mother country—foes a hundred years ago, but friends to-day by every motive of mutual interest and every sentiment of inship, and every generous hope for the world's peace and the progress of humanity."

In the oration delivered by the Rev. Dr. Ellis, the story of the siege was told with great effect. When he came to narrate some of the succeeding events, such as the proclamation of the Declaration of Inde-

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pendence, Dr. Ellis described how, on the following day, the emblems of royalty were removed from the public places. One of these, the oaken tablet on which the royal arms were carved, and which was affixed to the Province House, the official residence of His Majesty's Governor, had been preserved, and it was shown to the audience by Dr. Ellis, who remarked, "I have not brought this royal memorial tablet here and put it to this use to-day with any intent to do it slight or dishonour, but as a valued relic, suggestive of days and relations long past. I do not forget, but rather tenderly remember, that the Queenly Lady who now bears that proud escutcheon, with her lamented Prince Consort, restrained her royal power from any other exercise than that of a noble and generous sympathy during the distractions of our sad civil conflict. I saw the crown placed upon her head on her coronation day in Westminster Abbey, and have loved ever since to trace her serene course of dignity and fidelity as a wife, mother, and Queen of her magnificent empire. And if our story to-day has dealt harshly with one who filled the throne before her, let us not close it without the expression of our profoundest homage and respect to Queen Victoria, not our Sovereign—except that, as the highest lady in the world, she should be such to all men—but as our ally and our friend." The foregoing passages prove that on a great historical occasion the people of Massachusetts can display an attitude which demonstrates their own worthiness. Alike in the revolutionary and in the civil conflict they exhibited their heroism on the battle-field; they have shown themselves to be as capable and praiseworthy in peace as in war. When

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Southern fire-eaters determined in 1812 to enter into hostilities with the United Kingdom for an object which, when the treaty of peace was signed at Ghent in 1814, was not even mentioned in the articles, and which really meant the subjugation and annexation of Canada by force of arms, the chief States in New England declined the summons to call out their militia, and, while the shipping in the harbour of Baltimore was gay with flags upon war being declared, the shipping in the harbour of Boston hoisted its colours half-mast high in token of mourning. It is sufficient to read the solemn protest which the General Court of Massachusetts addressed to Congress, to understand the iniquitous character of that war.

In New England, it is not the rule to manifest rancour and malice towards this country. Many reasons might be given for this, yet the fundamental cause could not be set forth more succinctly than was done by Mr. Ticknor when writing to Miss Edgeworth in 1844. His views, which were the result of ample knowledge, were those of an ardent patriot. After having seen nearly every person and place of note in Europe, he still thought that there was no spot in the world like Boston, and no people superior to his countrymen. He thus wrote in the letter referred to:—"We are still children of Old England; and if we were not, we should still be doing substantially the same things, for we are all of us children of one family; connected by original qualities which will never permit us to get very far apart, even if we try." This substantial identity of race does not, however, exclude great diversity of action and thought. All water is composed of

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oxygen and hydrogen, yet the strata through which a spring rises, or the contents of the atmosphere through which rain falls, may render water as different in certain localities as if it were an entirely distinct elementary product. The conditions under which the English stock has subsisted in New England have been such as to alter it materially. In no other part of the Continent has it become more distinctively American. The ideas which have heretofore moulded the national life of the country have gone forth from New England, and the perceptible changes now in progress in the Western and Pacific States are due to this influence having ceased to be supreme.

The divergence between the two Englands is most marked on the fundamental principles of political economy. Not even in Pennsylvania are more unbending protectionists to be found than in Massachusetts. The doctrine of encouraging native industry is there an article of faith which it would be a crime to challenge, and treason not to defend to the death. The best educated men, and the most ably conducted newspapers regard Free trade with the loathing and dread which their forefathers exhibited towards Quakers and witches, and with which English statesmen, a century ago, regarded the free-trade notions of Pennsylvania and New England. Any one who discusses the question with them is certain to be told that Great Britain maintained Protection till she had built up her industries, and substituted Free trade for it when the latter was found to pay better, and that the United States will attain a like prosperity by following an identical course. Unhappily the subject is never con-

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sidered by those reasoners in its larger aspect; the welfare of mankind being then placed above the selfish interest of a nation. When thus viewed, it is clear beyond all possibility of doubt that neither the action of Great Britain, nor any benefit which may have accrued to her, is of the slightest consequence in its bearing upon the question at issue. Free trade is neither a mere crotchet of speculative writers nor a conspiracy entered into by British traders and statesmen for their own enrichment at the expense of the people of other countries; but, to employ the definition of M. Chevalier, "it is the free exercise of human power and faculties in all commercial and professional life; it is the liberty of labour in its grandest proportions." I need not pursue the matter in detail. I have referred to it because it is an important factor in New England politics; and I think that a change is not to be looked for so soon as some persons expect.

At present, when comparisons between the younger and older days of the Republic seem perfectly natural, it may not be uninteresting to show what were the opinions prevailing immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War. At a meeting of merchants, mechanics, and traders, held in Faneuil Hall towards the end of 1784, it was resolved that none of the Boston merchants or traders should have any dealings with British merchants or their agents, those present at the meeting pledging themselves: "that we will not let, or sell, any warehouse, shop, house, or any other place for the sale of British goods, nor will we employ any persons who will assist British merchants, factors, or agents, by trucks, carts, barrows, or labour (except in the re-

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shipment of their merchandize), but will discountenance all such persons, who shall in any way advise, or in the least degree help or support such merchants, factors, or agents, in the prosecution of their business; as we conceive all such British importations are calculated to drain us of our currency, and have a direct tendency to impoverish this country." These notions were the reverse of what a great Bostonian entertained and expressed. In the same year, Dr. Franklin supplied what he called "Information to those who would remove to America," and said, among other things, "The buying up quantities of wool and flax, with the design to employ spinners, weavers, &c., and form large establishments, producing quantities of linen and woollen goods for sale, has been several times attempted in different provinces; but those projects have generally failed, goods of equal value being imported cheaper. And when the Governments [of the several States] have been solicited to support such schemes by encouragements in money, or by imposing duties on importation of such goods, it has been generally refused, on this principle, that if the country is ripe for the manufacture it may be carried on by private persons to advantage, and if not, it is folly to think of forcing nature. . . . The manufacture of silk, they say, is natural in France, as that of cloth in England, because each country produces in plenty the first material; but if England will have a manufacture of silk as that of cloth, and France one of cloth as well as that of silk, these unnatural operations must be supported by mutual prohibitions, or higher duties on the importation of each other's goods, by which means the workmen are enabled to tax the

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home consumer by greater prices, while the higher wages they receive make them neither happier nor richer, since they will only drink more and work less. Therefore the Governments in America do nothing to encourage such projects. The people by this means are not imposed on either by the merchant or mechanic; if the merchant demands too much profit on imported shoes, they buy of the shoemaker, and if he asks too high a price, they take them of the merchant. Thus the two professions are checks on each other."[1] If these utterances are words of wisdom, then the prevailing policy in the United States is foolishness, being in direct opposition to the policy of which Franklin was the able framer and the warm advocate. The citizens of Boston have erected a statue to him in front of the City Hall; they glory in him as a fellow-countryman whose patriotism is without reproach and whose fame fills the world; but they refrain from yielding that highest honour to his memory which consists in paying due homage to his teaching. A small remnant rejects the dominant views in political economy. Professor Dunbar, at Harvard University, teaches those Free trade doctrines which it is easier to reject than to confute. In New York a larger body, of which Mr. W. C. Bryant is one of the ornaments, labours to promulgate those doctrines. So confident is Mr. Bryant of the result, that he emphatically says, in the preface he has written to the "History of the United States," which bears his name,—"The manufacturers are not likely to give up without a struggle what they

[1] Franklin's Works, vol. v. p. 140.

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believe so essential to their prosperity, and the friends of Free trade, proverbially tenacious of their purpose, are not likely to be satisfied while there is left in the texture of our revenue laws a single thread of Protection which their ingenuity can detect, or their skill can draw out."

The changes in the outward appearance of Boston, since my last visit, are very great. Part of these are due to the fire which swept away eight hundred buildings in the business quarter, the loss being estimated at about £20,000,000, and part to the erection of new dwelling-houses and churches on the land reclaimed from the Charles River. In rebuilding the warehouses and merchants' offices which had been destroyed, architectural effect has been studied. Some of the new structures are too fine and too costly. The rents are very high.

The dwelling-houses erected on the land reclaimed from the river are comfortable in their internal arrangements and attractive externally. Indeed, Commonwealth Avenue, which is now the principal thoroughfare, has eclipsed Beacon Street, which used to be the abode of all the oldest, most exclusive and opulent families in Boston. The plan after which the new streets are named is very convenient, and is, I think, novel. All those which bisect Commonwealth Avenue, such as Arlington Street, Berkeley Street, Clarendon Street, begin with a letter in alphabetical succession. The houses are in keeping throughout, the promise of the exterior being amply fulfilled by the luxuries of the interior. One of them, which impressed me greatly, is a noteworthy reproduction of an Old English house. It

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belongs to Dr. J. R. Chadwick, a young medical man, who is rising to eminence in that important branch of his profession wherein the late Sir James Simpson excelled. If the earliest and greatest Governors of Massachusetts, Winthrop, Dudley, and Endecott, were to enter this house, they would feel themselves more at home in Dr. Chadwick's dining-room than in any other place in the city. They would tread a polished wooden floor, and see bay-windows filled with lozenge-shaped panes of glass, such as were familiar to them in the comfortable homes of Old and New England. The spacious fireplace, in which wooden logs are laid across andirons, would recall to their memories many happy or thoughtful hours spent in youth or manhood beside the blazing hearth. The swords, shields, and helmets affixed to the wall above the fireplace would remind them of the weapons and armour which they had worthily wielded and worn, and would seem far more suitable in their eyes than the simple garb of the unarmed citizens whom they saw in the streets. They might think that the armchair, in which the rigid form of mediæval outline was tempered by soft cushions to suit the tired frames of the present genetion, a cunning temptation to sloth; but they would be able to sit, as they were wont to do, on high-backed Elizabethan chairs around the octagonal oak dining-table. There, sumptuous dishes such as they never tasted before, and wines from the best vintages of Bordeaux and Champagne, might appear in striking contrast to the rough fare which they were glad to procure, and the ale which they used to consider a great treat. In the snug study, they would observe other things to remind them of their olden

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homes; the spectacle would make Governor Dudley feel that the colony which he helped to plant, had marvellously changed since the day in March, 1631, when, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, he made excuse for imperfections by setting forth his miserable condition, "having yet no table, nor other room to write in, than by the fireside upon my knee, in this sharp winter; to which my family must have leave to resort, though they break good manners, and make me many times forget what I would say, and say what I would not." I fear that the luxurious decorations and furniture of the drawing-room and bedrooms, though fashioned on Old English models, would seem to them far in excess of what sinful mortals ought to enjoy, and they might leave their excellent host and his charming wife with the conviction that it would be necessary to send the Rev. John Cotton to "deal" with them. I fear also, if the Rev. John Cotton or any other zealous minister of Puritan days were to revisit Boston, he would have to "deal" with so many persons that he would be glad enough to return whence he came. The Rev. Cotton Mather, however, would pardon many tokens of a rational desire to make this world as comfortable as possible, when he learned that spiritual manifestations were now common in the city which once showed a wholesome scepticism about his own belief in demons going about and working mischief; he would flatter himself with the thought that his "Wonders of the Invisible World" had borne fruit.

Perhaps it is as well that the founders of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay cannot revisit the scene of their labours. Though Boston is still a

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God-fearing and exemplary city, yet its ways are not those which the original settlers deemed essential to human happiness. The early rulers and divines who carried their theories into effect with unswerving precision would find, if they were to return, that better results have been obtained by the acceptance and practice of opposite theories. People are now allowed to go to heaven in their own way, instead of being threatened with a terrible doom unless they walk in the narrow path marked out for them, and, in the event of proving obstinate, being subjected to exile or imprisonment, whipping or hanging. They may spend a pleasant evening in a theatre without being shunned by strait-laced neighbours, and assured, by the bestowers of good advice, that they are on the high road to perdition. Formerly, the congregational form of divine service was alone permitted here. Now, the Episcopalian, the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, the Quaker, may worship God in his own way, without any man making him afraid. Disputes about religion are now confined to words; the logical figure of a sorites, which old-world persecutors loved to employ in the form of a pile of faggots, as well as the geometrical figure of a triangle with a rope dangling from one corner, which was sometimes called into requisition in New England in order to exterminate heresy, are happily among the traditions of evil days which have long ago departed. Since Abner Kneeland underwent imprisonment for blasphemy in 1839, the civil rights of those persons who are avowedly of little faith have received impartial protection. Zeal has not abated; on the contrary, other-worldliness has gained in influence what it has lost in privilege. It

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is now necessary to appeal to the reason in order to gain converts, and, if godliness is to be reckoned by church-building and church-going, then Boston has lost none of its old reputation. The rivalry between the sects is not less keen because they are all equal in the eye of the law. Though the members of one congregation cannot invoke the Magistrate's aid to punish the members of another, yet they can please themselves with contemplating what they believe will be their fate hereafter. On this head, as on many other matters, the words of Franklin may be repeated:—"With regard to future bliss, I cannot help imagining that multitudes of the zealously orthodox of different sects, who at the last day may flock together in hopes of seeing each other damned will be disappointed, and obliged to rest content with their own salvation."

While the errors of the early Puritans in matters of church government and discipline have been admitted and amended, other errors into which they fell have been accepted as models for modern legislation. One of the first acts of the General Court of Massachusetts was to order the destruction of Richard Clough's "strong water," on the ground that its use had occasioned drunkenness and disorder. It was natural for the Puritan fathers not only to dictate what should be done in questions of ecclesiastical polity, but also to decree what men should eat, drink, and how they should be clothed. In the bad old times, sumptuary laws and religious persecution were matters of course. Yet enlightened men of our day, who would shudder at a proposal to take a man to task for his religious opinions, think that they are performing their duty to the community by for-

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bidding a man to drink anything containing alcohol. They have promulgated this new social commandment on their own authority—"Thou shalt not drink anything more potent than lemonade."

When I last visited Boston, nothing stronger than lemonade could be obtained in a bar-room. In the one attached to the Parker House, the principal hotel in the city, a notice to that effect was posted up. Yet any one who entered the restaurant, sat down at a table and ordered a bottle of wine, beer, or spirits, was served by the waiter. Moreover, it was allowable to buy a bottle of any of them at a grocer's or wine merchant's. Hence, the man who wished for a glass of these beverages, and could not afford to pay for a bottle, had to be a teetotaler under compulsion, while the man who had a well-lined purse could drink as often as he pleased. If this be not legislation in favour of the rich to the disadvantage of the poor, I do not know what such legislation means.

Were it possible for eloquence to supplant sound argument, I should have become a convert to the policy of rendering all men sober by hindering any man from getting strong drink; for I have heard a speech by Mr. Wendell Philipps on the subject, and he is one of the first of living orators. He depicted in graphic terms the sad state of the habitual tippler who could not pass a "grog-shop" without entering it, and he upheld the paramount importance of shutting up all "grog-shops" in order that the weak might not succumb to temptation. This is the course which has been adopted towards the North American Indians. They are regarded as children and treated accordingly, being kept from strong

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drink because they cannot take it in moderation. Other men pride themselves upon having reached a higher stage of intellectual development than these poor Indians, yet it has been seriously proposed to treat the white man, who has been taught to practise self-denial, as if he were no better than the savage who is unable to bridle his appetites. During Mr. Wendell Philipps' speech, I could not help recalling words as eloquent as his, and I think that John Milton inculcated a far nobler principle, and aimed at a much higher ideal, when he wrote:—"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garment is to be run for, not without dust and heat." It may still be asked in the words of the same great poet, "if any action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance, prescription, and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could then be due to well-doing, what, gramercy, to be sober, just, and continent?" I hold the legislation which aims at making all men sober by preventing any man from practising the virtue of temperance, as an evil hardly less to be deplored than that of drunkenness. This lesson appears to have been learned in Boston. The repressive system has had a fair trial, and has been found productive of mischief. All legislative enactments or police regulations which run counter to the moral sense of a free community, serve only to make legislation a farce and bring the law into contempt. The bar-rooms have been reopened under licences; regulations of a sensible kind have been imposed and are obeyed. The party which believes in prohibition

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is dissatisfied; but reasonable men do not complain. Indeed, the failure of the repressive system is ascribed by its advocates to the fact that it was not sufficiently stringent. I have read the programme of the uncompromising opponents of what is here called the "liquor traffic," and I must admit that it is thoroughly consistent and logical. The gist of it is that every brewery and distillery shall be closed, that every vineyard in the land shall be rooted up, that the importation of all alcoholic beverages shall be prohibited, so that it will be impossible for anybody to procure a single drop of spirits, wine, or beer. This is simple, straightforward, and thorough. It provides for every contingency and possibility, save those which common sense and human nature might have in reserve.

I have described what I saw and heard when the Society of the Army of the Potomac met in Philadelphia. In Boston I was honoured with an invitation to a gathering of a very different kind, the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The contrast was striking between the meeting of the men of the sword and that of the men of the lancet, between those whose glory is in slaughter and those whose delight is in prolonging life, between the heroes of the battle-field and the saviours of the hospital. A member of a profession not less honourable than either, I am ready to do full justice to both; yet, if called upon to give precedence to any of them I could not hesitate to accord the first place to that which strives to diminish human suffering and lengthen existence, which finds patients among those of every age and every condition, compelling even

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the victorious general and incomparable lawyer to acknowledge its superiority by invoking its aid. This Society numbers 1400 members; its meetings are held yearly in the capital of the State, and last for two days, the proceedings being concluded with a dinner. It is not within my sphere to notice the professional business which was transacted, yet I may quote what Dr. Crosby said on a matter of general interest. He was a visitor from Concord in New Hampshire, and he told his brethren of Massachusetts how his State had dealt with those pests whom he called "medical tramps," or whom we should call "itinerant quack doctors." Such persons are not unknown in this country; in the United States they swarm. The Legislature of New Hampshire having resolved to rid their State of these Sangrados, passed an Act imposing a penalty of 100 dollars a-day upon every person practising therewithout a licence. Dr. Crosby told his brethren the result had been that, since the Act was in operation, "not a single medical tramp had remained throughout a whole day" in his own city of Concord, and that the city of Manchester had saved 10,000 dollars during the last year.

About a thousand members of the society were present at the dinner, which took place in the Music Hall. I never before saw so many doctors enjoying a holiday, nor had I ever seen the like number of persons in the United States present such distinct tokens of good health. Indeed, looking down from the platform, where I had been favoured with a seat, upon the occupants of the tables below, the sight of so many men with massive heads, large frames, and jovial faces engaged in eating with what appeared to be enviable appetites, convinced me it is

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not among the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society that the so-called degeneration of the Anglo-Saxon type in New England is to be sought for. Here, as in a part of the world nearer home, there are people who class tobacco-smoking with wine-bibbing, and pronounce both to be ruinous to the constitution. The Massachusetts doctors, who were pictures of sound health, though the majority were past middle age, one who was as hale and vigorous in appearance as his colleagues, being upwards of 90, did not seem to dread the evil effects of tobacco. When dinner was over, and before the speeches began, boxes of cigars were put upon the tables, and smoking was indulged in with a vigour which testified to a regular habit and thorough enjoyment. The speeches were generally brief and to the point. Dr. J. H. Mackie, the chairman, prefaced each toast with a few sentences couched in well-chosen language. The retiring President of the Society, replying to the toast of his health, made an effective hit by producing a bill for medical attendance upon the wounded at Lexington in 1775, which had never been paid. The items were curious; the fact of non-payment, however, did not appear surprising to men who are ready to render their services, but are not certain to receive due recompense for their labours. His Excellency A. H. Rice, the Governor of the State, responded in a very telling way for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. With this exception, the non-medical speakers were eclipsed by the physicians. Judge Bennett, who responded for the legal profession, was sadly prosy, and the Rev. A. H. Quint, who responded for the clergy, afforded the depressing spectacle of a good

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man striving to be humorous. I confess to an agreeable surprise when the chairman rose and told the company that, while rejoicing in the State and land of which they were citizens, they ought not to be unmindful of the loins from which their country sprang, and then proposed, with hearty expressions of kindly feeling and goodwill, the Mother country. If applause be a sign of approval, the heartiness of the applause which followed demonstrated the cordiality with which the doctors of Massachusetts re-echoed these sentiments. The guest who was called upon to respond, though he simply reciprocated the compliments which had been handsomely paid to the land which he represented, and expressed his gratification that the Mother country should have been remembered and honoured by so distinguished an assembly, was yet as warmly cheered as if he had touched a patriotic fibre. No sooner had he sat down than the chairman gave a signal to the band, which had played at intervals during dinner, and the familiar strains of "God save the Queen" resounded through the hall. The Governor of Massachusetts rose to his feet; the whole assembly followed his example, remaining standing while the national air of the Motherland was played. If a citizen of Boston had foretold at the time of the separation of the Thirteen Colonies that, on the hundredth anniversary of the independence of his country, the British National Anthem would be played at a dinner of the medical men of Massachusetts, at which the Governor of the State was present as a guest, and would be received with all the marks of respect which are shown when it is heard in any city throughout the British Empire, he would

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have incurred the reproach of being a traitor, and he would have sneeringly been told to go to Halifax, that is, to follow the United Empire Loyalists who had cast in their lot with the Government of Great Britain. Happily, the citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts now feel that they can perform an act of international courtesy without fearing that it will be unappreciated or misunderstood.

Bostonians welcome a stranger with geniality, and they treat him with a hospitality which makes him consider that he is at home. This is not the rule in the United States. A traveller there will commonly receive much good advice from those to whom he presents letters of introduction, and, if he be exceptionally fortunate, he will be offered as many fresh letters of introduction as he chooses to carry away with him, these letters being usually of the value of waste paper. An introduction to the president of a great railway company will probably insure the display of what I may term railway hospitality. A directors' car will be put at the traveller's disposal, and he will be allowed to journey over the line as much as he pleases; it may even happen that, when he halts, his hotel bills will be paid by the company. The expense of all this falls upon the shareholders, many of whom may be the traveller's fellow-countrymen, who vainly puzzle themselves as to why the working expenses of the railway are so heavy, and who are doomed to receive empty promises instead of dividends. It is not in this vicarious fashion that Bostonians both welcome and entertain strangers; hence the latter leave the city with an indelible impression of having been the recipients of an

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amount of personal kindness for which it would be difficult to make an adequate return.

The best men have their hobbies or failings, and Bostonians are not exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. Justly proud of their city, they are rather too sensitive on the subject of climate. They know that the climate of Boston falls short of perfection; but they do not relish complaints about it from strangers. Having succeeded in so many things, it must be mortifying for them to feel that their ingenuity and perseverance cannot avail to abolish or temper the East Wind. This drawback to existence in the American Athens, the capital of Massachusetts, is also a drawback to existence in the Modern Athens, the capital of Scotland. Sydney Smith gave the following advice to an English friend who was about to visit Edinburgh: "When you arrive there it may rain, snow, or blow for many days, and the people will assure you that they never knew such a season before. If you would be popular, declare you think it the most delightful climate in the world." The visitor to Boston who turns this suggestion to account will rise in the estimation of its worthy citizens.

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XI.

SARATOGA AND WEST POINT.

BOSTON, Saratoga, and Yorktown are the names of three places inseparably associated with the inexcusable mistakes of British Ministers and Generals during the American revolution. It was fitting that a war, which was in itself a gigantic blunder, should have been conducted by incomparable blunderers. Thackeray makes Sir George Warrington say with great truth in the *Virginians*—"In reading over our American campaigns from their unhappy commencement to their inglorious end, now that we are able to see the enemy's movements and condition as well as our own, I fancy we can see how an advance—a march—might have put enemies into our power who had no means to withstand it, and changed the entire issue of the struggle." This is specially applicable to the ill-fated expedition which ended in the capitulation at Saratoga. Had Burgoyne succeeded, the character of the struggle would have been changed. His signal failure led to the intervention of France. The final independence of the Thirteen United Colonies was mainly owing to the French alliance, to French treasure, French soldiers, and a French fleet.

The importance of the result at Saratoga led Sir

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Edward Creasy to include the fighting there among the decisive battles of the world. Few military expeditions, however, have been the subject of greater misconception than that which Burgoyne commanded. To set forth the facts in due order would imply rewriting the story of the campaign; at present, I shall content myself with pointing out a few egregious errors. The Ministry designed that a combined movement should be undertaken by General Howe and General Burgoyne; the former advancing up the Hudson from New York; the latter advancing upon the Hudson from Quebec, a junction being effected at Albany. By the time that Burgoyne had reached the Hudson, General Howe was approaching Philadelphia. The reason of this extraordinary misunderstanding was not known till the publication of the "Life of Lord Shelburne." Burgoyne carried out the imperative instructions which he had received from Lord George Germain; the latter drafted instructions to General Howe, but these were not forwarded till the time had passed for them to have any effect; hence the combined movement never took place, and thus the capitulation at Saratoga was the necessary consequence of Lord George Germain's unpardonable neglect.[1] General Burgoyne, though unfortunate, was not disgraced, and he must not be classed among such incompetent commanders as Gage and Howe, Clinton and Cornwallis.

If any one, really anxious to ascertain the truth, should try to learn how many men capitulated at Saratoga, he will have some difficulty in arriving at

[1] "Life of the Earl of Shelburne," by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, vol. i. pp. 358, 359.

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a definite conclusion. Having examined seven short histories of the United States, by different authors, which are used in teaching school children the annals of their country, I find that the number of Burgoyne's army, at the date of capitulation, is given as 5,752 in one, 5,791 in another, more than 5,000 in a third, 6,000 in a fourth, as the remainder of 6,000 in a fifth, over 6,000 in a sixth, while no figures are stated in a seventh. All agree, however, in estimating the number, when the army started from Canada, at 10,000. Mr. Bancroft, in the last edition of his "History of the United States," an edition which has been carefully revised, or, as he puts it in a prefatory note, to the revision of which "a solid year of close and undivided application has been devoted," says that the number who capitulated, "including officers, was 5,791. Besides these, there were 1,856 prisoners of war, including the sick and wounded, who had been abandoned. Of deserters there were 300, so that—including the killed, prisoners, and disabled at Hubbardtown, Fort Ann, Bennington, Orisca, the outposts of Tyconderoga, and round Saratoga—the total loss of the British in this northern campaign was not far from 10,000, counting officers as well as rank and file." Dr. Noah Webster, who served in the militia under General Stark and was present at the capitulation, referred to it in an essay written ten years after and said that Burgoyne's force amounted "according to some to 10,000, and according to others, to 5,752."[2] These discrepancies are typical of the current versions of events in American annals. The truth is that

[2] "Essays and Fugitive Writings by Noah Webster," p. 174.

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the expeditionary force numbered 7,902, when it started from Canada. Nearly 1000 men were left to garrison Tyconderoga. All the Indians left it before the capitulation; many of the other auxiliaries deserted; the losses in killed and wounded were very heavy. General Burgoyne stated in his official report that the number who capitulated was 3,500, and there can be no doubt as to his accuracy. Sir Edward Creasy, who rightly estimated the significance of the issue, is as untrustworthy in his figures as the greatest blunderer could be. He states that the number who capitulated was 5,790, that the killed and wounded numbered 4,689. If these figures are added together, it will be found that they exceed by 2,577 the total of the force which started from Quebec! None of the United States writers whose works I have consulted, think fit to mention that the victorious force under General Gates numbered 17,000. That the affair was a humiliating one for the British arms cannot be denied, but the degree and measure of humiliation may admit of qualification when the truth is fully set forth, and the figures are fairly estimated.

An expedition to Saratoga is now a very easy matter, whether the starting-point be Quebec or New York. The thick woods which were hindrances to the operations of Burgoyne, and the bad roads which rendered his march slow and difficult, no longer give annoyance to the peaceful traveller. The trees have been felled; railways have been made; the fastest steamboats in the world ply on the Hudson, and Saratoga Springs can be reached, within six hours by rail, from New York, and in twice that time by taking the steamer to Albany. A more enjoyable

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sail than one on the Hudson, during a fine day in summer, cannot be conceived. No steamers, in any part of the world are superior in speed and luxury of accommodation to the *C. Vibbard*, *Daniel Drew*, or *Mary Powell*, and they are only surpassed here by the *Bristol* and *Providence*, which ply between New York and Fall River. When walking round the galleries, which run along the inside above the saloon, it is hard to believe that one is on board a vessel; the smoothness with which the engines work renders it as hard to understand that one is being propelled through the water at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The change from the time, when Robert Fulton made his *Clermont* move at the rate of seven miles an hour, is quite as remarkable as that which was wrought when his steamboat displaced sailing packets. Yet, in one respect, no change has occurred, even if we go back to the year 1609, when Henry Hudson sailed up this river in the *Half Moon;* the scenery is as beautiful now as it was when a European eye gazed upon it for the first time, and more beautiful scenery cannot be desired.

It is common for United States travellers in Europe to institute comparisons between the Hudson and the Rhine, or the Danube, and to give the preference to their own river. Those among them who come from California are as fond of saying that the beauties of the Lake of Geneva, or any Swiss lake, fall far short of those of Donner Lake or Lake Tahoe. Nothing can be more futile than endeavours to compare two things which are essentially different, and nothing can be more foolish than to refuse admiration for something seen abroad, because it is

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not the same as something at home. A citizen of Glasgow may well believe that a sail in the *Iona* from the Broomielaw to Ardrishaig is the pleasantest thing in the world; a Londoner has as good reason for maintaining that the view of the valley of the Thames from Richmond Park, or a sail between Twyford and Great Marlow, cannot be surpassed in picturesqueness; while a German's enthusiasm about the charms of the Rhine between Coblentz and Bingen is perfectly natural. Not one of these, or other famous places of interest which might be named, has any similarity, each being marked with a special attraction, and invested with a beauty of its own. This is strikingly true of the river Hudson, and to refuse to admire it because one prefers the Rhine, the Clyde, or the Thames, is as absurd as to refuse to admire the Rhine, the Clyde, and the Thames, because they do not resemble the Hudson.

For twenty miles, after leaving the wharf, the steamer passes along that part of the river which is called the Palisades. I was never more impressed with any other natural appearances, unless it were the canyons of the Rocky Mountains or the "Gates of the Alps," as represented by Mr. Ruskin, and as they are to be seen between Botzen and Verona. The rocks rise to the height of 500 feet, and present an unbroken surface as far as the eye can reach, while the sparse vegetation on the sides, and the serrated outline at the top, deprive the prospect of monotony. Then comes the Tappan Zee, where the river expands so as to resemble a lake, being here three miles wide. Next we enter the part which is called the Highlands, where all the charms of mountain, water, and wood are combined in exquisite propor-

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tions. It is difficult to say what spot is the most lovely and what effect is the most remarkable. If we land at West Point, which is rather less than half-way between New York and Albany, the feeling will be one of disinclination to go either forwards or backwards. This spot is almost unrivalled in natural beauty. The river winds round three sides of it, and the wooded heights on both banks make a lovely background to the landscape. If the officers in the United States army are devoid of enthusiasm about natural scenery, it is not for want of experience of the beautiful in nature.

As a training-school, the Military Academy at West Point has a reputation which is thoroughly merited. The cadets are drilled and taught with a care and completeness which cannot be surpassed at Sandhurst, St. Cyr, or Berlin. I saw them at their drill, and I was impressed with the resemblance between the cavalry drill here and that which is taught in France. The demonstrativeness, which is notable in the French service, is not only permitted, but inculcated in that of the United States. When the charge is sounded, the men gallop forward waving their sabres and shouting at the top of their voices. In the German army, as well as in our own, this would be condemned as unsoldierlike. I was pleased to see that the Mexican stirrup was used; this is a small matter of detail which is worth adopting in our service. The infantry drill was remarkable for its antiquated character. The young lads were made to keep their hands in the stiff and unnatural attitudes which were doubtless introduced by Baron von Steuben into the United States army, which were certainly enforced by the drill sergeants of Frederick

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the Great, which are still enforced in the German army, but which have happily been abandoned in our own. The cadets went through their drill with great precision; indeed, they were treated as rigidly as any German recruits whom I have ever seen in the painful stage of conversion from slouching peasants into smart soldiers. If Colonel Martinet were alive, the soldiers of the United States regular army would please him better than any upon earth, with the sole exception of Russian soldiers. Yet, while an officer and private in the United States service are trained to act with the accuracy of a machine, they are not mere machines in the field, and they can meet an emergency with a readiness of resource which excites admiration.

Though the Military Academy at West Point is the chief object of interest, yet the natural beauties of the place form the real attraction. At every turn a new view meets the eye. From one place I suddenly caught a glimpse of a distant prospect, which recalled Turner's "Italy," and made me forget that the land of dreams was far away. Those persons who associate the name of West Point with the treachery of Arnold and the fate of André will be disappointed to find that the place has undergone an entire transformation since the days when it was the Ehrenbreitstein of the Hudson. Fort Putman, a little way up the river, alone remains in its ruined state to show the position and character of the old fortifications. I could not even learn where the chain was stretched from bank to bank to hinder the upward passage of the *Vulture* man-of-war. The reason why the forts which once lined the Hudson have been allowed to fall into decay, or to disappear alto-

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gether, is that no occasion for their protection is likely to recur. A hostile fleet sailing up the river is a contingency which needs never to be provided against. It would be as absurd to fortify Hampton Court as to fortify West Point. For some distance higher up the scenery is as striking as at this place, but a good way before Albany is reached the view from the river is as tame as that from the Rhine between Mainz and Mannheim.

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XII.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

At Albany, the capital of the State of New York, the river ceases to be navigable for vessels drawing much water. Here it was that Henry Hudson found his dream of having discovered a passage to the South Sea disperse into empty air, the splendid stream which he had discovered proving to be a river and nothing more. Here, too, the passengers bound for Saratoga continue their journey by rail if they have commenced it by water. At Troy, six miles distant from Albany, they enter a train on the Saratoga and Rensselaer Railway. The very name of this place clashes with the oldest and most cherished recollections of the readers of ancient history. This Troy has nothing classical about it save the name; its reputation is based on the manufacture of Bessemer steel and of iron stoves. The poet who should be inspired by the United States Troy would be capable of writing an epic about Birmingham.

Seven miles before reaching Saratoga, the train stops at Ballston Spa, a place which was once in great repute for its mineral waters, but which is chiefly famous now for the production of paper collars. At Saratoga Springs, the stranger who has journeyed

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through the United States is at once struck with the hotel omnibuses which cluster around the station, a sight reminding him of the watering-places of Europe. As I had determined to go to the Clarendon Hotel, I had simply to mention the fact in order to receive all possible attention from the dark-visaged and smartly-dressed conductor of the omnibus belonging to it. That place of entertainment, according to the advertisements, was "patronized by the aristocracy of Europe and America." It had, moreover, the attraction of a spring of mineral water in the garden attached to it; if its frequenters belonged to the aristocracy of a Monarchy or a Republic, they certainly bore a striking resemblance to others who make no aristocratic pretensions.

I have visited several places frequented by invalids who either drink mineral waters, bathe in them, or do both; this is one of the few which does not boast of having been discovered and favoured by the Romans. Judging from tradition, the Romans would appear to have been as much bent upon drinking mineral water as upon universal conquest, or they may have been moved to conquer the world in order to have at their command natural tonics to strengthen them, or natural aperients to relieve them from dyspepsia. The springs of Saratoga, which had long been known to the Indians, did not become fashionable till some time after the nineteenth century had begun. They are now so greatly frequented that the ordinary population of the village, which numbers 8,000, has 18,000 persons added to it in the season. Homburg and Baden cannot show greater signs of popularity. Like them in former days, Saratoga has a gaming-house, which appears

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o be quite as attractive to many visitors as the mineral springs.

There is a curious and interesting letter about Saratoga, among those which were sent to Washington by his friends and acquaintances. Nowadays, the inquirer can easily learn what makes the waters sparkle, and what their virtues are supposed to be; a century ago, leading chemists knew less about carbonic acid gas than a modern school-girl does. Mr. Otho H. Williams, writing from Baltimore on the 12th of July, 1784, says that his visit to Saratoga Springs was paid because Washington had once recommended them as a cure for rheumatism. In the following account, he probably referred to the High Rock Spring, discovered by Sir William Johnson, in 1767, which still retains the appearance he describes:—"The springs are now much frequented by the uncivilized people of the back-country—but very few others resort to them, as there is but one small hut within several miles of the place. Colonel Armstrong and myself spent one week there, which was equal to a little campaign, for the accommodation was very wretched, and provisions exceedingly scarce. The country about the springs being uncultivated, we were forced to send to the borders of the Hudson for what was necessary for our subsistence. During our stay we made a few little experiments on the waters. Bark of a restringent quality turned them to a purple colour very suddenly, and we thought that iron was discoverable even to the taste. They have certainly a very great quantity of salts. . . . But that which distinguishes these waters in a very conspicuous degree from all others is the great quantity of fixed air which they contain. They are

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exceedingly pungent to the taste, and, after being drunk a short time, will often affect the nose like brisk bottled ale. The water will raise flour sooner than any other thing, and cannot be confined so that the air will not somehow or other escape. Several persons told us that they had corked it tight in bottles and that the bottles broke. We tried it with the only bottle we had, which did not break, but the air found its way through a wooden stopper and the wax with which it was sealed. A trout died in the water in less than a minute, or seemed dead, but recovered in common water. This experiment was repeated with the same effect. We observed in digging that the rocks which are about the springs, and which in one or two places project themselves above the earth in a conic form, go not deep into the ground, but are formed by the waters which (the man who lives at the place informed us) overflow once per month, when not disturbed, and the earthy parts, being exposed to the air and sun, petrify and increase. This opinion is strengthened by the shells and bodies of insects which we found in broken parts of the rock. I have given you my observations, because I think you told me what you knew of these extraordinary springs was from information."

To this picture of Saratoga in 1784, which was provided for the information of Washington, I may append another representing it in 1797, drawn by Professor Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College, who may be styled the father of chemistry in the United States:—"Mr. Elliott, Mr. Winn, and myself mounted our horses one day (at Ballston) and rode seven or eight miles through the pine forest,

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with its delightful fragrance, and arrived at the place where they said there were some mineral springs. There was not even a village, but only two or three log-houses standing among the pine-trees. The people were civil, and provided hay for our horses, and for ourselves bacon and eggs. They then piloted us into a morass where nature was unsubdued, and, stepping cautiously from bog to bog, we soon arrived at a spring which they called the Congress Spring, and we drank the water, which tasted as it does now." Returning thither after twenty-six years, he adds:—"What a change! A beautiful city had arisen where there were only a morass and a pine barren. Beautiful lawns, adorned with statuary, now meet the eyes, and the fashionable world in the summer months; throng this favourite resort."

The active constituent of these mineral waters is chloride of sodium; they are largely charged with carbonic acid gas, are pleasant to the palate, and they resemble, alike in their constituents and their action, the waters of Homburg. Congress Spring, situated in a park of the same name, is most commonly preferred by the water-drinkers. The park is tastefully laid out and well kept. With a view to render the company more exclusive, a covered promenade has been formed, to which the charge for admission is ten cents. I was told that this arrangement had the advantage of separating the coloured and poorer from the white and wealthier citizens. The poorer members of the community can drink water gratis, underneath the structure frequented by the fashionable visitors.

A mile and a half to the south of the village is the

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Geyser Spring, which was discovered in 1870, and is one of the curiosities of the place. It was found by boring a hole 5½ inches in diameter to the depth of 132 feet in the limestone rock; the water rises to the height of thirty-two feet above the surface of the ground. The proprietor of this spring styles it "a pure mineral aperient and tonic compounded by nature," containing nearly 100 cubic inches of carbonic gas to the gallon in excess of any other spring, and "a delightful beverage." To the taste, it differs in no appreciable degree from other springs here; but this does not disprove all that the proprietor says in its praise. Moreover, it would be presumptuous to place a personal opinion in opposition to the fact that, 100,000 persons having visited the Geyser Spring in 1875, "the universal testimony is that the waters are the best and the spring the most wonderful in the world." The logical sequence and force of this are not beyond criticism.

Scarcely any person thinks of walking to the Geyser Spring. When I intimated that I preferred to walk thither, I was told by the man whose duty at the hotel consisted in providing carriages for visitors, that it was pleasanter to drive. He expressed his surprise when my wife and myself achieved the feat of going and returning on foot, and hardly suppressed his contempt for this disregard of social custom. When Mr. Stuart was here in 1828, he found the disinclination to take walking exercise as great as I did; he says: "Invalids seem to confine themselves to a five or ten minutes' walk in the morning, when they go to the fountain, and to drive in an open carriage for an hour, or an hour and a half. When they meet us walking several miles for exercise, and

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the pleasure of being in the open air, they, whether acquainted with us or not, frequently stop their vehicles, and very civilly offer us a ride with them, and can hardly believe us serious when we, in declining to avail ourselves of their kindly-meant offer, tell them that we prefer walking. There are few more striking points of difference between this country and Britain, than the numbers of people who ride and walk on the public roads. It absolutely seems disgraceful to be seen walking." [1] When the Duke of Manchester visited the American continent, he spent several days at Niagara Falls. He went on foot to the various places of interest, combining sight-seeing with healthful exercise. As an English Duke, he was the subject of much curiosity, but he fell far below the standard of a shoddy millionaire in the estimation of the censorious citizens who were attentive to his doings, their verdict being thus formulated: "He could not be much of a Duke, for he always walked."

Every visitor to Saratoga is expected to visit first the Geyser Spring, and next the Lake. The latter is four miles distant. The road thither is more pleasing than the prospect of the lake itself, the ground about it being very marshy and the view devoid of character. To walk so far is accounted a still greater transgression, in the opinion of the carriage-keepers, than to walk to the Geyser Spring. An Indian camp is classed among the attractions of Saratoga Springs. Those persons who have money to expend on rubbish, and who can resist the evidence which leads to the conclusion that some of

[1] "Three Years in North America," by James Stuart, vol. i. p. 193.

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these children of nature must have been born in Ireland, will gladly empty their purses in exchange for trash, and feel gratification in studying the simple manners and artless speech of the Red man and his family.

To drink mineral water before breakfast and hear the band play, to look with eagerness for the arrival of the New York newspapers in the forenoon, to take a drive after dinner, to dance or watch others wearying themselves by dancing in the evening, and to vary this dissipated life by visiting the gaming-hell of the Honourable John Morrissey, where refreshments may be had gratis and money may be lost as easily as on the Stock Exchange, such is the daily routine of life here. Not very dissimilar is the life at watering-places all over the world. Of Saratoga I may say, as Horace Walpole said of Bath in its palmy days, that people go thither well and return home cured. Those persons who are the least exacting will be the most gratified. The truth on this head has been pointedly expressed by M. Taine in his "Journey to the Pyrenees:"—"If life at a watering-place be a romance, it is so in books only. In order to see great men there, it is necessary to carry them in one's portmanteau bound in calf. It is likewise held that conversation at a watering-place is very clever, that one meets nobody there but artists, men of eminence, men moving in the best society; that ideas, grace, and elegance abound, and that the flower of every pleasure and of all thought blossoms there. The fact is that one wears out one's hats and eats many peaches at a watering-place, that one talks a great deal, and that, as regards men and ideas, it is much the same there as anywhere else."

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The Grand Union Hotel, one of the largest in Saratoga, was a pet project of the late Mr. Stewart. The garden is one of the finest attached to any hotel. At the western end of the ball-room is a gigantic painting by M. Yvon, representing "The Genius of America." What is thought of the picture cannot better be expressed than in the words of an admiring citizen of the United States:—"The picture and frame weigh 3000 lbs. The latter is a marvel of workmanship, and was made in Paris under the immediate direction of the great historical artist." The artist might not be flattered if he learned that his picture is chiefly valued on account of its weight and the beauty of its frame. Mr. Stewart's intention was to adorn his gallery in New York with this work of art. But he found, as Dr. Primrose did, that space failed him; yet, instead of being nonplussed, like the ingenuous Vicar of Wakefield, he sent it to excite the astonishment of the visitors to his hotel at Saratoga Springs.

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XIII.

A TRIP THROUGH CANADA.

THE first time that I entered the Dominion of Canada, I travelled over the Grand Trunk Railway from Portland, the principal city in the State of Maine, to Montreal, the commercial capital of the Province of Quebec. The situation of both cities is very picturesque. Few sights are finer than the Bay of Casco, on which Portland is built. The bay is of large area and studded with wooded islands. The harbour is one of the safest and deepest on the coast of New England; it is sheltered from dangerous winds; it is never obstructed by ice; the *Great Eastern* steamed up to the wharf, and was moored alongside it. As Portland is situated on an undulating slope, the streets are not monotonously level; the buildings erected since the great fire are substantial structures; the public offices, such as the City Hall, the Custom House, and the Post Office, are imposing edifices. Trees are thickly planted in front of the houses in the principal streets; this produces a pleasant effect. It is said that there are as many as 3,000 of these trees; and as the population does not much exceed 30,000, there is ample provision made for shade from the sun, and there is a plausible reason for styling this the "Forest City."

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While the inhabitants are thus protected from the blazing summer sun, they are supposed to be kept sober all the year round by restrictive legislation against drunkenness. If the water they drink be as unpalatable as that which was served to me at a hotel, they have no cause to thank the legislators who try to hinder them from drinking anything else. I was assured that intoxication was not an extinct vice, and I was shown how to get as much strong drink as I chose to pay for. If the Laird of Dumbiedykes had visited this place, he would have been strengthened in his belief about the omnipotence of "siller."

It has been found necessary to render the Act far more stringent than it was originally. The manufacture of all intoxicants is now prohibited in this State; the offender is liable to two months' imprisonment and a fine of $1,000; negligence in any magistrate or attorney in enforcing the law being punished with a penalty of $100. I failed in obtaining evidence that this State was pre-eminent above others for the absence of crimes of violence. The last annual report of the Attorney-General does not favour the conclusion that the legislation against drinking alcoholic beverages has converted the State of Maine into a terrestrial paradise. Lawyers have no reason to complain; they are kept fully occupied in prosecuting those who infringe "the liquor law."

A sentence written by Dr. Noah Webster might be pondered with advantage by his fellow-countrymen in the State of Maine; "Laws can only check the public effects of vicious principles; but can never reach the principles themselves." Nature has done more to make Portland an agreeable place of abode

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than the most fantastic legislation can counterbalance. Even were it otherwise, the name of this city is certain of being held in kindly remembrance; Mr. Longfellow was born here.

The scenery along the railway, after leaving Portland is pretty, without being remarkable. To the left there is a mountain range which gratifies the eye. After ninety miles have been traversed, the passengers who purpose making a tour in the White Mountains leave the train at Gosham. One of these, Mount Washington, to which the Indians gave the simple name of "Agiocochook," has always seemed to me the most wonderful mountain in the world, provided the account I read of it in a local newspaper be literally accurate; it was there said to be "crowned with perpetual snow for nine months out of the twelve." At Island Pond station, about 150 miles distant from Portland, a halt is made for the double purpose of taking refreshment and having the luggage examined by the custom-house officers. Soon after this station has been left behind, a little stream is pointed out as forming the boundary-line between the two countries. This portion of Canadian soil, which is designated the Eastern Townships, has a rich and well-tilled aspect. Nothing, however, is specially noteworthy till the Victoria Bridge is reached; this is quite as wonderful as a work of man as the great river which it spans is as a work of nature. The bridge is one mile and a half long. Nearly a million and a half sterling was expended upon it. Its solidity is as notable as its length. Men shook their heads and confidently predicted that the piers would be swept away by the enormous pressure of the ice when the river

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became a series of miniature and swiftly moving icebergs in the spring time; but the rapid current has borne along masses of ice year after year without the stability of the bridge having been endangered for a moment.

Montreal is one of the most remarkable cities of North America. Though 600 miles distant from the ocean, it may be termed a sea-port. Vessels exceeding 3,000 tons burden can lie alongside its solid stone quays. Not so quaint as Quebec, nor so new as Toronto, less French than the former, and less English than the latter, it represents an epitome of Canadian history. The two European races which people Canada meet here on neutral yet congenial ground. Working in unison, they have built up a splendid city and established commercial relations with the civilized globe. The pleasures of life can be enjoyed here while the business of money-making is being actively pursued; the successful merchant who has a house on Mount Royal is a man to be envied. From Montreal, I went by the Grand Trunk to Prescott Junction, whence I proceeded by a branch line to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. In my opinion, the capital of a country ought to be the principal city in it. A long time must elapse before Ottawa becomes entitled to the appellation of the principal city of Canada. It is as artificial a capital as Washington. It was selected because the conflicting claims of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto being irreconcilable, the choice was left to the Queen, who ended the rivalry by bestowing the palm upon Ottawa. Its foundation dates from the year 1827. The population is still under 30,000, yet the city is gradually increasing alike in inhabitants and influ-

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ence; and, when it becomes a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, its progress may be equal to its ambition. The Houses of Parliament and Government Offices are the most conspicuous objects in Ottawa. They are built in the Gothic style of architecture, and are at once impressive in appearance, and admirably adapted for the purposes they are intended to subserve. Situated on an eminence resembling the rocky heights on which the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling stand, they dominate the scene. The Ottawa river winds at the base of this eminence; the view from the path on the side facing the river is as romantic as can be imagined. Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, is in the suburb of New Edinburgh, which lies below the capital. The gardens of this official abode are nicely laid out; they had been planned and, when I saw them, were kept in order by a Scottish gardener. The house itself, when I first visited it, was neither commodious nor attractive; but it has been lately rebuilt and greatly improved. Across the river is the town of Hull in the Province of Quebec. I was startled with the change on entering it. It seemed as if I had crossed the Channel from Southampton to Havre and entered Normandy. A signboard on the first house I saw intimated that "tabac" was sold there; the first woman I passed in the main street had the look of a Norman peasant. Contrasts like these strikingly remind the stranger that Canada is a far more varied country than the United States. There are many other objects of interest in Ottawa; however, I cannot describe them in detail at present, having to take the train back to Prescott Junction

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on my way over the Grand Trunk to Toronto, which is reached in about ten hours' time. The traveller who has to wait for the train at Prescott Junction will not regret taking luncheon or dinner there. A better managed refreshment-room, when I visited it, could with difficulty be found, even on the line from Paris to Marseilles.

Having formerly journeyed to the capital of Ontario in the manner described, I purposed going thither on the present occasion by way of Niagara Falls, revisiting the Province of Quebec by descending the St. Lawrence and continuing my route over the Intercolonial Railway as far as Halifax. Circumstances which have no interest for the reader obliged me to leave out the most novel and interesting part of this programme. To traverse the maritime Provinces of Canada, as well as the Province of British Columbia and the prairie Province of Manitoba, is still one of my unsatisfied desires. Some day or other, I hope to journey through this magnificent Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so as to be enabled to compare it, as a whole, with the territory of the United States, over which I have travelled from ocean to ocean. I do not regret, however, that I was permitted to devote more time than I might otherwise have done to a second and more prolonged study of the Province of Ontario.

Stopping at Niagara Falls on my way to Toronto, I gazed with renewed wonder on the grand sight of the green waters which flow out of Lake Erie taking a majestic leap on their headlong course towards the deep blue waters of Lake Ontario, whence issues the noble river St. Lawrence. I crossed the Lake in the

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City of Toronto steamer, which plies between Lewiston and the capital of Ontario. A conspicuous object from the United States side of the Lake is the monument to General Brock. No other man did more than Sir Isaac Brock to secure the independence of Upper Canada. He filled the office of President there when an armed force, numbering 2,500, came from the United States in order to subjugate the people and annex their coveted territory. To oppose the invader, he had 300 regulars, 400 militia, and 600 Indians, under his command. Resistance having been deemed hopeless, he had been instructed to fall back upon Montreal. He determined, if possible, to strike a blow before retiring. But it was doubtful whether the militia would engage in the hazardous enterprise. Parading them before the Court-house in York, he addressed them from the steps, stating what his own desire was, and adding that those men who were ready to volunteer in so desperate a service would take one pace to the front. The four companies simultaneously advanced one pace, and gave three cheers for their Chief. How well he commanded them, and how admirably they followed him, is a story which is familiar to all readers of Canadian history. When he fell mortally wounded, his last words were, "Push on, brave York volunteers." His death was nearly as serviceable as his life in inspiring men, fighting in defence of their liberties and their homes, to resist the enemy with a resolution which had its reward. The battle of Queenstown Heights, in which Brock lost his life, like others which preceded and followed it, was as great a political blunder as the attack of the British troops upon Lexington and Concord, or the contest

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at Bunker Hill. Every schoolboy in Ontario is taught how his forefathers boldly and successfully withstood the onslaught of the forces of the United States upon a "free, a loyal, and a contented people." If the Government of the United States had determined upon a method to render the annexation of Canada almost impossible, they could not have succeeded in accomplishing their object more effectually than by trying to conquer Canada in 1776 and 1812, and by failing to prevent the infamous Fenian raids in our day.

A political blunder, still less defensible, was the emphatic refusal of the United States Government to reimburse Canada for the damages sustained during the Fenian raids, at the very time that the same Government demanded an apology for and a reference to arbitration of the *Alabama* claims. I do not wonder that the Canadians should consider themselves the victims of high-handed dealing. The Treaty of Washington was a gross injustice in their eyes. Their grievances, though dormant, are not dead; the bad spirit which has been created bodes ill for the future. They reasonably argued that the injury which they had sustained was obvious and unquestionable. They remembered how readily their Government paid the losses incurred when St. Alban's was plundered. It would have cost the Government of the United States very little to conciliate the Canadians, and it was an error in tactics, not only to refuse them the material compensation to which they had a just claim, but even to refrain from expressing those words of good fellowship which not only salve over many sins of omission, but also help to convert foes into allies.

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After having endured broiling heat in a railway carriage from Niagara Falls, it was a welcome change to sail under an awning in a steamer through the cool breeze upon Lake Ontario. A stoppage is made at Niagara, a pleasant place of summer resort for Canadians. This was originally the capital of Upper Canada. When Mr. Weld saw it in 1796, it contained seventy dwellings, a gaol, a Court-house, and a Legislative Assembly. It was then called Newark; it had previously borne the names of Lenox and Nassau. Upon Toronto becoming the capital, this place was again known by the name which was first given to it, a name which it has preserved ever since. Before we had traversed half the distance across the Lake, the air became so cool that an overcoat was a comfort. There was nothing to vary the prospect, excepting here and there the white sails of a schooner and the smoking funnel of a steam-boat. Indeed, it was difficult to believe that this vast sheet of water was but a Lake. Compared with the Lakes of Constance and Geneva it is a sea; the area of the Sea of Marmora is smaller by 800 square miles; yet Lake Ontario is of but limited extent, its area being 6,000 square miles, when compared with such inland seas as Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, the area of the former being 12,600, and of the latter 22,400 square miles. When the wind blows and the angry waves are crested with foam, it is scarcely possible for the best-skilled sailor to distinguish, either by appearance or sensation, between such a piece of water as this and the open and apparently limitless deep. Reflections of this class are abruptly terminated when the Custom-House officer comes to examine the luggage.

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I am not a smuggler by profession. However congenial such a pursuit may have been to Dirk Hatteraick, it has never had any charms for me. Moreover, I am unable to draw the line between stealing and smuggling, or to regard a smuggler as any better than a vulgar thief. I fear, however, that I am an exception. Travellers on the continents of Europe and America are treated as suspected smugglers. I told the Canadian Custom-House officer that I had no more intention of introducing anything into Canada surreptitiously than of marrying my grandmother, and that, even if I entertained so wicked a thought, I should be unaware what to select. Of course he did not believe me. He ransacked my luggage with greater thoroughness, thinking, no doubt, that my protestation of innocence was only a mask to deceive him. Nor can he be blamed. His official belief is that a traveller's chief end is to smuggle, and that his business is to thwart this knavery. Certainly he performed his duty with unswerving vigilance. The rule at home is much more sensible, the officers at our seaports being ordered to examine the luggage of those persons only who excite their suspicion, or to content themselves with choosing one article out of a passenger's luggage for inspection. It is on the same rational principle that a coast-guardsman does not board every passing vessel in quest of contraband goods, and that a policeman does not take every person in the street into custody when he is on the look-out for a criminal. In Canada, however, it is thought necessary to follow the course I have indicated, and certainly I can bear testimony to the minuteness with which the officer on board the *City*

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of Toronto examined the luggage, and to the determination he evinced to subject both himself and the passengers to much unnecessary trouble. An unanswerable reason against over-strictness on the part of the Customs authorities, is the fact that nearly every article of commerce is dearer in the Republic than in the Dominion. I did not see any discoveries made by the energetic officer on board, and I was almost sorry to think that his toil had been fruitless. It is but fair to add that he performed his thankless task with a courtesy which did him credit.

Lake Ontario is 65 miles wide, at the broadest part, and 180 miles long. In mid-lake, the breeze was chilling; but, as we neared the Canadian shore, the heat resembled the blast of a furnace. The lofty spire of St. James's Cathedral is the first object which is remarked by a spectator. Quite as conspicuous is the cloud of smoke which overhangs the houses. This is due to the chimneys of several manufactories. No law prohibits a manufacturer from polluting the air with volumes of dense smoke, an omission which, in the interest of health even more than for the sake of appearance, ought to be repaired. When Lord Palmerston was Home Secretary, he distinguished himself by persuading Parliament to pass an Act forbidding the unnecessary formation of smoke; the result in London has been remarkable. Formerly, the manufactories on the south side of the Thames used to resemble small volcanoes in their smokiest stage; now, the emission of smoke from a chimney-stalk is an exception which meets with prompt punishment. In consequence of the absence of smoke some flowers thrive and bloom

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in the Temple Gardens nearly as well as they do in Devonshire, whereas, before this beneficent Act was in operation, no flower could flourish there. Moreover, the manufacturer is the gainer, as his furnaces consume less fuel. The legislators of Ontario would do well to profit by this lesson. A spacious bay affords shelter to the shipping at Toronto. An island, on which a few trees grow, and on which there are a few houses, as well as a lighthouse and the waterworks, lies on the outer side of this bay. Seen from a distance, this island resembles one in the Pacific fringed with palm-trees. On nearer approach, the aspect is less attractive.

Toronto was founded in the spring of 1794 by General Simcoe, and was named York, a name which was changed in 1834 to that which it now bears, being one given to the spot by the Indians, and signifying in their tongue "the place of meeting." Its progress was not very rapid at first. During the war which the United States waged between 1812 and 1815 it was occupied by the troops of that country, and its public buildings were burnt to the ground. This was done by the express orders of the United States Government, the declared purpose being that the innocent inhabitants of Upper Canada might be made to suffer as severely as possible. Of late, Toronto has grown very fast, and has risen very high in wealth and importance. Not long before the beginning of the present century, the site of this city was the abode of two Indian families; in 1817, the population numbered 1,200; in 1850, it numbered 25,000; it is now nearly 70,000. As a commercial emporium, Toronto has become a formidable rival to Montreal. It is the starting-place

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for three trunk-lines of rail; the Grand Trunk, the Great Western, and the Northern of Canada. During the summer months, there is daily communication with Montreal by steamer, while a considerable amount of traffic is carried on with the Lake towns by sailing vessels. Indeed, Toronto is to the Dominion, what Chicago is to the United States. The farmers of the West send their produce for shipment, and they come here to make their purchases. Toronto is the seat of the Courts of Law, of two Universities, and of the Provincial Legislature. The leading newspaper in the Dominion appears here. The publishers who do the largest business in the country have their offices in this city. As a mart for commerce, a place of business, a hive of manufactures, a city where the arts which soften and adorn life are cultivated and held in honour, a centre whence radiate political and social ideas which influence the entire Canadian division of America, Toronto not only justifies its position as the capital of the Province of Ontario, but is beyond all question one of the most truly representative cities in the great Dominion of Canada.

I was surprised to see how many changes had occurred in this city during the few years which have elapsed since my last visit. The rows of new warehouses and merchants' offices in the street fronting the bay are equal in structural effect and magnitude to any which are to be found in North America. In the suburbs, large numbers of villas have been built for the accommodation of merchants who have enriched themselves. When Captain Marryat was here in 1837, he declared that "the houses and stores were not to be compared with those of

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the American towns opposite." By way of explanation, he added that "the Englishman had built according to his means, the American according to his expectations." Now that the private and public buildings are quite as fine as those of any city in the United States it is clear, if Captain Marryat's explanation hold good, that the means of the citizens of Toronto are as vast as the expectations of their neighbours. Not only was I struck with the new warehouses and villas and with the imposing new Post Office, but I was also impressed with the progress in luxury shown by the two handsome Club houses which have recently been erected, and which, alike in external effect and internal arrangement, would do credit to Pall Mall or St. James's Street.

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XIV.

THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

FENIMORE COOPER, the Walter Scott of the United States, who threw a halo of romantic interest over the Red Indian of North America at the time when his power was departing along with the primeval forest which had been his home, wrote another book which once attracted as much notice as any of his novels. It was entitled "Notions of the Americans picked up by a travelling Bachelor," was professedly from the pen of an English traveller in the United States, and was published at Philadelphia in 1828. Cooper there asked:—"Why is not the fertile Province of Upper Canada as much distinguished for its advancement in all the useful arts of life as the States of the neighbouring Republic? and why, under so many physical disadvantages, are the comparatively sterile and rocky States of New England remarkable for those very qualities amid their own flourishing and healthful sisters?" The answer given to this query is that the inhabitants of the States which excited Cooper's admiration are notable for an "intelligence" which, according to him, is lacking in the British Province. How far this may have been true fifty years ago, I cannot tell; but I am certain that the

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Province now called Ontario has not been hindered, by an actual deficiency of intelligence in the inhabitants, from making as rapid progress, in all the useful arts of life, as any State in New England. Unfortunately, it is customary in the United States to sneer at everything Canadian, and to treat the great Dominion, which comprises half the North American continent, as a subject of pity or contempt. If, however, the Dominion were really contemptible, less notice would be taken of its doings. Unless I entirely misinterpret and misrepresent public sentiment in the United States, there is a latent fear lest the progress of Canada should falsify a good many unfavourable prophecies and disappoint a good many unneighbourly expectations.

With the dogmatic and depreciatory statement which Cooper made public in 1828, I think it instructive to contrast the verdict which a great and unprejudiced New Englander passed in 1859 upon the capital of this maligned Province. In a letter written to the Honourable Edward Everett, in that year, Mr. Ticknor says:—"Toronto is much more of a place, and there are more cultivated people there than I had any notion of. They have a good college there for certain purposes, but the province has another, on a larger and more liberal scale. They are just completing for it a very large stone building —three sides of a quadrangle—which is a finer building and better adapted to its purposes than any similar one in the United States; I suspect a finer building than we have for any purpose whatever, except the Capitol at Washington. It is in the Norman style of architecture." This is not very enthusiastic praise; most of it being expended upon

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a building. Yet it is significant for two reasons. The first is that Mr. Ticknor was unprepared to find any cultivated people in Toronto, and the second is that he was astonished to learn that those persons whom he had heard others depreciate, had advanced so far in "the useful arts of life," as to make splendid provision for the highest branch of education. With every desire to be impartial, I have signally failed in perceiving a distinct want of "intelligence" in my Canadian brethren as compared with what prevails among the citizens of the States of New England. If this were ever true, the transformation has been complete. Let it be admitted that there was a time in the annals of what used to be called Upper Canada, when the chief care of every inhabitant was to provide food for himself and his family: the explanation of this, however, disposes of the sneer of Cooper, and does no credit to his countrymen.

Some of the best blood of the settlers in the Province of Ontario flowed in the veins of the United Empire Loyalists, and still flows in those of their successors. Having been expelled from their ancestral possessions in the United States, they found a new and undisturbed home in the Province over which the flag of Great Britain waved. The country was then a wilderness, and existence was a toil. The settlers were inspired with an idea which ennobled and nerved them amidst their sufferings and labours. They had been forced to leave their native homes because they would not help or sanction the disruption of an Empire which glorified and widened the dominion of their race, even though it were indisputable that its temporary rulers had failed in

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understanding and fulfilling their duties. It is now admitted, when too late, that these loyalists were men of high principle and lofty aspirations, and none regrets their punishment more sincerely than the descendants of those persons who thought themselves the friends of their country in inflicting it. Few things are more certain than the fact that, if the United Empire Loyalists had been suffered to remain in the United States, the foundation of Upper Canada would never have been laid, and that the annexation of this portion of the continent to the United States would have been effected soon after the consolidation of the Republic. I can easily imagine that, when this century began, the Canadian people would seem backward in the eyes of the critic who made no allowance for their difficulties. At that period a Royal Mendicant, on entering one of their towns, might have been subjected to the discomfiture of the one of whom it is told, in Mr. Lane's version of the "Arabian Nights," that, having arrived at a town poor and friendless, he was kindly entertained by a compassionate tailor. After the latter had fed and lodged him for three days, he said, "Dost thou not know any trade by which to make gain?" The Mendicant, who was a king's son, answered, "I am acquainted with the law, a student of science, a writer, and an arithmetician." The tailor told him that these things yielded no profit in that country, and advised the Mendicant "to take an axe and a rope and cut firewood in the desert, and so obtain his subsistence." Even now, although plenty of men who are learned in the law, who are students of science, who are writers, and excellent arithmeticians, find profitable occupation in Ontario,

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yet the surest way to earn a livelihood there is the old and simple one of wielding an axe or guiding a plough.

When the recognition of the independence of the United States of America, and the conclusion of peace between the parent State and its great offshoot were the subject of negotiation at Paris in 1782, Franklin included the cession of Canada and the Bermudas among the things which Great Britain ought to perform, and which the Government he represented had a right to demand. Though he struggled vigorously to obtain a diplomatic victory, yet he was foiled by the determination of the British Ministry to refuse even a hearing to claims which they regarded as alike inadmissible and preposterous. The invasion of Canada was the first important act of aggression performed by the Congress of the Thirteen United Colonies; another attempt to subjugate her was the motive, though not the pretext, for the Congress of the United States declaring war against Great Britain. While the freedom of Canada to guide her own destiny is still guaranteed by connexion with the Motherland, Canadians generally believe that the hope of adding this magnificent piece of territory to the Republic continues to animate the citizens of the United States. The avowal is not made so often or in the same tone as in former days.

If a speaker were now to address Congress on this topic, he would probably be more measured than Mr. Clay, who declared in that august Assembly —"We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean. I would take the whole Continent from them, and ask them no

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favours. God has given us the power and the means." At a later date another patriot, whose reputation as an orator is not quite equal to that of Mr. Clay, but whom some persons regard as a representative man, undertook in the Senate of the United States to compel Canada to enter the Union, and to perform this task with the aid of a regiment of Michigan militia. Mr. Senator Chandler's power to execute such a feat was questioned by many of his countrymen, while his admirers maintained that he was not the man to allow doubts or modesty to hinder him from indulging in speculations or promises. His fanfaronade subserved one useful purpose. Till he made this offer, no exact parallel could have been found to General Grant, the fervent and indiscreet supporter of Lord North, who boasted in the House of Commons that he could easily march through the rebellious Colonies of America at the head of a small force and settle all grievances by overawing the aggrieved. The fate of Burgoyne and Cornwallis enables us to understand how General Grant would have fared had his foolish vaunting been put to the test. Mr. Chandler has mercifully been preserved from failure by the absence of an opportunity to act the entire part of Captain Bobadil.

Charles Sumner, a statesman of a very different stamp from Mr. Chandler, though not always his superior in temperate utterance, told the convention of the Massachusetts Republican party, held at Worcester in 1869, that the transfer of Canada was neither so simple nor easy as had been supposed. He wished it to happen, but he did not expect the immediate fulfilment of his wish. He thought, how-

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ever, that, at a day not very far distant, the invitation made by Franklin, as Commissioner for the Continental Congress, and seconded by the troops of Arnold and Montgomery, would gladly be accepted. Mr. Sumner added,—"Long ago the Continental Congress passed away, living only in its deeds. Long ago the great Commissioner rested from his labours to become a star in our firmament. But the invitation survives not only in the archives of our history, but in all American hearts, constant and continuing as when first issued, believing as we do that such a union, in the fulness of time, with the goodwill of the Mother Country and the accord of both parties, must be the harbinger of infinite good. Nor do I doubt that this will be accomplished." He knew that the Reciprocity Treaty, which the United States had abrogated, was an arrangement which the Canadians desired to renew; he predicted that it would "be transfigured in union, while our plural unit is strengthened and extended."

I need not discuss this forecast of the future; suffice it to state that there are no visible tokens of the Canadians being inclined to hasten or help the fulfilment of Charles Sumner's aspirations and prophecy. They are the best judges of what would prove for their advantage. Even if they thought fit to treat with indifference the passionate and belligerent utterances of Clay and Mr. Chandler, and to regard the calmer views of Charles Sumner as the expressions of an amiable enthusiast, they might cite the opinions of other citizens of the United States in testimony of the difficulty of dwelling in political amity with a people who stigmatize them as unworthy members of human society. Men who are

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neither accepted statesmen nor professional politicians have passed a condemnation upon the inhabitants of Canada which it is hard to forget or explain away. Mr. Thoreau may be numbered among them. He was a man of fine nature,—an Emerson of the open-air. In 1850, he paid a short visit to Canada, and, in rendering an account of his impressions, he remarked that, in Montreal, "On every prominent ledge you could see England's hands holding the Canadas, and I judged by the redness of her knuckles that she would soon have to let go." This transcendental utterance either meant that England retained hold of Canada by main force, or else that she maintained her place there till it pleased the United States to dispossess her. The one supposition is utterly incorrect, and the other is open to serious argument. At Quebec, he moralized in a strain which I leave it to the Canadians to appreciate:—"A private man was not worth so much in Canada as in the United States; and if your wealth in any measure consists in manliness, in originality, and independence, you had better stay here. . . . . I suspect that a poor man who is not servile is a much rarer phenomenon there and in England than in the Northern United States." [1] From Cooper to Thoreau and from Clay to Sumner the language used by notable citizens of the United States concerning Canada, is not more complimentary than that which they apply to Mexico.

Considering that there is an unfriendliness on the part of the United States towards her northern neighbour as censurable as that which was made a

[1] "A Yankee in Canada," by H. D. Thoreau, pp. 17, 76, 77.

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charge against Great Britain in the official statement of the case of the Republic respecting the *Alabama* claims, I cannot understand how the peaceful and harmonious incorporation of the Dominion can be seriously entertained, as an early contingency, by any clear-headed member of the Congress of the Republic. During my present visit, I was informed that jealousy of the United States was an increasing quantity throughout Canada, while confidence in the capacity and future greatness of the Dominion was extending in a remarkable degree. Formerly, a few men were pointed out to me who believed that annexation to the neighbouring Republic was only a question of time. But a few years have elapsed since then, and most of these men have either recanted their opinions, or else found it politic to conceal them. The scheme of confederation is knitting Canada together as closely as confederation has bound the thirteen States of America into a nation. To be a member of the Parliament at Ottawa is an ambition as satisfying as to be a member of the Congress which once met at Philadelphia and now meets at Washington. The Dominion Parliament legislates for a territory much vaster than that over which the earlier American Congresses exercised jurisdiction. Canadian legislators have problems to consider and solve as important as any which occupy and perplex the legislators of the United States. When the centenary of the confederation of Canada is celebrated, the population and power of the Dominion may not be inferior to those of the United States when the great anniversary of the Republic was the subject of general congratulation and rejoicing. Certainly,

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in natural resources, the Canadian section of America lacks nothing which the United States section possesses, and I have not seen it proved that political aptitude and national opportunity are less on the one side of the border than on the other.

Each Province of the Dominion has its local Legislature. In the Canadian Articles of Confederation, the rule which governs the Constitution of the United States is reversed. The latter reserves to Congress the power to control those matters only which are specifically set forth, all the questions not so reserved falling within the jurisdiction of the several States. In Canada, on the other hand, everything which is not specifically reserved to the several Provinces falls within the jurisdiction of Parliament. Thus the Canadian Parliament is comparatively a more powerful body than the United States Congress; it can exercise an all-pervading authority without dread of finding an insurmountable obstacle in the rights of a local Assembly. An Act of Congress could not have abolished slavery unless special power to pass one had first been granted by an amendment to the Constitution, made with the consent of three fourths of the States. In a similar case, an Act of the Dominion Parliament would effect the desired object, provided that the Crown did not exercise the right of veto. Subject to this limitation, which in practice is found to be no check upon beneficent legislation, the Canadian Parliament yields to but one legislative body in the extent and comprehensiveness of its jurisdiction. The manner in which this Parliament is constituted and performs its duty, affords an attractive study for every student of political science. Even the

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citizens of the United States might learn something by observing the working of this free constitution of their neighbours. Yet, unless Cooper has disparaged them, they are unlikely to profit by the opportunity:—"He knew no people that trouble themselves less about the political concerns of other nations than his countrymen. It may be vanity, but they think they have little to learn in this particular, except of themselves."

When the Province of Ontario formed its Legislature, it was determined with equal boldness and wisdom to constitute a House of Assembly, composed of a single Chamber. In the Province of Quebec, on the contrary, the Legislature consists of a Council and an Assembly, just as, in each State and Territory of the American Union, there is a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Parliament of Great Britain is the model which has been generally copied, alike in the Old and the New World, although the reason which prevailed when that Parliament obtained its present form has ceased to operate on either side of the Atlantic. Franklin was too astute and clear-headed not to perceive this, and he endeavoured to persuade the framers of the Constitution of his country to provide a single Chamber for legislative purposes. The State of Pennsylvania adopted this plan, and abandoned it chiefly because the State did not like to appear singular. The States of Vermont and New Hampshire followed the example of Pennsylvania. In former days, it might have been difficult to induce the Three Estates of England to meet together under one roof and deliberate in common, and custom has consecrated the existing practice in the

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eyes of the nation. But in the United States or Canada it was easy to try another and a simpler arrangement, and the Province of Ontario merits praise not only for having made the experiment, but for having given it a fair trial. Ten years will soon have elapsed since the Ontario House of Assembly held its first sitting. Proposals have been made to add an Upper House, so as to give employment to an extra number of representatives; but the inhabitants of the Province, by refusing to entertain these suggestions, have shown their good sense. In truth, the single Chamber has succeeded as well as its advocates could have desired. The Honourable Rupert Wells, the present Speaker, told me that the members exhibit by their conduct how conscious they are of the responsibility which devolves upon them. No undue haste is manifested in passing a measure which has been the subject of grave doubt or discussion. Of course, the majority have a greater power in such an Assembly than they would have in one where their decisions are open to revision or reversal; but, because the vote of the majority cannot be reviewed in this way, the decision is arrived at under a due sense of responsibility and after greater consideration than it might otherwise receive. Measures which it would be rash to approve or condemn, without careful deliberation, are generally postponed from one session to another. Indeed, this experiment ought to be watched with the greater interest because it may be fraught with important issues. There is no reason why such a legislative body should not prove equally advantageous elsewhere. In such bodies as the Congress of the United States, the Parliament of the

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United Kingdom and the Parliament of Canada, one Chamber is the practical depositary of power. At Washington, the Senate is the ruling influence; at Westminster or Ottawa, the House of Commons is the place which an ambitious man desires to enter, and in which a great Minister can attain his objects. France, not being satisfied with a National Assembly, must needs create a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate, in order that the one might balance the other; so that a measure voted by the one should be rejected by the other, and that the public should be provided with unhealthy excitement by beholding a constant antagonism between the two Chambers, and an occasional collision between them. Nothing of the kind can happen in Toronto, while the quality of legislation there is not inferior to that at Versailles, or even to that in the adjoining Province of Quebec.

It has been estimated that there are more politics to the square mile in Canada than in any other portion of the habitable globe. Contending parties struggle here with an energy which causes the cool-headed bystander to marvel exceedingly. What puzzles him is to ascertain and understand the fundamental principles of the opposing parties. He hears one man denounced as a Conservative and another as a Reformer or a Grit: should he ask what mischief is averted by the one and what change is contemplated by the other, he asks in vain, unless he be more fortunate than myself. I do not refer to purely local topics. An intelligent Vestry or Town Council can easily be thrown into a fever by the consideration of the best way in which to pave a street or feed a pauper. It is fortunate that such a

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topic as either should afford a vent to the superfluous energy of my esteemed fellow-citizens when they act in a public capacity. But the truly national politics of Canada are neither trivial nor restricted in scope. They concern the welfare of a continent vaster than Europe, and the well-being of a people with every aptitude for progress and distinction. How best to develope the resources of that continent, and advance the happiness of its inhabitants, is a problem that men of all shades of opinion should unite in solving; it is one which might fairly tax the greatest minds of the age. Yet, as a matter of fact, the chief object of the politicians with whom I have conversed seems to be the exaltation of the Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald and the discomfiture of the Honourable George Brown, or the debasement of the former and the advancement of the latter. Sir John Macdonald is the head of the Conservatives, and the Honourable George Brown, though not the head of the Ministry, is undoubtedly the mainstay of the Reformers. To the persistent and able efforts of the latter a measure of real reform is attributable, the representation of the Provinces in proportion to their population. Both are entitled to praise for the accomplishment of the greatest step in the annals and progress of Canada, the formation of the Dominion. A bloody war with Great Britain was the prelude to a similar triumph in the United States section of America; in Canada, the grand result was brought about by many excellent newspaper articles, by several convincing speeches, and by an Act of the Imperial Parliament. Now that Confederation has been attained, every patriotic Canadian ought to be at once a genuine Conservative and a thorough-

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going Reformer, ought to be determined to conserve what he enjoys and glories in, and reform whatever interferes with the permanence and value of his heritage. Chief among indispensable reforms is the removal of the natural and surmountable impediments to the development of this huge territory, with a view to render the vast and fertile prairies of the north-west easily accessible to the emigrant, and to knit together with links of steel the Provinces which are traversed by the St. Lawrence, and washed by the Atlantic, with the Provinces which are traversed by the Saskatchewan, and washed by the Pacific. On such a question as this politicians ought to be of one mind, and ought to speak with an accordant voice. Yet, whether a Pacific Railway should be constructed, or how the work should be executed, is a question which has caused the fall of one Ministry, and has exposed its successor to merciless criticism and cavil.

On another matter, which should not occasion marked diversity of opinion among people so enlightened as the Canadians, there is a discord which finds expression in the Press, on the platform, and in Parliament. It is still held to be an open and debatable question whether the unrestricted interchange of commodities be a blessing or a curse, whether Free Trade be an absolute benefit or an utter delusion. In the United States it has been decided to make the consumers pay dearly for certain articles of necessity or luxury, in order that national industries might be established and subsidized, and that some manufacturers should become rich men. Many Canadians envy the United States manu-

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facturers, and think that they, too, would be envied in turn, if a policy of Protection were adopted and pursued. The Conservatives have staked their hopes of returning to office upon the advocacy of protection to every product of native industry, from the flour with which they bake their bread, to the sewing-machine with which they stitch their clothes. The Reformers used to trumpet forth, with commendable precision and unanimity, the advantages of a liberal tariff and unfettered trade; but their trumpet now gives an uncertain sound. Some of them think that much would be gained owing to the imposition of what they style incidental, but what I should term differential, protective duties, and members of both parties have declared that the farmers of Ontario would be richer were a duty levied on the flour imported into Canada proportioned to that levied on the flour exported to the United States from Canada. That some farmers in Canada would be temporary gainers by this is probable; but it is unlikely that the people at large would be the better in the long-run, while it is certain that the inhabitants of the maritime Provinces would treat the proposed impost as a distinct injury to them.

An article in the *Toronto Globe*, on this question, contained an extract from a speech delivered at Washington by Mr. Marshall, a representative from the State of Illinois, supplying a noteworthy picture of the difficulties with which a western farmer has to contend in the Union. Some exceptions were taken to a few details by the *Mail*, the lively and uncompromising rival of the *Globe*, but the relevancy of the statement, as a whole, cannot be challenged. Mr. Marshall told the House of Representatives that

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—"The farmer starting to his work has a shoe put on his horse with nails taxed at 67 per cent., driven by a hammer taxed at 54 per cent.; cuts a stick with a knife taxed 50 per cent.; hitches his horse to a plough taxed 50 per cent., with chains taxed 67 per cent. He returns to his home at night, and lays his wearied limbs on a sheet taxed 58 per cent., and covers himself with a blanket that has paid 250 per cent. He rises in the morning, puts on his humble flannel shirt, taxed 80 per cent.; his coat, taxed 50 per cent.; shoes taxed 35 per cent., and hat taxed 70 per cent.; opens family worship with a Bible taxed 25 per cent., and kneels to his God on a humble carpet taxed 150 per cent. He sits down to his humble meal from a plate taxed 40 per cent., with knife and fork taxed 35 per cent.; drinks his cup of coffee taxed 47 per cent., or tea 78 per cent.; seasons his food with salt taxed 100 per cent.; pepper, 297 per cent.; or spice, 379 per cent. He looks around upon his wife and children all taxed in the same way, takes a chew of tobacco taxed at 100 per cent., or lights a cigar taxed 120 per cent., and then thanks his stars that he lives in the freest and best Government under heaven." Can any Canadian farmer, after reading this, really envy the privileges of his brother in the United States? The former would soon be in the position of the latter, if the system of imposing protective duties on his produce were once begun. The United States would not be easily checkmated. In playing this game of brag, or rather of beggar my neighbour, the older Government would prove more than a match for the younger.

The one which was prepared to make the greater

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sacrifice would gain the day, and though victory would be defeat in disguise, yet this would matter little to those persons who held that they had achieved a nominal triumph. In the end, the Canadian farmer would be poorer than at the outset, because he would have to give proportionately more for what he bought than he had obtained for what he sold. But such predictions have no terror for men who believe in Protection as the panacea for all the ills of industry. Tell them that it is a quack medicine, and they will reply, as is done by many people, whom their charitable neighbours give credit for the possession of common sense, when they hear a quack medicine scoffed at, "That may be perfectly true, but after all there must be something in it, for it has effected many cures." They will cite the case of the Mother country as a conclusive answer to abstract reasoning, and say that Protection enriched her, and prepared the way for that system of Free-trade which is enriching her more than ever. Both in the United States and Canada, I have heard this repeated as if it were conclusive, and barred all further argument. Thus it is that one blunder engenders another, and that the evil which States have done is pregnant with mischief after they have learned to do well. Nothing can be more certain than that Protection was an incubus which depressed the energies of Great Britain for many a year, and that, had she shaken off the monster at an earlier day, she would have been still wealthier and more powerful now. It is erroneously supposed that the continuance of a protective system elsewhere is a serious loss to her, and the belief is common in the United States section of America, and is also enter-

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tained by a good many persons in the Canadian one, that a selfish desire to promote the enrichment of Great Britain inspires all those of her sons who advocate the unrestricted interchange of produce and manufactures. When a suspicion of this kind is once entertained, it cannot be removed by argument. The case is analogous to that of the father who warns his son against indulging in excesses which may shorten his life, which will certainly embitter it, or will cause him to feel regret, when too late, that he had not been more prudent in his youth. The son fancies that this is either an exaggeration, or else that his father is too selfish to allow him to enjoy himself. He sees, moreover, that his father has lived to a good old age, is highly respected, is very rich, and seems none the worse for any indiscretions committed in early life. He may even persuade himself that indulgence in youthful follies has been of some advantage to his father. He determines, then, to follow the bent of his inclination as a prelude to living soberly and reputably when his wild oats have been harvested. It is obvious that, if the son could begin the world with the father's experience, or if he would really profit by the advice which is alike perfectly sound and perfectly disinterested, he might be spared many disappointments, and become a useful member of society. What is true of individuals is equally true of nations; nations, however, resent good advice even more angrily than individuals, for they fancy that it must be designed to lower their status in the world, and lessen their power of outstripping competitors.

Indeed, the main reason why new countries and colonies are attached to the Protective system is that

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they regard it as an indispensable condition for enabling them to command respect. When it is said in the United States, "Let us protect native industry," the meaning is, let us uphold our nationality, make ourselves self-sufficing, and strive to render the nations of Europe dependent upon us. A policy of exclusion was carried out with a rigour in Japan which can never be surpassed elsewhere; since the Japanese have reversed it, they have lost nothing either in power or in the world's esteem. In Canada, the cry of Protection for native industry means "Let us build up a nationality and become something different from our neighbours across the frontier and our brethren across the ocean." Here is a problem which is not to be solved by reasoning. A Free Trader, in the fullest and truest sense, desires the happiness of the greatest number; his sympathies are co-extensive with mankind. A Protectionist is satisfied if he can promote the material well-being of those among whom he was born; his sympathies are bounded by his country. Until the sentiment of the brotherhood of mankind shall prevail among a given people, and the ideal at which they aim be the general good of the world, it is hopeless to expect that they will exchange Protection for Free Trade, provided they believe that any personal and local gain is obtainable by discouraging the industry of all the rest of the human race. The sum of many conversations on this subject both in the United States and Canada is that Great Britain incurs as much censure and excites as much envy for preaching Free Trade now as she did for practising Protection a century ago, and the circumstance that she adds example to precept is considered an aggravation of her present offence.

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Sufficient attention has not been given to a desire which has been expressed for the formal recognition of Canadian nationality. Much has been written about Canadian loyalty, which is certainly very exuberant and thoroughly sincere. I believe that if the Queen were to visit Canada, the popular demonstration there would be astounding in its fervour. Yet to confound this loyalty, with blind admiration for the Motherland, is to commit a great and common mistake. Everything done in the parent State is followed in Canada with an interest which is neither felt nor professed in the United States; but, let any attempt be made to affect Canada in a way deemed unfair and prejudicial, and there will be no hesitation about objecting with remarkable emphasis. In truth, the loyalty of Canadians closely resembles that of those among their forefathers who suffered for being United Empire Loyalists. They are justly proud of the political system of which they form a part. In their eyes, that system is identified with stable government and general prosperity; it guarantees to them an amount of personal freedom, combined with personal security, such as no other system can give in greater measure. Their loyalty is intensified by the conviction that their own wishes, duly expressed, are the only limits to any demands they might prefer to the parent State for a change in their relation to it.

Many of the younger men are more anxious than their seniors to take a step which, without rendering Canada wholly independent, would lead to her being regarded as a nation. They have a notion that their happiness would be increased were the land they live in represented at foreign Courts. Among

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the efforts they have made to make "Canada First" at once a cry and a policy, the foundation of a weekly journal called the *Nation* had a place, which was shared by an excellent periodical, the *Canadian Monthly*. The magazine has lived for several years, and will, I hope, survive many more; but the journal succumbed, after a brilliant career of about three years. A thesis which both have upheld with great power of argument and variety of illustration is that, in the present condition of the Dominion, the ordinary party divisions are unmeaning and the prevailing aims are illogical; that, since Confederation was effected, the former party objects have ceased to have any weight; that statesmen ought now to strive, not for the mere possession of office, but for the advancement of the country as a whole, and for its consolidation as a political unit. In other words, the purpose is to promote a feeling of nationality at the expense of provincialism, to make men who are of French descent, and who speak the language of France, or who are the descendants of parents of English, Irish, or Scottish birth, think less of the land and nation from which their fathers came than of the country in which their fathers have found a happy home, and where they have seen the light of day, Canada being the chief object of their love, and her interests having the first place in their endeavours. The design is not unworthy of encouragement and countenance from all well-wishers of this magnificent division of America, even though the ultimate object of those persons who urge its adoption might be open to criticism. The leading journal of Canada has energetically combated the notions of men who assuredly merit a considerate

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and attentive hearing. My own desire is that the two systems of government in North America should produce their best results. They differ in form rather than in substance; yet, as the world is influenced by forms nearly as much as by abstract propositions, the difference is not unimportant. Some citizens of the United States were almost struck dumb with amazement when the Earl of Dufferin, the deservedly popular Governor-General of Canada, told them at Chicago that the Canadians were essentially a Democratic people. They had thought that no one living under what they style Monarchical institutions, or rather none who do not yield allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, can be actually free to exercise the maximum of self-government. They little know how slightly the Monarchical system of Great Britain corresponds with monarchy in its worst and most common manifestation, and how little real difference there is between the Government of which they are proud and that which constitutes the essence of the British monarchy. They talk of the sovereignty of the people as the corner-stone of their institutions, and they seem unaware that the sovereignty of the people has been the ruling maxim and guiding star of leading British statesmen from the earliest days down to those in which we live. Not even in the United States do the people play the part of sovereigns more thoroughly than in the United Kingdom. It is true that the popular election of the head of the State is not observed in the same manner now as in the early days of English history, and that the election of a dynasty by Act of Parliament has superseded the custom of ancient times. It is true, also,

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that the British Constitution as it now exists, or rather as it is now interpreted, is very different from what it was supposed to be when a Henry or a Charles, a James or a George invoked its sanction in order to enforce his own designs against the wishes of the people. What has survived and triumphed is the principle which is its essence and the maxim which it inculcates, the principle that freedom is the birthright of the people, the maxim that self-government is their duty. All that is best in the Constitution of the United States forms a part of the Constitution of Great Britain.

The Canadians are conscious of these things, and they know that they have good reason to admire and glory in the form of government under which they enjoy freedom. They know also, that if all the colonists of America had been dealt with according to the true theory of the British Constitution, Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams might have declaimed in vain, and the contest for the independence of the United States would never have been provoked. Yet I fear that some young Canadians are inclined to indulge in ideas which have the drawback of being opposed alike to sound reason and the spirit of the age. If their desires were fulfilled, they would take a step backward in the science of government. What would they gain by having a Minister at Washington and at each of the capitals of Europe? This might give them the dignity of a nation, and it would also increase their taxes. In these days of intercommunication by steam and telegraph, Ministers Plenipotentiary and Ambassadors are anachronisms, and all nations would save much and lose nothing by abolishing legations and embassies.

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A Consul can do whatever is requisite; a Minister or Ambassador is but a costly ornament, and a new country ought to have the shrewdness to prefer what is useful to that which is purely ornamental. This may be accounted a matter of detail. Let it be granted that the new nation would dispense with representatives at foreign Courts. What else would it gain? A flag? The Canadians have got one. A distinctive name? They enjoy that also. A Governor or President elected by themselves? It would not be impossible to obtain that without battling for independence. An army? They have got as well-organized a defensive force as Switzerland, and a military academy for the training of officers on as good a model as that at Sandhurst. A fleet? Their mercantile marine is now larger than that of many European Powers, and Great Britain maintains a navy for their defence; if they were independent, they would certainly have the privilege of paying for their own men-of-war. Protection for native industry? They are free to protect native industry to their heart's content, to copy the economical blunders of the Mother country when she was young and ignorant of the true principles of commerce, when her ambition was in excess of her wisdom and when she would not believe what Sir Dudley North enunciated as far back as 1691, that "the whole world as to trade is but as one nation."

Though I think that the natural aspirations of the young and patriotic Canadians have taken a wrong turn, yet I hold that they have a solid foundation. They spring from the conviction that the day must come, if it have not already arrived, when their native land should hold a higher rank than that of

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a British colony. Indeed, to regard the Dominion, with its Parliament and separate government, as a mere Colony is to do violence to facts. To define exactly what it is, and to characterize its position in a phrase, constitute a difficulty not easily surmounted. Unfortunately, also, the world at large has a vague and absurd notion of the country and its capabilities. The Province of Quebec has represented Canada for upwards of two centuries; that Province does not possess a very rich soil nor a mild climate, and it has been supposed that what is true of it applies to the whole Dominion. When the French army, under the chivalrous and heroic Montcalm, made a determined stand in this Province against the attempt to deprive France of her grand domain in the New World, all that Voltaire, the best-informed man of his day, thought fit to remark was that he could not understand why people should try to cut each other's throats in order to become the proprietors of a few acres of ice. Since the time of Voltaire there has not been much progress in knowledge of the condition and resources of the land which he ignorantly depreciated. The Province of Ontario, formerly known as Upper Canada, was once covered with wood; the early settlers had to clear the ground of trees before they could plough their fields and sow their seed. Life there came to be regarded as life in the bush, an existence of much hardship and yielding a scanty recompense. At present, the drawback is that there are too few trees; the preservation of the forests being now as important a problem as that which vexed the first settlers when wood was superabundant. Yet many educated persons in Europe

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do not doubt for a moment that Canada is a land resembling, in its main features, the Sea of Ancient Ice at the North Pole and the Black Forest as described by Cæsar. Of the Prairie Province of Manitoba, where the entire population of Great Britain might easily find a pleasant home, and of the Province of British Columbia, a large part of which is as rich in mineral treasures and enjoys as balmy a climate as the State of California, hardly anything is known in Europe. Yet these Provinces, including the not less important Maritime Provinces, make up the Dominion, which in area is equal to the United States, and in variety of soil, temperature, natural productions, and resources is on a par with them. The prospects of such a country ought to be more correctly estimated. It is natural for its inhabitants to think that they are something more than a colony, if something less than a nation.

I see no reason why the existing relation between Canada and the Motherland should be materially altered. A future change ought to tighten the bond of union rather than relax or sever it. The undoubted tendency of the age is to bring into closer association the people who have sprung from the same race. To this is attributable a united Italy and a united Germany, and the gist of the Eastern Question is the desire of the Slavonic race to become partners in government and a unit in nationality. Why should the destiny or determination of the Anglo-Saxon race be otherwise? If brethren ought to dwell together in unity, surely the members of this race are well able to set a good example to the human family! The exact place which the

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Confederation of Canada and the future federations of Australasia and South Africa should fill in the British Empire is a subject for discussion and arrangement, yet it is one which all true patriots, alike in the parent State and her Colonies, ought to be prepared to treat with a view to harmonious decision. Meantime, there is much to be done as regards Canada which has been overlooked or neglected. The leading men of the Dominion happily place full value upon Imperial recognition of their titles to approbation; but their claims to such distinction seldom receive due attention. A few years back it was pompously announced that the scope of the Order of St. Michael and St. George had been enlarged so as to permit distinguished colonists to become members of it. They naturally look with disfavour upon hereditary honours. Indeed this feeling is gaining ground in England, and the day may not be distant when all titular distinctions there shall be the rewards of personal merit and enjoyed by those only who have duly earned them. Lord Dufferin was recently raised to the highest rank in the Order of St. Michael and St. George, because he had proved himself to be a most efficient Governor-General of Canada; but not a single native-born Canadian has yet been made a Knight Commander of the Order. As the omission is not attributable to any lack of deserving candidates, it must be ascribed to simple indifference or sheer neglect. This may seem a trivial matter, as trivial as the privilege in the French Republic of certain men to wear a scrap of red ribbon in their button-holes; but, if the Canadians were properly considered in the distribution of well-earned titular distinctions, they

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would feel for the hand which conferred them quite as much enthusiasm as Frenchmen feel for the authority which makes them members of the Legion of Honour. Again, there are many cases in which Canadian statesmen might be fitly entrusted with the discharge of Imperial functions; every such appointment would make their fellow-citizens understand that they formed part of the same Imperial organization. But it does not enter into the calculations of the Home Government to make any appointment of the kind.

I have said enough to express my own impression of the light in which Canadians view the land to which they are attached, and of the manner in which they ought to be regarded and treated in turn. Many points of detail I have passed over. One of these, which I shall merely cite by way of example, is the absurdity of such a grand portion of the British Empire being denied the right to accord naturalization to any foreigner who desires to cast in his lot with that Empire. A foreigner can be naturalized in Canada, but he cannot claim the privileges of a British subject when he leaves Canadian territory. This matter, among others, ought to be the subject of appropriate legislation, and the British statesman who deals with such topics in a right spirit will deserve the congratulations and gratitude of his countrymen.

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XV.

TRAVELLERS AND BANKERS IN NORTH AMERICA.

British gold is a commodity which, according to Horace Greeley and other United States journalists, has wrought much mischief in their country. My experience is that few things are more useless there. Several times I have suffered all the privations of poverty because, my supply of the national currency being exhausted, I had nothing left in my purse but English sovereigns. In France, Italy, Germany, or any other European country, the traveller who possesses these coins can always get what he wants in a shop or a hotel. But in the United States they are objects of suspicion. Once a good Samaritan let me have what I wanted in exchange for one, and only charged about twenty-five per cent. for his kindness. He was a coloured gentleman. His civility was overpowering, and had its reward. I do not blame the citizen of the United States for declining to cash the gold coin of England. If one of them were to tender a gold eagle to an English shopkeeper, he might find that it was not valued at its proper rate.

What surprised me most of all was to learn that in Canada the gold and silver coins of Great Britain are not readily negotiable. The Canadian prefers

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his dollars, whether in silver or bank notes, to the specie of the Motherland. In Australia or South Africa, the English traveller never learns from the currency that he is not at home. In the great dependency of India, he finds an unaccustomed mode of reckoning in vogue, and he sees coins which are new to him. In the small possession of Heligoland he may be startled, as I once was, at being asked to pay thirteen shillings for the performance of a trifling service, though, when he learns that the "schilling" is a Hamburg coin which is less in value than a penny, he will pay the debt with entire equanimity. I was struck with the remarks of some fellow-passengers by the Pacific Railway when they learned, upon entering the States of Nevada and California, that gold and silver coins were alone current, and that greenbacks were treated as foreign money. They felt that this circumstance tended to disprove the unity of their country. With not dissimilar feelings, the English visitor to the Dominion of Canada learns that the money which is a legal tender in the United Kingdom differs from that generally current there, and that he has to reckon in dollars and cents instead of pounds, shillings, and pence. The title of Mr. Warren's novel, "Ten Thousand a-Year," must be altered to "Fifty Thousand a-Year," in order to produce on the mind of a Canadian the effect produced upon that of an Englishman.

Most persons who travel in America provide themselves, before starting, with a letter of credit. A drawback to this consists in the necessity of determining upon the places which are to be visited, so that the signature of the holder may be forwarded to the correspondents of the bank which issues the

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letter. Another drawback is that a commission is charged upon the amount drawn by the holder. Those persons who take circular notes avoid both of these inconveniences. I once cashed circular notes in New York to the same amount as the sum which a friend had drawn against his letter of credit; he had to pay three dollars by way of commission, whereas I could not be called upon to pay anything. Indeed, the utility of these circular notes is too well known to need confirmation. Yet even they might be rendered still more serviceable. Those which I carry are issued by the London and Westminster Bank. There is hardly a place of importance in Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America, the East Indies, the West Indies, and Australasia, which is not named in the letter of advice supplied along with them. The only important omission is the city of Boston; why this great bank should not have a correspondent there is a puzzle with which I should have preferred not to be troubled. These notes and the letter of advice are printed in the French tongue. This may have been necessary several years ago, but has now become an absurdity. Not a banker on the Continent of Europe is unable to decipher the English words on a note of the Bank of England, of Ireland, of any Scottish bank, or on a United States or Canadian greenback, while there are not a few bank managers and clerks in the United States and Canada to whom the French language is as unintelligible as Sanskrit. At Chicago, I was once politely asked to translate the contents of the note and letter of advice, the clerk informing me that he was slightly in doubt as to the import of certain words, and that his fellow-clerks had not been able

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to clear up the mystery. On other occasions, I have been satisfied that those persons who professed to be able to read the foreign words had an opinion of their import the reverse of my own.

No one who has used one of these notes needs to be told that they have to be endorsed by the person in whose name they are drawn, and that the signature must correspond with that written in the letter of advice. At Toronto, I had the novel experience of being suspected by a bank clerk of having committed a new, or rather an impossible kind of forgery, that of forging my own name. After careful consideration, a long conference with the manager, and frequent surveys of my person, the clerk told me that the signatures did not tally. The one had been written with a very fine-pointed pen, the other with a broad-pointed one, and this constituted a difference which was held to be serious. Being asked whether I had any more notes than the single one which I desired to have cashed, I was pleased to be able to state and prove that I possessed several. At length, it was decided that I might be the legal owner of these notes, and might have a right to demand cash in exchange for them, and, when I called again on a like errand, it was not hinted to me that I must be somebody else. While kept waiting, I had ample opportunities for seeing how business was done in this bank, a branch of the Bank of British North America. I learned that no one could get a cheque cashed without being "identified." A respectable-looking man, who brought a cheque for a few dollars, was subjected to a process of examination and cross-examination resembling that which goes on when an important but doubtful

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witness is giving evidence in a court of justice. He stated where he lived and mentioned persons whom he knew, but was unable to give any other than a negative answer to the reiterated question, "But is there no one to identify you?" Fortunately some one entered who was personally known to the clerks and the man whom they were treating as a rogue, and then the few dollars were handed over to him. When the money was presented, it was done with the air of the magistrate who, being in a lenient mood, tells the accused to go free, but not to offend again. If every banker had refused to cash my circular notes I should have been little the worse. The only unpleasant consequence would have been the necessity of making an application to personal friends or acquaintances, who, I am sure, would be more eager to comply with my request than I should be in preferring it. Other persons might be less fortunate, and in their behalf I should be glad if bankers in the United States and Canada did not think it their duty to treat every stranger as a swindler. If bankers in the United Kingdom were to insist upon the "identification" of every person who presents a cheque for payment, the business of banking would be less profitable than it is, because the time which ought to be occupied in transacting it would be wasted by the clerks in discharging the unremunerative duties of amateur detectives. I fear that the formalities which are enforced in the United States and Canadian banks, reminding me of what prevails in the petty bank of a third-rate German town, are symptomatic of actual business being far from brisk, and of time not being on a par with money.

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XVI.

IMPRESSIONS OF TORONTO.

It was with unfeigned reluctance that I said farewell to the genial and enterprising inhabitants of Toronto. In addition to much private hospitality, I had enjoyed that of three clubs, the Toronto, the National, and the United Empire. The first is an old and select establishment; the other two are young and vigorous rivals. In all of them, good eating and drinking can be had at a charge which seemed to me very moderate, and with a refinement which cannot be surpassed. I had been long enough here to take an interest in the local business of the place. Three important electoral contests occurred during my stay. It was supposed that the result would have an appreciable effect upon the policy and stability of Mr. Mackenzie's Administration. That of South Ontario was the most important, for it was accepted as in some measure a trial of strength between the Government and the Opposition. The leading members of both parties joined in the canvass, nor did the Premier think it undignified to come forward as a speaker in support of Mr. Edgar, the candidate of his party. A better candidate or a more admirable specimen of a native-born Canadian, it would be difficult to find.

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He had already been in Parliament and distinguished himself there. Not only was he beaten, but a seat was lost to his party. Though the majority was only forty-one, yet the defeat had the greater significance in a political point of view, because Mr. Gibbs, the successful candidate, based his claims for support on the advocacy of uncompromising Protection, as well as on general opposition to the Ministry.

I had the satisfaction of seeing a specimen of one arm of the defensive force upon which the Dominion relies, the Toronto Field-Battery. Even after a careful scrutiny it was difficult to distinguish it from a battery of the Royal Artillery. I was not surprised when Colonel Strange, the Dominion Inspector of Artillery, said that he had never expected "after a quarter of a century in the service, to see a Volunteer battery so thoroughly efficient in every respect." If the entire defensive force be of equal quality, Canada has no cause for being troubled with a panic, while belligerent Fenians will act wisely in keeping out of harm's way.

During my stay in Toronto, Dominion Day was celebrated. It was the ninth anniversary of the confederation of the Provinces and of the beginning of a career as full of promise for the happiness of the people and for the good of mankind as was ever vouchsafed to a nation. The anniversary was observed as a public holiday. The streets were gay with flags and crowded with pleasure-seekers, and the absence of those persons who desecrate such occasions by intoxication was most gratifying to me. A Lacrosse match was the spectacle which attracted the largest number of sight-seers. A young and ambitious set of players had challenged an older and

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famous one. To the evident surprise of the former, a few goals or runs were scored by it. At this unexpected success some of the youths manifested their delight with such an energy of demonstration that I almost expected them to verify the exaggerated saying about men jumping out of their skins for joy. The game is one in which many hard knocks are given and received, and in which speed of foot, quickness of hand, and sharpness of eye have to be displayed. In one match, a set of Indians contended with a set of palefaces; the Indians were beaten alike on their own grounds and at their hereditary game. A brilliant display of fireworks in the Horticultural Gardens concluded the rejoicings of Dominion Day in Toronto. No public holiday could have been better kept, nor could a great historical anniversary be celebrated with more heartiness or propriety.

On the 12th of July, I saw the procession which Orangemen consider appropriate in a part of the world where Orangeism is an anachronism. Yet, if some Irishmen or their descendants and sympathizers deem it essential to their happiness to parade in yellow scarves and sashes on one day in the year, and others consider themselves faithless to their creed and country if they omit to make a like public display, adorned with green scarves and sashes, on another, it would be intolerant to hinder, and it would be bad taste to blame them. So long as they keep the peace, they do no harm to others, even if they fail to benefit themselves. Happily, these processions seldom lead to ill consequences in Ontario, while they are regarded as splendid spectacles by the children.

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There are three theatres in Toronto where excellent performances are given. During my visit, an English opera troupe appeared at the summer theatre in the Horticultural Gardens. The principal members of it, the Misses Holman, are two Canadian young ladies, the elder of whom sings and acts very well. I saw them perform in Lecocq's "Girofle, Girofla." The operetta was well put on the stage, and the company acted with considerable finish. Miss Holman, who played the leading female part, did so with much effect, and justified the praise which admiring Canadians lavish upon her. If she could only get rid of a spasmodic action of the shoulders, which mars the effect of her acting, she would satisfy the most fastidious critic. These are but a few of the sights and pleasures which made my stay in the capital of Ontario one to be remembered with satisfaction. I was unfortunately unable to attend any of the political picnics, which are a favourite form of party demonstration. Speechifying is the staple of the entertainment, though refreshments in a solid and liquid shape are not omitted from the programme. Having read the reports of many speeches delivered on these occasions, I found that they all bore a similar character; the speakers trumpeting forth the merits and services of themselves and their own party, and bewailing the sins and shortcomings of the party to which their opponents belonged. I regretted most of all that other engagements prevented me from accepting the invitation of the Honourable George Brown to visit his estate of Bow Park. As the founder and proprietor of the Toronto *Globe*, as an ex-Premier of Canada prior to confederation, as a Senator of the Dominion, he is one of the most

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notable men in the country; like enegetic and eminent men in all countries, he is the target for criticism, seldom friendly and not unfrequently unjust. He has long wielded a powerful pen, and he has attained a position of authority which renders him an object of envy and animadversion. If public men could be fairly judged during their lifetime, I fancy the persons who speak most bitterly about this truly representative Canadian would modify their language and make allowance for much which they dislike. It is certain that Mr. Brown's place in Canada is a conspicuous one; the future historian will probably say far more in his praise than some of his contemporaries would dream of doing. The *Globe* is now edited by his brother, Mr. Gordon Brown, a man of great sagacity, force of character, and journalistic talent, the Honourable George Brown devoting the greater part of his time to the rearing of thoroughbred farm stock. Like Charles James Fox and Lord Althorp, he finds a pleasure in his farm much more satisfying than that afforded by the turmoil of public life. Certainly, his success in improving the breed of cattle in the Dominion is not the least among his useful achievements. From an article in the *Canada Farmer* for the 15th January, 1876, I learn that Bow Park estate covers 900 acres, of which 780 are under cultivation, the remainder being covered with roads, farm buildings, orchards, and belts of timber, and supplying pieces of wild land where the cattle take their daily recreation. The bulls, which are of the purest breeds, have been imported from England. The good health of the cattle is remarkable, the death-rate being under one per cent. yearly. No better notion of what has been accomplished can be

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given than by quoting the following passage:— "The popularity of the herd keeps pace with its improvement. Buyers come from all quarters. A drove of remarkably fine heifers went across the Continent two years ago, and was shipped at San Francisco by steamer for the Emperor of Japan. The Provincial Government of New Brunswick were purchasers last Fall of thirty head of young stock; and Bow Park bred shorthorns have already found their way into many States of the adjoining Republic, and into a large proportion of the townships of Ontario." I repeat my regret that I can speak of this remarkable place from hearsay only, and I add my hope that I may yet be able to do so after a personal visit. Of this I entertain no doubt: the place must be in every respect noteworthy, because Canadians who say uncomplimentary things of the Honourable George Brown as a journalist and a legislator readily express their admiration for Bow Park.

I cannot single out for separate mention all the persons in Toronto from whom I received much kindness and attention. Rivals in politics, they were at one in doing what lay in their power to give me information and to render my stay agreeable. Belonging, as they did, to opposite camps, I learned more from them than if they had been members of the same party and treated public questions with the one-sidedness of those persons who represent a single aspect in politics or government. I am convinced that Canadian politics, however provincial they may seem, and however arid and unattractive they may be to the superficial observer, are in reality worthy of close study by all students of political science.

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Indeed, Canada is a theatre on which a great legislative drama is now in progress. All the races which inhabit the United Kingdom are there working out a common destiny in concert with the race which inhabits France. We know how difficult it is for Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen to dwell together in concord, promoting their own happiness by a right acceptance of the soothing principle of compromise, and by submitting to the rule of expediency instead of stiffly contending for the uniform application of logical but unpractical conclusions. Our Canadian brethren have the further difficulty of persuading those among them who are of French origin, to unite in a general design, and to place the interest of a common country above the prejudices of race and the promptings of tradition. Hitherto the result has been far more satisfactory than any mere reasoner could have foreseen. All things are working for good. Frenchmen in speech and descent here manifest as strong an attachment to self-government and to parliamentary institutions as the most patriotic Briton could display, and they belie the idle talk about the representative system of the United Kingdom being unsuited for the excitable members of the Celtic family. There was true wisdom as well as Gallic wit in the reply of the late Sir George Cartier to the inquiry of the Queen, "What, Sir George, is a French Canadian?" "Your Majesty, he is an Englishman who speaks French." The French Canadians speak English also, and many combine in a remarkable degree the best qualities of both nationalities. Moreover, they are among the most patriotic subjects of the Crown,

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and the saying of Sir Etienne Taché, that the last shot fired on the North American Continent in support of British supremacy would be fired by a French Canadian from the citadel of Quebec, forcibly expresses what would happen in an almost impossible event.

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XVII.

TORONTO TO SOUTHAMPTON.

I JOURNEYED to the Suspension Bridge which crosses the river Niagara over the Great Western Railway, thence to Buffalo and New York over the Erie Railway. The latter is a line with which British investors are painfully familiar. They have received from its directors abundant and reiterated promises of future dividends, accompanied with requests for the disbursement of more capital. In a work published in 1860, and written by Mr. F. C. Grattan, who had been British Consul at Boston for twenty years, it is said, "Should any one be tempted to trust his money in American ventures, let him inquire the history of the New York and Erie Railroad Company." Yet, despite warning and experience, credulous investors continued to furnish the directors of this company with the additional capital which the shrewder citizens of the United States refused to supply. So long as money is sent from this side of the Atlantic, the directors of the Erie Railway are always pleased to receive and prepared to spend it on the other. If the British capitalist had never become a holder of Erie shares or bonds, or if he had judiciously refrained from responding to the demands for more capital, it is probable that

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the line would have been better managed, and it is certain that its condition could not have been more hopeless than at present. The line is well made; it runs through a rich and beautiful country; it is a trunk line connecting the markets of the West with the mart of New York. But it has competitors, equally favoured in all these respects, which, being narrow-guage lines, can be worked at less cost than it can be, seeing that it is a broad-guage one. The rates charged must be the same as those which are charged by directors of other companies, though the work has to be done at greater outlay. This railway may pay a dividend on the ordinary stock about the same time that a dividend is paid by the Emma Mine. The position of a bondholder may be considered more favourable by those investors who are exceedingly sanguine. I should rank Erie bonds with those of Greece or Mexico, Honduras or Turkey, as a safe and permanent investment.

For the third time during this visit to the United States, I arrived at New York and spent a few days there. On one of these occasions the heat was overpowering, being more intense, I was told, than had been experienced for many a year. Indeed, the hundredth anniversary of the Republic was remarkable as the year in which the hottest summer on record had occurred. For weeks together, I did not see the thermometer indicate less than 89° in the shade; while it often indicated 106°. In Admiral Anson's "Voyage round the World," it is said that the highest point of the thermometer in the *Centurion*, during three years and nine months, was 76°. The Rev. Richard Walter, who wrote the story of the voyage, remarks that, once in

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1746, the thermometer in London marked 78°, and that he had heard of the temperature having been 98° at St. Petersburg in 1743, this, he says, being a "degree of heat, that, were it not authorized by the regularity and circumspection with which the observations seem to have been made, would appear altogether incredible." Till I had spent the summer months in the United States and Canada, I was quite as sceptical as the chaplain to Admiral Anson about the degree of heat which the human frame could sustain. I now readily admit, however, that the hottest spot which the imagination can picture may be found on this side of the grave, and that the best men may suffer as severely as the worst.

As it suited my convenience to land at Southampton, I resolved to embark at New York in a steamer of the Wilson line which touched there on the way to Hull. I had heard the steamers of this company both disparaged and praised. Whether they are well adapted for encountering the terrific storms which sometimes sweep over the Atlantic, I shall leave to the decision of professional mariners. I can say that the state-room occupied by my wife and myself was the best-arranged and most spacious I have ever seen. On the other hand, there was a great and unfavourable contrast between the meagre fare provided for the first-class passengers, and the frequent and sumptuous repasts served on board the steamer of the National line which I have described in the second chapter.

The first-class passengers were few in number, without being select. All the officers were experienced navigators, and pleasant men. Captain Laver, who had been for fifteen years in the

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service of the Inman line, and had but recently entered the service of the Wilson line, had a perfect familiarity with the Atlantic in all its moods and phases. Mr. Guthrie, the chief officer, had been in command of several steamships; but, having spent three years on shore, he accepted this subordinate post till he should again obtain an independent command. The second and third officers had been frequently backwards and forwards between England and the United States. The less I say about the crew the better. Such a motley set of sailors I never saw before. The best seaman among them was a Greek, and the next best was a negro. Sometimes, when the officer of the watch gave an order, he had to explain to the sailors what he meant, and show them how to execute it. When sailors do not always know one rope from another, they fail to inspire a landsman with confidence. Had Mr. Plimsoll been a passenger, he might have been more impressed with the seaworthiness of the vessel than with that of the crew.

At Southampton I had an easy task in convincing the Customs authorities that no spirits, cigars, or silver-plate were concealed in my luggage. Perhaps a large profit can be got by importing spirits from the United States or Canada, but this is a business about which I am ignorant. I know that I can buy cigars one-third cheaper in London than in New York, so the temptation to bring them from the latter to the former place is not one to which I am likely to succumb. I have no objection to silver-plate when it is given to me; but, when furnishing a house at my own expense, I prefer electro-plate, firstly, because it costs less; secondly,

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because it is quite as serviceable, and thirdly, because it has slight attraction for pilferers. I had simply to unlock one or two articles of luggage as a matter of form. The absence of superfluous fussiness on the part of the Custom House officers made the landing here and the prospect of a speedy arrival at home all the more agreeable.

The steamer from which I had landed continued her voyage to Hull, her destined port. Her name is one which is now shrouded in the painful mystery which surrounds the ill-fated *President*, the *Pacific*, the *City of Boston*, and other craft which have disappeared and left no sign. Sailing from Hull for New York in the regular course, she never reached her destination. It is improbable that any tidings will ever be obtained of the last voyage and the end of the steamship *Colombo*.

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XVIII.

A RETROSPECT AND A COMPARISON.

If some of the Fathers of the Republic, such as Franklin and Jefferson, John Adams and Washington, had risen from their graves and been present at its centenary, they would have been as strangers among a people whom they had moulded into a nation, having as much to unlearn as the most prejudiced foreigner, and as much to learn as the most intelligent Japanese. They would have had to take lessons in the geography of their country in order to ascertain the boundaries and designations of many States, the names and situations of many cities; they would have had to acquire information about the ways of party managers and the mode in which the chief magistrate is now elected; they might have been puzzled to recognize any material likeness between the system of government which they found in operation and the carefully balanced Republic which they called into existence.

Jefferson would assuredly contemplate with delight the pure democracy which has fulfilled his wishes, given effect to his teaching, and supplanted the original Republic. Franklin, John Adams, and Washington might prefer the form of government which they had elaborated with a single-minded

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desire to render the welfare of their country independent of the triumph of a party, to protect the people from becoming the tools or dupes of professional politicians, and to insure the effective representation of the deliberate and undoubted opinion of the nation. While finding matter for discussion or criticism, they would also find much wherein to glory. The widened area and increased population of their country; the grand array of States and Territories; the vastness and opulence of cities which in their day were but petty towns, covering what was once a dense wood or noisome swamp; the net-work of railways, over which goods and passengers are carried with a rapidity and convenience far in excess of what was possible on the canals which they considered a perfect means of transport; the newspapers as far superior to the gazettes of their time as a modern school manual is to a mediæval horn-book; the steamboats which crowd the rivers; the electric telegraphs which have made lightning the servant of thought; the innumerable appliances which have lengthened and ameliorated existence since they left the world, and the absence from their country of the curse of slavery which they deplored, but could not extirpate: all these things would excite their admiration and thankfulness, and justify them in rejoicing over the results of their handiwork.

"What are the great United States for, if not for the regeneration of man?" General Choke defiantly put this question when he was persuading Martin Chuzzlewit to become a permanent settler in Eden. The phrase is a condensed reflex of the optimism

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which prevailed when the Republic was young. The rhodomontade in which Britons so delighted in the eighteenth century, that the impostor Jenkins was enabled to originate war with Spain by telling a committee of the House of Commons, when interrogated as to what he thought after the Spanish captain had cut off his ear, "I commended my soul to God, and my cause to my country,"—soon became the fashion among the citizens of the Republic in North America. They fancied themselves to be a peculiar people, who had been entrusted with the sacred mission of diffusing a vague abstraction called the "Great American Idea," and considered, when they uttered the immoral phrase, "our country right or wrong," that they were giving vent to a maxim of the truest patriotism. Taught to repeat that the natural equality of all men is a self-evident truth, they have always been disinclined to inquire how far this assertion will stand the test of critical examination. A patriotic phrase can seldom bear analysis, and those persons who utter it, being instinctively conscious of that fact, shrink from substantiating the literal accuracy of what they glibly repeat.

It is self-evident that all men are not created equal. If all men enter the world with equal possibilities, they do not enjoy equal opportunities, and opportunity is fortune or fate. Natural equality and mutual dependence is the rule of the human race. An infant left to itself will starve: those persons who leave an infant to itself commit murder. The idlest talk in which people can indulge is that which treats of human rights without taking human duties into account. It is infinitely more to the advantage of the community that duties, which are coextensive

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with rights, should be ascertained and discharged than that rights should be asserted and lauded. The tendency of some unreflecting United States citizens has been to follow the lead of Jefferson, and hold that they have done enough when they have proclaimed and upheld their collective independence. Believing that this is all that can be required of them, they are prone to speak with contempt of nations wherein human nature and society are treated as complex problems and wherein no vain attempt is made to enforce or parade a purely chimerical uniformity. The only true and really practical equality is equality before the law, and of this the United States do not possess a monopoly. It is a rule, to which the exceptions are not more frequent there than in other lands, that those persons who boast the loudest about the country to which they belong by the accident of birth, seldom give that country any reason to be proud of them, while those persons who copy their example, after having been naturalized, seldom give the country which they have left any cause to regret their departure.

While the phrases of Jefferson have exercised an important influence over his fellow-countrymen, other causes have contributed to establish a feeling of superiority in their minds. United States nationality was based upon the vigorous resistance of the Empire from which it was an off-shoot. The triumph of the seceding and victorious Colonists was twofold; they had become independent, and they had conquered their independence in the teeth of formidable odds. After their power to have their own way was demonstrated in the field, they had to face sneers and prejudices more cutting and painful

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than the arms of the foe. They were assured that their independence was an illusion, that they must inevitably become the sport of anarchy, the vassals of a dictator, or the prey of a foreign conqueror. Though the elements of strength and greatness in the infant Republic were recognized by a few statesmen of genius, among whom Charles James Fox was most conspicuous, yet the majority of those persons who gave any heed to its affairs gleefully pointed out how far the government fell short of perfection and confidently predicted that the republican bubble would soon burst. Undue boasting and exaggerated expectations, on the one side, were coincident with, if they did not encourage unfair depreciation on the other.

It was unfortunate that some of the earliest travellers in the United States were foolish enthusiasts, who wrote nonsense about a state of nature and the rights of man. The Marquis of Lafayette exhibited a childish exultation at playing the part of a good republican. If it be difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, it is easy for such an one to get unmerited credit on earth by professing to be no better than the humblest of mankind, and to attain an exalted place by judiciously stooping. Being a marquis and a man of large fortune, Lafayette found in the profession of theoretical republicanism, the enjoyment of a new sensation and a passport to a popularity which he might not otherwise have obtained.

His countryman, M. Brissot, who was guillotined by his republican brethren in Paris on account of his undoubted attachment to liberty, visited the United States in 1788. He expected to find a

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terrestrial paradise there. Before landing he experienced vivid pleasure from a commonplace incident. The master of the vessel in which he was a passenger, having spoken with a fishing-boat off the banks of Newfoundland, received a few cod-fish, for which he gave some salt beef and pork in exchange. This reminded M. Brissot of "primitive times, the thought of which is always associated with greater purity and happiness."[1] On stepping ashore at Boston, he was "spared the annoyances, which are even more humiliating than wearisome, of a visit from custom-house officers, as is the rule in European countries." He was charmed with the aspect of the people in the streets of this town. These sturdy Republicans had neither the pleasure-seeking look of Parisians nor the haughty carriage of the English; "their air was simple and honest, yet fraught with the dignity of men conscious of their freedom, and who regard their fellow-men as their brethren and equals." Once he saw the driver of a stage-coach, who was the butt of bitter remarks from the passengers, keep his temper and hold his tongue. M. Brissot thought that in Europe a bloody quarrel would have been the result of a similar provocation; here, however, the result convinced him that "in a free country reason extends her empire over every class." He noted some drawbacks in this modern Arcadia. There were too many prosperous lawyers in Boston and too many bachelors in New York; both being dangerous elements in a Republic. It pleased him to learn that the bachelors in Pennsylvania paid a heavier poll-

[1] "Nouveau Voyage dans les États-Unis," par J. P. Brissot, vol. i. p. 105.

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tax than married men. He saw with disgust the sad and novel spectacle of Republicans smoking cigars. He states that "this custom is loathsome to a Frenchman. It must be offensive to women because it affects the purity of the breath; it must be censured by a philosopher because it causes superfluous expense." In his opinion, as great an evil as tobacco-smoking is for women in a Republic to follow the fashions. Being present at a dinner-party in New York, he saw two ladies in low-necked gowns and he "was scandalized at this indecency in female Republicans." His fellow-countryman, the Marquis de Chastellux, who visited the United States a few years before him, comments in a like strain on the necessity for the women of a Republic being models of simplicity in dress; he thinks it incompatible with the political system of the country that gold, silver, or diamonds should be worn.[2] The translator of the marquis's book, who was an uncompromising partisan of the United States, and travelled there during the Revolution, records that "the rage for dress among the women in America, in the very height of the miseries of war, was beyond all bounds."[3] M. Brissot does not exempt even the Quakers from backsliding in this matter: he holds that their principles began to decay when they took to wearing fine linen. In addition to the superabundance of lawyers, bachelors, and fashionable garments, M. Brissot observed with regret, that some persons, whom he styles well-bred, ostentatiously dispensed with pocket handkerchiefs.

Among the hints for their improvement, with

[2] "Travels in North America in 1780-81-82," vol. ii. p. 360.
[3] Vol. ii. p. 115.

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which he favoured the citizens of the United States, was one to the effect that they should abolish public gaols. They cost much to build and they are unpleasant places of abode. Far better, he thinks, would it be if criminals were condemned to serve their terms of imprisonment in their own houses, with policemen on duty at the doors. Another piece of advice, equally judicious and practical, was that a mercantile marine should neither be encouraged nor maintained. In his opinion a seafaring life is unnatural. Men who navigate the ocean may become sea-sick and must dispense with the society of their wives; the one being a great affliction and the other a great deprivation. His conclusion is that Republicans ought to avoid being sea-sick and should maintain domestic habits by engaging in the coasting-trade and always keeping within sight and reach of land.[4] Had he tried the experiment, he might have found that the malady which he dreaded does not always spare the fair-weather sailor who coasts along the shore.

On the whole, however, M. Brissot was enchanted with the United States. Wherever he went, "he met with the hospitable reception which is accorded to a brother and a friend, travelling for the good of the human race." Being struck with the purity of the manners, he explains this by saying that nine-tenths of the people are dispersed throughout the country. If the purity be as great now as it was then, the explanation does not hold good. In 1800, one twenty-fifth part of the population was congregated in towns having 8,000 inhabitants and upwards; in 1870, the proportion was one-fifth."[5]

[4] Vol. i. p. 100. [5] "Walker's Statistical Atlas." 1876.

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Though pronouncing France, which he had quitted in disgust, to be "the richest, the most powerful, and most enlightened country in the world," M. Brissot adjures those who "doubt the prodigious effects of liberty upon man and his industry, to go to the United States. What miracles will they not see there!" [6]

In the year 3 of the French Republic and the year 1795 of the civilized world, Volney embarked at Havre for the United States. He had travelled much and written some striking works; he was an actor in the Revolution, siding with the Girondists, and had passed ten months in prison on account of his advocacy of freedom. Grieving for the past, disquieted about the future, he crossed the Atlantic in quest of a peaceful asylum wherein to dwell for the remainder of his life. He travelled over the United States, "studying the climate, laws, inhabitants, and their manners, chiefly with regard to social life and domestic happiness." After an experience of three years, he resolved to end his days there, but the animosity against the French was so great, in 1798, that he recrossed the ocean in the hope of finding a quiet resting-place in Europe.

Volney planned a work on the United States, of which the only part given to the world was an outline of the physical characteristics of the country, entitled a "View of the Climate and Soil of the United States of America." In an introduction he sketches the plan of the entire work, which would have been in direct contrast, in many respects, to the idyllic picture by his countryman, M. Brissot.

[6] Vol. ii. p. 327.

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He expressed regret at not having found "in the Americans those fraternal and benevolent dispositions with which some writers have flattered us;" he thought that they retain a strong tinge of the national prejudices of their Mother Country against the French. He was impressed with the differences between the two nations; differences which wholly escaped M. Brissot's observation. Volney says, "The Americans charge the French with levity, indiscretion and talkativeness, and the French reproach them with a dryness of manner, a stiffness, and a taciturnity, that carry the appearance of pride and haughtiness, and such a negligence of those attentions, those civilities, on which they set a value, that they continually imagine they see in them a design to affront, or rudeness of character." In his opinion, the latter charges are not devoid of foundation, though he doubts whether the national incivility be wholly due to systematic design. He thinks the people particularly deserve to be called, what they often call themselves, a "young people," on account of "the inexperience and eagerness, with which they give themselves up to the enjoyments of fortune and the seductions of flattery." He thinks, too, that the United States have been more indebted to their isolated situation and the natural riches of the country "than to the essential goodness of their laws, or the wisdom of their administration, for their public prosperity, and civil and individual wealth." In reviewing the conduct of the people and the Government from 1783 to 1798, he believes that he can prove by incontestable facts, "that neither more economy in the finances, more good faith in public transactions, more decency in public morals, more

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moderation of party spirit, nor more care in education and instruction, prevailed in the United States, in proportion to their population, the mass of affairs, and the multiplicity of interests, than in most of the old States of Europe: that whatever has been done there of good and useful, and whatever of civil liberty, and security of person and property, exists among them, is owing rather to popular and personal habits, the necessity of labour, and the high price of all kinds of work, than any able measures or sage policy of government."[7] The foregoing extracts prove how very dissimilar were the conclusions of Volney and Brissot; exaggeration on the one side was paralleled by exaggeration on the other.

Mr. Isaac Weld was the earliest traveller from the European side of the Atlantic who gave a really valuable account of what was to be seen in the United States and Canada. His object in going thither was to learn whether he could advise his countrymen to emigrate from Ireland. He paid his visit seven years after M. Brissot; unlike him, he was not treated as a friend and brother. According to Mr. Weld, if it were found out "that a stranger is from Great Britain or Ireland, the people immediately begin to boast of their constitution and freedom, and give him to understand that they think every Englishman a slave because he submits to be called a subject."[8] He was unfavourably impressed with the poorer class of the people: "They return rude and impertinent answers to questions couched in the most civil terms, and will insult a person that

[7] Preface to "View of the Climate and Soil of the United States of America," by C. F. Volney, p. xv.

[8] Isaac Weld's "Travels through North America and Canada in 1795-6-7," vol. i. p. 125.

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bears the appearance of a gentleman, on purpose to show how much they consider themselves upon an equality with him. Civility cannot be purchased from them on any terms; they seem to think that it is incompatible with freedom, and that there is no other way of convincing a stranger that he is really in a land of liberty, but by being sulky and ill-mannered in his presence." [9]

The bad manners that shocked Mr. Weld were due to a natural cause which can be easily understood by recalling what took place in France when the circumstances were similar. Nothing could surpass the ceremoniousness and high breeding of the old French nobles, who delighted in exhibiting their proficiency in paying compliments and displaying, on all occasions, an exquisite politeness. Their dress was as elaborate as their phrases. After the Revolution, it was considered the duty of good French citizens to be rough in manner, rude in speech and careless in dress, the object being to show that they were not aristocrats. For a like reason, Jefferson sedulously avoided doing anything, as President, which George the Third would do as King. The King of Great Britain went to open Parliament in a carriage and delivered a speech; President Jefferson sent a message to Congress, and, when he visited the capitol, he rode on horseback. If the King had ridden on horseback, the President would have driven in a carriage. Washington and John Adams held levées modelled upon those of monarchical rulers; Jefferson openly discarded the etiquette which savoured of Old World

[9] Vol. i. p. 29.

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customs. Many of his contemporaries were aware that this was a mixture of hypocrisy and affectation. One of them, Mr. Samuel Breck, who was well acquainted with several Presidents, thus refers to him in his "Recollections:"—"That levelling philosopher, Jefferson, was the first President who broke down all decorum and put himself when abroad upon a footing with the plainest farmer of Virginia. I say 'when abroad,' because in his family he lived luxuriously and was fastidious in the choice of his company. But when he wanted to catch the applause of the vulgar—with whom, however, he was too proud to associate—he would ride out without a servant, and hitch his pacing nag to the railing of the Presidential palace." The people were pleased to see the simple manners which the great man assumed to flatter them, and they returned his flattery with interest by copying and exaggerating his example, considering a studied unpoliteness of demeanour an unmistakeable token of their unbending patriotism. This was as childish as the conduct of the rabid French Republicans, who demonstrated that they were very different persons from the wicked and well-dressed nobles whose heads they had cut off, by flaunting dirty shirts and bespattered boots when they condescended to enter a drawing-room.

Mr. Weld was surprised to find so many men in the United States with military titles and he was still more surprised to see "such numbers of them employed in capacities apparently so inconsistent with their rank; for it is nothing uncommon to see a captain in the shape of a waggoner, a colonel the driver of a stage coach, or a general dealing out

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penny ribbon behind his counter."[1] Twenty years previously, the Marquis de Chastellux remarked that, "nothing is more common in America than to see an innkeeper a colonel;" the translator of his book adds that he had stayed three days in Virginia at an inn where the host was a colonel, a justice of the peace, and the parish clerk. The liking for a title of some sort has not quite died out in the United States. Though a native of that home of democracy is taught from early youth to regard a title of nobility with aversion, yet he shows no repugnance to acquiring or adopting the rank and style of colonel or general, and, if a plausible excuse for taking either be wanting, then he contents himself with that of Judge. The number of citizens who prefix "Honourable" to their names is larger than in any country with which I am acquainted. Hundreds adorn their waistcoats with badges, showing that they are freemasons or firemen. Vanity of this kind is perfectly harmless; it merely denotes that human nature is the same in the great Republic as elsewhere. It is, however, equally harmless for any of the inhabitants of countries which United States citizens are accustomed to designate benighted, to wear a scrap of ribbon in a buttonhole, and to bear the title of baron or marquis, duke or prince.

While, on the one hand, the patriotic citizen of the Republic is wont to fancy and declare that no good thing can come out of a country in which the chief magistrate is called a Sovereign, on the other, the unreflecting subject of a monarch is equally ready

[1] Vol. i. p. 236.

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to deny that any good thing can be found in a country where the chief magistrate is called a President. A book by Mrs. Trollope which was welcomed by the *Quarterly Review* as that which all right-minded persons desired to see, caused a manifestation of pleasure on the one side of the Atlantic and of ill-humour on the other which it is now hard to understand or account for. Mrs. Trollope was firmly convinced that everything must be out of joint in a land without a hereditary dynasty and an established church and where the people elected their civil and spiritual rulers. She avowed that her chief object in giving publicity to her conclusions was "to encourage her countrymen to hold fast by a Constitution that insures all the blessings which flow from established habits and solid principles. If they forego these, they will incur the fearful risk of breaking up their repose by introducing the jarring tumult and universal degradation which invariably follow the wild scheme of placing all the power of the state in the hands of the populace."[2] When Mrs. Trollope went to the United States, there was an agitation in her native land about a reform of parliament; she evidently thought that she could do England a service by depicting the horrid consequences which had been the result elsewhere of extending the suffrage and of taking the people at large into the entire confidence of their governors. Whatever she did not like throughout the Union, from tobacco-chewing to rudeness in a hotel or stage coach, she attributed to the political constitution. What appeared to her at once remarkable and discreditable

[2] "Domestic Manners of the Americans." Preface.

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was the exquisite sensitiveness and soreness of the people respecting everything said or written concerning them. She took care to furnish occasion and scope for the display of a trait which met with her disapproval. Her condemnation of the entire people was as sweeping as it was preposterous: "I do not like them, I do not like their principles, I do not like their manners, I do not like their opinions."[3] Mrs. Trollope could not like them because she was incapable of understanding them, being wholly destitute of the philosophic tolerance and insight which enables a person to perceive something worthy of respect in that for which preconceived notions have engendered a distaste. She may have been the writer of whom a critic once said to Sir Charles Lyell: "I wonder the author went so far to see disagreeable people when there are so many of them at home."[4]

About the time that Mrs. Trollope, after having failed in a business speculation at Cincinnati, made much ado about trifles of etiquette and proclaimed the system of government in the Republic a political and social failure, a distinguished United States man of letters undertook a vindication of his country and countrymen. It is difficult to decide whether the attack of Mrs. Trollope, or the defence of Mr. Fenimore Cooper merits the prize for folly and unreason. In one respect, Cooper was entitled to make a boast which no country but his own could prefer at the time that he wrote. He said that his countrymen, "profiting by their nearly unshackled commerce, import everything they

[3] Vol. ii. p. 295.

[4] "Travels in North America," vol. i. p. 123.

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choose, and adopt, or reject its use as fancy dictates. Almost every article of foreign industry can be purchased here at a very small advance on the original cost, and in many cases even cheaper."[5] In those days, the United States could teach the backward nations of Europe a lesson as to the advantages of the free interchange of commodities.

Mrs. Trollope's most foolish prejudices against the United States are outdone by Cooper's blind antipathy to Great Britain; not even Mr. George Bancroft has distanced him in the display of malice and uncharitableness. He did not hesitate to allege that the British Government had perpetrated the incredible and superfluous absurdity of employing "mercenary pens to vituperate, in periodical journals of the most pretending character, a people they affected to despise, and of seeking itinerant circulators of calumny, who journeyed, or pretended to journey, through our States, in order to discover and expose the nakedness of the land."[6] In thus writing, Cooper proved his utter incapacity for understanding the conduct of the British Government at any time and on any subject, and placed himself on a par, as a critic, with the French republicans who attributed all the blame of their failures to the "gold of Pitt." Cooper misunderstood the British people also, saying that "a deep, settled, ignorant, and, I think an increasing hostility, to the people, the inhabitants, and, I fear, to the hopes of the United States, exists in the minds of the vast majority of the middling classes" in Great Britain.[7] If he had written that the vast

[5] "Notions of the Americans, by a Travelling Bachelor," vol. i. p. 150. [6] Vol. i. p. 313. [7] Vol. i. p. 328.

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majority of the middle class betrayed perfect indifference to the condition and future of his country, he would have stated a fact on which he might have based a rational complaint. Ignorance of the North American Continent has been the bane of the British public from the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to that of Queen Victoria. But ignorance is not synonymous with malice, nor is it necessarily a crime. If companionship in misfortune be a sedative or an excuse, then the ignorance of the citizens of the Republic about Great Britain and Ireland matches, only too closely, the imperfect knowledge and the erroneous conclusions of many inhabitants of the United Kingdom with regard to the United States.

Cooper had an overweening opinion of his country and countrymen. He had never seen a nation "so much alike as the people of the United States, what is more, they are not only like each other, but they are remarkably like what common sense tells them they ought to resemble." While thus thinking, he deprecates criticism and he affirms, with something resembling a contradiction, that "no American of any character, or knowledge of his own country, can feel anything but commiseration for the man who has attempted to throw ridicule on a nation like this." The man who ridicules what is praiseworthy condemns himself. But the best-intentioned native of Europe is in a frame of mind which, according to Cooper, incapacitates him for comprehending the citizens of the North American Republic; he avers that "an European can scarcely spare sufficient time to acquire the simplicity of habits, may I also say simplicity of thought, necessary to estimate our

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country."[8] The notion that citizens of the Union are differently constituted from the rest of the human species may now be ranked among exploded superstitions.

Within a period embracing two years before the appearance of Mrs. Trollope's book, and ten years afterwards, five noteworthy books of travel on the North American Continent were published in England. The soberest and best was Mr. James Stuart's "Three Years in North America." He had no theories to uphold or upset; he had few marvels to tell; his narrative was plain and straightforward, inspiring confidence by its simplicity and candour. The most brilliant were two from the pen of Miss Martineau, "Society in America," and "A Retrospect of Western Travel." Her weakness, if weakness can be attributed to so masculine a writer, was to be as much too emphatic on the one side as Mrs. Trollope was on the other. Miss Martineau set great store on the mere forms of Republicanism, just as Mrs. Trollope had overvalued the symbols and trappings of Monarchy. The dogmatic statement of the former that "Freemasonry is purely mischievous in a Republic,"[9] is an example of this. Another is her objection to the Military Academy at West Point,[1] on the apparent ground that, in a Republic, army officers are born ready trained, a belief which was very common during the civil war; another is her denunciation of the appointment of judges of the Supreme Court for life, as being a "departure from the absolute Republican principle."[2]

[8] Vol i. p. 333.
[9] "Society in America," vol. i. p. 36.
[1] "Retrospect of Western Travel," vol. i. p. 61.
[2] "Society," vol. i. p. 55.

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When she visited the Orphan House at Charleston, she was "surprised to see the children badged, an anti-Republican practice which had better be abolished." The first of these opinions is typical and serves to gauge the value of the others. Miss Martineau knew nothing about Freemasonry, yet she did not hesitate to pass judgment upon it. She viewed with peculiar and singular satisfaction, the system of "rotation in office," and she would cherish as the corner-stone of the Republic what in reality has been the stumbling-block in the path of its statesmen.

Miss Martineau, though sometimes foolishly uncompromising and dogmatic, had carefully studied her subject. Besides, she was far too sensible to pass a sweeping condemnation on a country merely because she saw in it some trivial blemish or accidental peculiarity. Not so was it in the case of Captain Basil Hall, who preceded her, or of Captain Hamilton and Captain Marryat, who visited the same country after her. The first of them has made a name as a writer of interesting books of travel; the two others have produced excellent works of fiction. Captain Hamilton said some shrewd things in his "Men and Manners in America;" he also intimated he had arrived at the conclusion that "the insuperable prejudice against the claims of primogeniture [in the United States] is unfavourable to national advancement."[3] A statement like this shows an absolute incapacity to estimate the social condition of that country.

Both Captain Basil Hall and Captain Marryat

[3] "Men and Manners in America," vol. i. p. 369.

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were notable specimens of a school of naval officers which is now extinct. They had received a liberal education, had seen much service and many lands, had kept their eyes open when afloat and on shore, and had the gift of using their pens deftly. Both of them went to the United States inspired by curiosity about the Republic of which they had heard contradictory accounts, and desirous of communicating the true facts of the case to their countrymen. Captain Hall avers that seldom did a traveller visit "a foreign land in a more kindly spirit" than that which animated him when he disembarked at New York. But a spirit of bitterness quickly succeeded one of good feeling. He saw many things that displeased, and heard much that annoyed him: he grew tired of having to return daily answers to the question "What do you think of us upon the whole?" while he was mortified at witnessing the dissatisfaction which was shown when his reply was not one of unqualified praise. Entering a court of law, he was astounded to see a chief justice seated on the bench without a gown enveloping his person and a wig covering his head. This was the first thing he saw which made him "distrust the wisdom with which the Americans had stripped away so much of what had been held sacred so long." Just as Martinus Scriblerus could not think of the Lord Mayor otherwise than clad in his fur gown and decked with his gold chain, so this experienced but simple-minded sailor was unable to imagine that justice could be administered, or the law expounded by a judge in plain clothes.

When Captain Hall sailed up the Hudson, he gazed on the country seats of the old patroons upon its

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bank, and mourned over the fact that there the ancient aristocracy is withering away, as everywhere else in the country, "to the great exultation of the people, before the blighting tempest of Democracy."[4] What vexed him above all was to hear the people constantly "praise themselves, their institutions, and their country, either in downright terms, or by some would-be indirect allusions, which were still more tormenting." Equally unbearable was "a solemn sort of enigmatical assumption," on their part, "of the intricacy and transcendent grandeur of the whole system not to be comprehended by weak European minds." He tried hard, indeed, to see things through other people's spectacles, but he failed utterly. "In spite of my own best wishes, encouraged by the ardent persuasion of the Americans, I found all parts of the country very much alike. I could never in any place discover for myself, or hear upon good authority, anything of that peculiar intelligence, of that peculiar high-mindedness, so much insisted on by American writers, and rung into my ears by almost every person I met with from end to end of the continent."[5] Even the country did not find favour in his fastidious eyes: "A more unpicturesque country is not to be found elsewhere," is his sweeping and damnatory verdict. He was shocked at the prevalence of dram drinking, which he considers to be the concomitant of democracy, and, in his opinion, "is probably not less hurtful to health of body, than that system of Government appears to be to the intellectual powers of the mind."[6] If he had travelled in Russia, he

[4] "Travels in North America," vol. i. p. 47.
Vol. ii. p. 72.
[6] Vol. ii. p. 84.

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would have found abundance of dram drinking and despotism, and might then have learned that democracy is not singular in being associated with ardent spirits. These are a few of his objections and samples of his criticism. He was no more successful as a prophet than as a critic, for he pronounced a projected railway between Boston and Albany to be "a visionary project." If I had been in doubt as to his qualification for deciding upon the merits of the United States Constitution, I should have doubted no longer after reading that, in his opinion, the House of Commons, as constituted before the first Reform Bill became law, "could not possibly be made better." [7]

Captain Marryat aimed at a still higher flight than Captain Hall. He states in the introduction to the six volumes of his "Diary," that his "remarks will be based on an analysis of human nature;" that his object has been "to examine and ascertain what were the effects of a Democratic form of government, and climate, upon a people which, with all its foreign admixture, may be considered as English." Upon one point, he had made up his mind: "Democracy is the form of government best suited to the present condition of America." Instead of the analysis promised in the introduction, many petty details, not worth retailing, are supplied in the text; such as how two girls bartered their bonnets, how a tailor of Cincinnati refused to come and take his measure for a coat, alleging that it was anti-republican to wait on a customer, while there is a surfeit of the super-

[7] Vol. iii. p. 412.

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fluous matter to be found in the least philosophical books about the United States, to the effect that the citizens eat too quickly and drink too often. Assertions abound in which no analytical character can be detected; such as: "There never was, nor ever will be, anything like liberality under a Democratic form of government;" "Slander and defamation flourish under a Democracy."

One of the greatest evils, according to Captain Marryat, is the absence of an Established Church, the effects of an Established Church being, "to cement the mass, cement society and communities, and increase the force of those natural ties by which families and relations are bound together." He bewails the lamentable fact that the people choose their rulers and their clergymen, thus controlling the Government and fettering religion: "Add to this the demoralizing effects of a Democracy which turns the thoughts of all men to mammon, and it will be acknowledged that this rapid fall is not so very surprising."[8] Mammon, like Bacchus, has plenty of worshippers in countries where the people are powerless alike over the State and the Church. However, Captain Marryat does not blame Democracy for all that he dislikes and denounces in the United States; he says that the climate is partly in fault; if the climate be to blame, then some responsibility is taken off the citizens of the Republic. His views about the people, which are neither philosophical nor complimentary, he sums up as follows: "The character of the Americans is that of a restless, uneasy people—they cannot sit still, they can-

[8] "A Diary in America," vol. iii. pp. 15, 92, 157.

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not listen attentively, unless the theme be politics or dollars—they must do something, and, like children, if they cannot do anything else, they will do mischief—their curiosity is unbounded, and they are very capricious. Acting upon impulse, they are very generous at one moment, and without a spark of charity the next. They are good-tempered, and possess great energy, ingenuity, bravery, and presence of mind. Such is the estimate I have formed of their general character, independent of the demoralizing effects of their institutions, which renders it so anomalous."[9] More extraordinary than all his censure is some of his praise. He attributes, the "fair distribution of good looks among the women," to the political and social condition of the country. The Constitution of the United States has been often eulogized: Captain Marryat is the only person who has given it the credit of rendering women beautiful, and upholding the supremacy of the better sex. He says that the men ought to be proud of the women, "for they are really good wives—much *too good* for them." Yet these women are not quite perfect: "They do not modulate their voices." Here Captain Marryat is at variance with Fenimore Cooper, who says: "The voices of the American females are particularly soft and silvery; and I think the language, a harsh one at best, is made softer by our women, especially of the middle and southern states, than you often hear it in Europe."[1] Other drawbacks were detected by Captain Marryat, who arrived at the conclusion that these women "have a remarkable apathy as to the

[9] Vol. ii. p. 120.

[1] "Notions of a Travelling Bachelor," vol. ii. p. 133.

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sufferings of others, an indifference to loss of life, a fondness for politics, all of which are unfeminine; and lastly, a passion for dress carried to too great an extent." On the other hand, and by way of set-off, "they have a virtue which the men have not, which is moral courage, and one also which is not common with the sex, physical courage."[2]

Captain Marryat saw little to applaud, and much to deplore. The wonder is that he should say anything complimentary, seeing that, in his opinion: "The standard of morality in America is lower than in any other portion of the civilized globe." This is a hard saying, but not harder, or more reckless, than the following: "There is no character so devoid of principle as the British soldier and sailor." Utterances of this emphatic and random kind do not inspire confidence in the writer's judgment, nor do they prepare the reader to look with favour on the writer's panacea for the ills which he records, a panacea which I give without comment: "The greatest security for the duration of the present institutions of the United States is the establishment of an aristocracy." Captain Marryat begins his *Diary* by stating that his remarks are to be based on an analysis of human nature; he ends it with the avowal that his object has been to "point out the effects of a Democracy upon the morals, the happiness, and the due apportionment of liberty to all classes." His concluding words are: "If I have any way assisted the cause of Conservatism, I am content." This cause has been greatly injured by the ill-timed help of such a

[2] Vol. ii. Second Series, p. 17.

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misjudging supporter as Captain Marryat. The indisputable achievement of Captain Basil Hall and himself was to deepen the worst prejudices of the citizens of the United States towards Englishmen, to increase international misconceptions, and to throw obstacles in the path of the good and unbiassed men and women on both sides of the Atlantic who were striving to substitute amity for undiscerning rancour, and kindliness for distrust and jealousy.

While Captain Hamilton and Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall and Captain Marryat were actively employed in demonstrating to all intelligent readers their utter incompetence to pass judgment on the North American Republic, De Tocqueville was engaged in preparing the book which entitled him to be ranked with Montesquieu. *Democracy in America*, like the *Spirit of Laws*, has many faults; the generalizations frequently betray an imperfect apprehension of facts; the appreciation of the social forces which have caused the results under discussion is either defective, or wanting altogether; the predictions of what the future will bring forth have been signally falsified by events, and they now seem to the most sympathetic reader to be ludicrously absurd. What has given De Tocqueville a deserved and undying fame is not so much the views which he has enunciated, or even the exquisite style in which he has set forth his thoughts and facts, as the admirable and thoroughly philosophic spirit in which his pen has done its work. He did not visit the United States, like some of his countrymen, to find the realization of a beautiful dream, nor like many of mine to find clap-trap arguments in con-

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demnation of free government, but in order to ascertain the quality of the fruit yielded by fair freedom's tree, and to give a faithful report of his investigation. He states his case and distributes praise or blame with the laudable impartiality of a righteous judge, who has listened with patience and digested with care the arguments on both sides of a given question. The decision which he pronounces is unalloyed either by mocking temper or despicable bias. The undiscerning partisan of Democracy, who fancies that the multitude are gifted with supreme wisdom, can turn to the pages of De Tocqueville for a corroboration of his faith in the divinity of numbers; Sir Robert Peel recommended the masterpiece of the great Frenchman to the electors of Tamworth as the authority from which irrefragable facts could be drawn about the intolerable tyranny of the majority where the people exercise unlimited sway. Charged with being a revolutionist by the upholders of the divine right of bad rulers, and with being an aristocrat of the worst type by unappeasable demagogues, De Tocqueville really belonged to the select band of philosophic politicians which is repelled by the dogmatic assumptions of the prejudiced, and the idle shibboleths of the ignorant, which dreads nothing so much as a political cataclysm and loves nothing more ardently than orderly political improvement.

The work of De Tocqueville on the United States forms an era in the literature of travel in that country. Before he wrote, men and women thought it no shame to indite meaningless diatribes against what displeased them there, and to give the name of books of travel to mere party pamphlets. Many

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silly books were written by persons who thought they had a mission to make fun of the Yankees, and who had been sent into the world by an over-ruling Providence to compete with equally silly persons who came from the United States in order to give fantastic accounts about the British Isles. While as regards breadth of view, keenness of insight, admiration of what is praiseworthy, appreciation of all that is noteworthy and noble in the constitution, the customs and the character of the British people, Mr. Emerson showed himself as philosophic in judging one side of the Atlantic, as De Toqueville the other; and while Hawthorne, the exquisite novelist, followed in Mr. Emerson's steps without rivalling his performance, other writers showed that malevolence and stupidity are not the growths of British soil exclusively. A single sample of this will suffice. Not even Mrs. Trollope at her worst ever said anything more ridiculous than the following in Mr. Ward's *English Items, or Microscopic Views of England and Englishmen.* Discussing the unpleasant topic of expectoration, he says: "I contend that it is superlatively disgusting to the English merely because it is an American habit. Hating us with an intensity that helpless rage can only know, it is their highest delight to cavil at us, and finding nothing more serious to object to, our earliest traducers seized upon this, and each hireling caterer to the morbid feeling against America in England attempts a facetious improvement on the stereotyped jokes of his predecessors."

Passing over the books which are simply nonsensical, the number of those which repaid perusal when they appeared and which still instruct the

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student of history, is very large. Among them may be cited Dr. Charles Mackay's *Life and Liberty in America*, a genial narrative of interesting experiences: if the author had not revisited the country at a critical time, and misinterpreted the problem which was then in process of solution, his reputation as a judicious observer would have been greater than it is. Mr. Sala, a brilliant and kindly writer, would have rendered his *Diary in the Midst of War* still more notable by a sympathy with the cause which was certain to prevail. In his *Civilized America*, Mr. Grattan gave much useful information, the result of twenty years' sojourn in Boston as British Consul; unfortunately, however, he judged the social arrangements too frequently by a standard taken from his previous residence on the continent of Europe. Mr. Chester, in his *Transatlantic Sketches*, gave expression to the remarkable discovery that a good choral service for the cadets at West Point would go far to remedy what he considered amiss in the Republic. Mr. Rose, a writer of talent, led the readers of his *Great Country* to suppose that the Roman Catholic churches and congregations there chiefly deserved commendation. Mr. Hilary Skinner, whose *After the Storm* is a lively and intelligent picture of the United States at the close of the Great Civil War, merits a place of honour among the travellers who have crossed the Atlantic. Sir Charles Dilke, in his *Greater Britain*, passed judgment on the United States with an acuteness of perception and a sympathy with what ought to be held in respect, which are rare in those persons who have criticized and commented on the North American Republic.

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I have reserved for separate mention the books of travel by two novelists, one of whom is foremost among the greatest of modern times. The *American Notes*, of Dickens, displeased many persons in the United States. In this case the fault was in the reader. The book was unpretentious; not a word in it had been set down in unkindness, though several passages were the reverse of flattering. It contained a good deal of exaggeration verging on caricature; but this was the manner in which Dickens dealt with home as well as foreign topics. Any one who calmly peruses it now in a proper spirit will wonder that it was ever the subject of bitter animadversion. The truth is that another kind of book was expected from the pen of the great novelist. Far more unpalatable things set forth in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, gave less annoyance, or rather caused less disappointment. His real triumph is to have secured more admirers in the United States than in any other English-speaking land, a triumph which is equally creditable to both parties.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is a popular living novelist. He has successfully competed with his mother as a writer of fiction and of books of travel. One of the latter, entitled *North America*, cannot be classed among his best productions. Writing in 1862, Mr. Trollope failed to forecast the issue of the deadly struggle between freedom and autocracy, between the partisans of the equality of all men before the law and the upholders of the inequality of negroes. He disbelieved in a result which was inevitable, and dreaded a conclusion which no sensible on-looker could regret. As a critic, Mr. Trollope was far less

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biassed than his mother; he had no pecuniary failure to ascribe to the people of the Republic; he had survived the Reform Bill and learned that anarchy is not the sure consequence of extending the suffrage in the United Kingdom. Yet the aversions to which he gives frank utterance resemble those of his mother: "I dislike universal suffrage; I dislike vote by ballot; I dislike above all things the tyranny of democracy." [3] Since he wrote these words, he has seen the suffrage made nearly universal at home; he has seen the ballot become the law of the land, and he has not perceived any diminution of the happiness of the people or failure to appreciate his excellent novels. It is undeniable that he had a reason to complain of the tone which prevailed among some of the people with whom he associated. They told him certain things which were at once extraordinary and distasteful, such as: "That Wellington was beaten at Waterloo; that Lord Palmerston was so unpopular that he could not walk alone in the streets; that the House of Commons was an acknowledged failure; that starvation was the normal condition of the British people, and that the Queen was a bloodthirsty tyrant." [4] However, these tokens of perverse ignorance ought not to have been presented as proofs of ill-feeling. Mr. Trollope is rather exacting. He passes summary and unqualified condemnation on the hotels of the United States; he is as ruthless in judging the newspaper press, saying: "In the whole length and breadth of the United States there is not published a single newspaper which seems to me to be worthy of praise. . . They

[3] "North America," vol. ii. p. 109.

[4] Vol. ii. p. 174.

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are ill-written, ill-printed, ill-arranged, and, in fact, are not readable."[5] While difficult to please abroad, he is not more easily satisfied at home; for, in his opinion, "a really good newspaper. . . . is still to be desired in Great Britain."[6] He affirms that he has "ever admired the United States as a nation." That nation might reasonably pray to be spared the irritation of his candid friendship.

Sir Charles Lyell, whose travels on the Continent of North America belong to a class apart, remarks that: "As politicians, no people are so prone to give way to groundless fears and despondency respecting the prospect of affairs in America as the English, partly because they know little of the conditions of society there, and partly from their own well-founded conviction, that a near approach to universal suffrage at home would lead to anarchy and insecurity of property."[7] A corresponding misplaced commiseration was manifested in the United States towards England at an earlier day. Writing in 1788, Dr. Noah Webster observes, "I am sensible that the Americans are much concerned for the liberties of the British nation; and the Act for making Parliaments Septennial is often mentioned as an arbitrary, oppressive Act, destructive of English liberty. . . I wish my countrymen would believe that other nations understand and can guard their privileges, without any lamentable outcries from this side of the Atlantic."[8] The people on both sides of the Atlantic have upheld their liberties despite all the gloomy forebodings and sinister pre-

[5] Vol. ii. pp. 423, 427 [6] Vol. ii. pp. 424, 425.
[7] "Travels in North America," First Series, vol. i. p. 227.
[8] "Essays and Fugitive Writings," p. 60.

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dictions of distracted and feeble-minded critics. Sir Charles Lyell had the acuteness to perceive certain mistakes of his countrymen, but he was not able to avoid all their errors. Twenty years have elapsed since his words were penned; during that period the suffrage has been extended to a degree which he thought perilous, still there are no signs of the anarchy which he foresaw or of the general spoliation which he considered inevitable. It is true, however, that some persons are still prone to fancy the North American Republic to be in imminent peril from a bugbear of their imaginations. At one moment, they say that the decisive hour has arrived because a civil war has broken out; at another, they see a crisis pregnant with woe and destruction, because the result of a presidential election is in dispute. Yet the Constitutions of the United Kingdom and the United States survive the jeers of detractors and the faint-hearted support of timorous friends, being fraught with the strength which can withstand a shock and the vitality which survives a disaster.

Republican institutions are commonly supposed to be inefficient, unstable, and short-lived. Such is the conclusion at which many persons have arrived after reading about the Republics of ancient Greece and Rome, and of Italy during the Middle Ages. It was generally supposed, at the establishment of the Republic in North America, that the blunders and shortcomings of the Republics of antiquity would be repeated, that liberty would soon be succeeded by licence, and that licence would be crushed along with liberty, under the heel of a tyrant. This

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expectation was strengthened by what occurred in Europe a few years later; then it was confidently predicted that the Revolution in France was an ensample of the drama which would speedily be played on the American Continent, and the natural prelude to it.

The cause of free and beneficent government in Europe has sustained greater detriment from the so-called Republican Administrations in France than from any other events in modern history Each has been a screaming farce in the opinion of the cynic, and a mournful tragedy in the opinion of the philosopher. The first was the most tragic and indefensible; it was a carnival of slaughter, an orgy, headed in turn by the demon of unreason and the lord of misrule. It furnished reasons to justify the sarcasm of Mr. Herbert Spencer, that modern democracy is old despotism differently spelt. After the autocratic rule of the king had been successfully transformed into a constitutional monarchy; after the constitutional monarchy had been abolished simply for the sake of change, Lewis XVI. beheaded, because he was a king by hereditary descent, and in order that monarchs, whom a like accident had placed upon a throne, might take warning by his fate, and Mary Antoinette beheaded also because she was a king's wife; after nobles, who had voluntarily surrendered their hereditary privileges, had been executed by the hundred because they had inherited and enjoyed them; after the established religion had been abolished as a malignant relic of monarchy, and its priests compelled to renounce the exercise of their sacerdotal functions under the penalty of exile or death, so that they might clearly perceive how com-

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pletely the vile days of superstition and religious intolerance had vanished; after the unoffending seasons and days of the week had received new names, and were reckoned after a new fashion; after a republican clock, with the hours divided into tenths, had been set up over the Tuileries, in order that the emancipated citizens whom the Republican guillotine had spared might have a visible recurring proof of the comprehensiveness of the alterations which had been made; after the trammels of old civility had been discarded, and men were compelled to use the term "citizen" when addressing their neighbours, and when the happy time finally arrived at which nothing was wanting to a scene of unprecedented confusion and distrust, its delighted authors resolved to confer upon all the nations of the earth the blessings of which their fellow-countrymen had a monopoly. Some countries showed an unaccountable aversion to the attempts which were made to civilize them, and even resisted by force of arms: the Republican philanthropists of regenerated France were not the men to be thwarted when on an errand of fraternity. In the name of holy liberty and blessed peace, they carried the sword and the torch throughout Europe; when tired but not sated of slaughter, they incorporated into the Republic the ravaged lands of the vanquished. While earnestly engaged in their apostolic mission they were interrupted by Bonaparte assuming the title of Emperor and the habits of a tyrant, amid the acclamations of Republicans who had blustered about the rights of man, and had trodden liberty under foot whenever they could do so with impunity.

The second French Republic, like the first, suc-

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ceeded a constitutional monarchy. The creation of a few speeches, it was maintained by oratory till the time came for it to be betrayed by its president, just as the first had been strangled by a consul. Before the second Republic had paved the way for a second empire, it had managed to annihilate the infant Republic of Rome.

The third Republic came into the world, at the bidding of a delirious Parisian mob, on the morrow of a great national disaster. Under this free Government, any citizen may summon a public meeting if the police give him permission; he may print whatever he pleases in a newspaper, provided he publish nothing offensive to those in authority. The duration of this nominal Republic depends upon the desire of the people of France to live under it. If they really understand that the want of their country is not a saviour but self-government, then they will uphold the third Republic, and convert it into a government worthy in all its parts of a free people.

Between the Republic in North America and other modern Republics, that of Switzerland alone excepted, there is not and there never has been any similarity in essence, constitution, and aim. Like the British Constitution, it is "broad-based upon the people's will." It is as natural a growth of the soil as the forests which once overspread the land. Its definite form has been the result of a natural process of evolution. Long before the Constitution of the United States was framed the people exercised self-government, and were trained to the practice of self-help in the colonies, which were republics in all but the name. The chief product of the Revolution was

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a new flag and a ruler who, with the title of President, fulfilled the functions of King. The most revolutionary proposals of any citizens of the United States were firstly, that Hebrew should be substituted for English; and secondly, if English were retained, that the letters should be turned upside down. The most foolish thing done with a patriotic intent, was the compilation of a dictionary in which the words were spelled so as to have an un-English look. Planting trees of liberty, cutting off the heads of those persons who were disliked by the occupants of official posts, a general subversion of society and social customs, never occurred to Washington and Franklin as indispensable preliminaries to the establishment of a form of administration in which the multitude was to be the recognized Sovereign. In truth, the United States Republic has nothing in common with those fungus Governments which wax great in a single night, and wither in a day. It is a goodly tree of slow growth and mature development which dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was planted by Sir Walter Raleigh.

When a Republic is in question, there is much or little in a name. Some Frenchmen are not only satisfied but overjoyed when they live under a government to which the name of a Republic is given in official documents. Such a government may be as tyrannical in maintaining what is called law and order as any so-called saviour of society; the country may be ruled from Paris, through the arbitrary intervention of prefects, with as much contempt for personal independence as if a Bourbon or a Bonaparte were on the throne. These men are pleased, however, so long as crimes against

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liberty are perpetrated in the name of a Republic.

As to the genuineness of the Republic in North America, there never has been any doubt; yet, so long as its ægis was thrown over the crime of slavery, it was impossible for its well-wishers in this country to refrain from adverse and uncomplimentary criticism. Some of the bitterest things said by travellers on the American continent were inspired by their laudable detestation of slavery, and their observation of its vicious effects. These expressions of opinion gave dire offence to thousands in the United States, who heartily sympathized with the poor slaves, but who could not brook fault-finding from a British pen. Others in this country, who regarded any Republic as a sort of political volcano, lived in constant dread of the mischief which might be wrought by that in North America, notwithstanding the distance which separated it from the British Isles, and they apprehended that, at any moment, and in an insidious manner, British institutions might be what they called "Americanized." The latter dread is now extinct. If our constitution were to be "Americanized" it would be rendered far less democratic than it is; the monarch would regain the personal power which George III. usurped, but which no Sovereign will exercise again. The British Constitution is now restored to its pristine purity, and promises to remain the charter and the glory of a free people when half the capitals of Europe are as Nineveh and Palmyra.

While the Republic in North America has been regarded with suspicion or imperfect appreciation for the reasons assigned, it has also suffered from

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over-laudation. To proclaim to all the world that a particular form of government is absolutely perfect is an invitation to the sensible portion of mankind to inquire what are its undoubted defects. Well-meaning but foolish persons used to think that they discharged a patriotic duty in repeating that the British Constitution was the quintessence of human wisdom, and the envy of those persons who did not live under it. Happily, the day is gone by when irrational boasting of this sort can be heard with patience. Sensible persons who are conscious of the excellencies of that Constitution readily admit that it is capable of amendment; they rejoice to think that, without detriment to its spirit, it can be easily and rapidly moulded to suit the wants of the revolving ages. Its unrivalled merit consists in an elasticity which cannot be matched, and an adaptability which cannot be surpassed. If it be true that the Constitution of the United States is beyond improvement, and ought to be admired without reserve, it is clear that its difference from that of Great Britain is fundamental. Such is the character given to it by Mr. Edward Everett, one of the orators whom the citizens of Massachusetts considered incomparable, and a statesman upon whom they conferred the highest honours in their gift. In one of his carefully-prepared addresses he says: "We are authorized to assert that the era of our independence dates the establishment of the only perfect organization of Government." . . . . "Our Government is in its theory perfect, and in its operation it is perfect also. Thus we have solved the great problem in human affairs." . . . . "A frame of

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government perfect in its principles, has been brought down from the airy region of Utopia, and has found a local habitation and a name in our country." These passages were composed and spoken when slavery was a cherished institution of the United States. Nor was Mr. Everett alone in holding the opinion that everything had been ordered for the best in the Republic, which was perfect in theory and perfect in operation.

In the introduction to his *History of the United States*, written in 1834 and recently reprinted, Mr. George Bancroft recounts the peculiar glories of his great country. He proudly says that nothing is wanting in the land over which a favouring Providence has uniformly watched: "There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the Government economical; and the public treasury full." Forgetting the fact of slavery at the time he penned the following words, he contends that the United States "have the precedence in the practice and defence of the equal rights of man." Contrasting his own nation with the nations of Europe, he says that while they "aspire after change, our Constitution engages the fond admiration of the people, by which it was established. . . . Other Governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighbouring states; our Constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influences of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation."[9] Since Mr. Bancroft wrote this in-

[9] Introduction to the Centenary Edition of the "History of the United States." By George Bancroft

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troduction, the immutable Constitution has been transformed: the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments have rendered it the great charter of a united nation; when he penned his eulogium, it was but the charter of men who boasted of having no stain of black blood in their veins or on their skin. Instead of sneering at the nations of Europe on account of the innovations and reforms which they have accepted or devised in their systems of government, Mr. Bancroft would have exhibited more philosophy, and greater appreciation of what is praiseworthy, had he pointed out how changes in national constitutions are concomitants of a country's growth and development, resembling the changes in the human frame from infancy to maturity.

The real drawback in the existing system of government in the United States is that a power has obtained an influence which thwarts the independent action of the Constitution. Many a United States patriot who thinks of the interests of his country and has no personal end in view, whose hands are spotless and whose aims are laudable, is as helpless as if he were a citizen of the moon. These true lovers of their country are numbered by the thousand; all of them are inspired with a noble ambition to counteract the designs and doings of professional and knavish politicians, and to secure a pure and praiseworthy administration of public affairs. Yet such men cannot work together with the unanimity of rascals whose object is to dip their foul hands into the public purse and who are indifferent to the fame of their country so long as they are enriched. For nearly a century, the Union

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pined under the incubus of slavery: at present, its aspirations towards a happier state are counteracted by the malign effects of party tactics and discipline. The people, though nominally supreme, appear to be impotent. Like Gulliver in the toils of the Lilliputians, they are encompassed with a network of rules and arrangements which hinders them from moving as their fancy dictates. The election of a particular man to a particular office is primarily due to those men who nominate him; some electors are the mere puppets of party managers. If the best men are not uniformly elected, that does not prove Democracy to be a farce or a failure, it merely indicates that Democracy has been hoodwinked or outwitted. For years the people compromised with the upholders of slavery rather than give logical effect to their convictions. Party misgovernment may be tolerated in like manner for a long time, yet it will share the fate of slavery when the people think fit to pronounce its doom.

The Fathers of the Republic, if they had beheld it in the grandeur and pride of its centenary, would have been still more surprised after comparing their native land with the other countries of the civilized globe. Most of them died in the belief that time's latest birth was the most extraordinary and eventful, that the star of empire had undoubtedly moved westward, that the old nations of Europe were hastening to swift decay. The first century of the existence of the Republic, during which its area has been widened and its power consolidated, has seen a degree of progress in Europe equally marked and marvellous; nations which Franklin considered in a

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state of irremediable decrepitude having renewed their youth, and moved with a steady and untiring pace, alongside of their sanguine and lusty competitor, in the march of improvement. The Europe of a hundred years ago has been transformed as completely as the constitution of the United States and the face of the North American continent.

France, which avenged the overthrow of Montcalm at Quebec by securing the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown, has undergone many vicissitudes since then, has soared high in the elation of great triumphs and been humiliated in the dust by crushing reverses, has been the victor before whom proud nations have trembled and the vanquished tyrant to whom these nations have prescribed humiliating terms, has conquered when men predicted that her strength was illusory, and been overthrown when the belief in her strength was universal, has astounded the world by unexampled fortitude in the dark hour of bitter trial and unexpected mishap, maintaining her prestige after disasters under which less favoured nations would have succumbed. Italy has been converted from a name in ancient history and in modern geography into one of the Great Powers of Europe. Germany, which in former days was but a congeries of petty principalities without cohesion and without a head, has become an empire hardly less powerful and compact than the defunct empire of Rome. By the abolition of serfdom, Russia has acquired a title to something more admirable than that of an empire in which real barbarism was concealed under a little French polish. Holland still confines herself, as in the days when she was the banker of the struggling Republic in America, to making money in place of

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aiming at conquests; she has seen the kingdom of Belgium carved out of her territory almost without a sigh. The Fathers of the Republic might regard with interest the success which has attended the adaptation of the British constitution to the latter kingdom. They would see with satisfaction that Greece was no longer in subjection to the Turk, though they might regret that this historic kingdom enjoyed independence at the expense of its creditors. They would find Spain stripped of her vast possessions in South America and expending her energies, not in attempts at universal conquest, but in periodical revolutions. Turning to the old Spanish Colonies which are now petty Republics, they would seriously doubt whether the anarchy prevailing among them is an actual improvement on the despotism of earlier days. They would observe with natural surprise that an empire in South America had set an example to all these Republics in financial honesty and in good government, and prospered equally whether its head be at home or travelling in distant lands. If they inquired about the Republic of Liberia they would learn, with mingled feelings, that negroes had established it and had imitated one of the worst blunders of white men by ordaining that none but a negro should hold office. In their survey of the world they would behold the British Empire at every turn. Franklin likened that empire to a beautiful china vase which, when once broken was rendered unattractive and valueless. In his eyes, the secession of the Thirteen Colonies had given a shock to it from which recovery was impossible; before he died he thought that it had become a splendid fragment of a magnificent

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whole. Since then it has absorbed the empire of the Moguls and found in Australasia and South Africa, in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Pacific such an accession of territory and renown as would have astounded the sedate philosopher of Philadelphia. Yet the present vastness of that empire would be less opposed to the preconceived notions of the Fathers of the Republic than the manner in which it is now governed. They would find a colonial policy in operation of which the leading principle is to permit the colonists to have their own way in their own concerns, and of which the result has been to make the subjects of Queen Victoria on the continents of North America, Australasia, South Africa, and in the islands of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, the most enthusiastic and energetic upholders of the fabric of the empire over which she rules. The changes in the Parliament of the United Kingdom would appear to them almost incredible; they would be inclined to doubt the testimony of their senses. Writing to Dr. Price in 1780, Franklin pronounced the Parliamentary abuses to be beyond the reach of ordinary remedies, a revolution being the only cure, and this he considered the people too craven to achieve. In default of such a heroic remedy being employed, he predicted that the nation would continue "to be plundered and obliged to pay, by taxes, the plunderers for plundering and ruining." Without any more serious revolution than that which can be effected by a few Acts of Parliament, what Franklin deemed alike indispensable and impossible has been accomplished. These twin sisters of iniquity, parliamentary corruption and government patronage, are now among the traditions of an age

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about which the rising generation in this country reads with a mixture of astonishment and incredulity. A legislature more free than that of Britain from the taint or even the suspicion of corruption does not exist. The representation of the people is not yet theoretically perfect; it would be difficult, however, to name any other nation wherein the popular control over its rulers is more direct and complete than in the United Kingdom. Nowhere can personal merit succeed with greater ease and certainty in obtaining an office of honour and emolument in the military or civil service of the country; it is sufficient to pass the requisite examination to obtain a commission in the army or a place under government. If George the Third were to unite with the Fathers of the Republic in comparing the present condition of his country and theirs, he would unquestionably arrive at the conclusion that the power which he loved to exercise and the patronage which he liked to dispense, could alone be enjoyed in full measure at Washington, and that if he wished to act as a Sovereign after his own heart, he must become President of the United States. Having made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the existing condition of the civilized world, the Fathers of the Republic might ask themselves whether they ought not to modify some old opinions and disavow certain prejudices which they once cherished as incontrovertible truths. That the North American Republic was a light shining in the darkness, that its constitution first proclaimed and secured the rights of man, that the rest of the world had been mired in a slough of ignorance and misery from which extrication was well-nigh impossible, was the dismal creed of the founders

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of the United States, and of their immediate successors. They were convinced that the keys of the future had been given by a favouring Providence into their hands, that they had been predestined to teach the nations how to live. The United States occupy a conspicuous place in the grand procession of the nations; but they have not led the van.

In the performances which constitute the merit and glory of a people, the progenitor of the United States can still afford to challenge rivalry. She was foremost in abolishing slavery. In relieving trade and commerce from the shackles of a selfish and immoral policy, which generally assumes the seductive disguise of true patriotism, she took a step in advance which no nation has yet had the boldness to follow. Franklin advocated the freedom of industry; Washington fought, and fought successfully for it. When the suggestion is now made by British writers that the original policy of the great Republic should prevail, many of its citizens denounce the proposal as insidious, and sneer at Free trade fanatics, to whom purity of motive is denied, just as it was to the abolitionists of New England who were formerly persecuted to the death, chiefly because their arguments were borrowed from Great Britain. Those persons who believe that the world is ruled by moral forces, who hold that the truth must prevail against the protected manufacturer as it has done against the protected slaveholder, who condemn the slavery of the pocket as well as that of the person, who sympathize with the consumer suffering from the blight of protection just as they did with the poor dark-skinned producer who groaned

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under the yoke of slavery, can afford to wait in patience the inevitable end, being certain that justice is omnipotent.

Fiscal policy apart, with which patriotic citizens of the United States are fully competent to deal, the desires and ideals of the two great sections of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race are one in essence and aim. If the brotherhood of man be not a mere phrase, and if the natural affinity of kindred races be the paramount factor in civilization that philosophers allege, then that race should agree to work in concert for a common end. A wish to do so is the first requisite. About the readiness of the United Kingdom to co-operate in the benign work, there can be no question. Indeed, this has been demonstrated by speeches from statesmen of the highest class, such as Earl Granville, Mr. John Bright, and Mr. W. E. Forster; by addresses and writings of men of letters and science, such as Lord Houghton, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Edward Dicey, Sir Charles Dilke, Professor Huxley, and Professor Tyndall; of divines like Dean Stanley, Principal Tulloch, and Dr. Martineau; of great philosophers, such as Mr. Herbert Spencer and the late John Stuart Mill. Nor can one political party now lay claim to a monopoly of right feeling in this matter. No more friendly or more judicious speeches have ever been uttered in our day about the United States than those which the Earl of Beaconsfield, Lord Derby, Lord Carnarvon, and Sir Stafford Northcote have delivered. Most significant of all, not as a mere harbinger, but as a confirmation of change, was an admirable article in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1876. In that venerable organ of

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English Conservatism, the career of the Republic in North America was sketched in an appreciative spirit and the wish was enunciated that a cordial and close association between the two English-speaking powers of the earth should be substituted for the mutual misunderstanding and jealousy which marred their relations in bygone days.

These expressions of amity are heartily reciprocated by the most cultured citizens of the United States. They know, as the noble poet, Whittier, has finely phrased it, that—

> "Thicker than water, in one rill,
> Through centuries of story,
> Our Saxon blood has flow'd, and still
> We share with you the good and ill,
> The shadow and the glory."

One thing, however, is lacking. The people of the United States are wont to pride themselves on their dissimilarity from their fellows in the land of their forefathers; they exaggerate the trivial points of difference and overlook the substantial facts of resemblance between the Governments under which both have flourished, being apparently unaware how much rational monarchy is sanctioned by the Constitution of the United States and how much rational Republicanism is contained in the British Constitution. Till the school books, from which children born in the great Republic are taught the annals of their country, shall be recast in a spirit the reverse of that which has hitherto animated their compilers, many incidents which ought to be allowed to sink into oblivion will continue to foster mischievous errors and almost ineradicable prejudices in youthful minds.

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I disbelieve in the specific virtue of a treaty. An ambitious nation can dispense with a declaration of good intentions when resolved to maintain harmony with its equal in power and spirit. Never has a nation, bent upon waging war and confident of victory, been frustrated by diplomatic protests against a breach of solemn stipulations. Irrational and sanguinary wars have originated in an alleged disregard of some article in the treaty which not only restored peace to countries lamenting treasure squandered, resources impaired and hearths made desolate, but which was also designed to serve as a covenant of perpetual friendship. What the despoiled and perplexed Seminole Chief said of treaties between a nation of white men and a tribe of Indians applies to treaties in general: "The white man's for ever does not last long enough."

If a closer tie is to bind together the two English-speaking nations, something more durable than a treaty ought to form the nexus between them. A great scheme of Confederation has been proposed; but no agreement as to its terms has yet been arrived at. Better than any treaty, far simpler than such a scheme, and a prelude to the adoption of one hereafter, would be an Act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom and an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, giving to citizens of the Republic, and subjects of Queen Victoria common citizenship in the Anglo-American Empire. Including subsidiary yet indispensable details, such a change would be significant rather than great. After, as before it, the two countries would preserve their identity and independence; but their inhabitants could then cherish the assurance that they

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stood in closer fellowship to each other than to the rest of the human race, and that, though representing two nations, they were in reality but one people. Continuing to be rivals everywhere, they would cease to be aliens throughout that vast area of the globe where the Star-spangled banner and the Union Jack bear witness that it is consecrated to freedom.

The land of Abraxa, under the wise administration of Utopus, was transformed into the happy Republic, and has since then borne his name. That community, though far from perfect, is constantly cited as the type of what good men desire, and what no man can accomplish. It is needless to aim at repeating the imaginary achievement of Utopus in order to increase the sum of human well-being. If the people of the North American Republic and of the British Empire were uniformly to act in conformity and concord, on all questions of international relationship, they would not only advance their own interests, pursue their noblest aspirations and set an inestimable example, but they would also materially contribute to justify the hopes of ardent and sanguine philanthropists that, in a happier and more enlightened future, mankind will rejoice over the peaceable establishment of the United States of the World. When all nations agree to dwell together in unity, Paradise will be regained.

THE END.

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